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THE BARONY.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Let your great name be herald of great deeds:
Else is its sound but like the trumpet's blast;
Which calling eager crowds to meet a prince,
Presents, instead, some wandering mountebank.
MS. Play.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE BARONY.

CHAP. I.

Adv. Bil.

The pleasant party to which Sir Fulk Trevanion proposed taking his daughter on the morrow, was to witness a boat-race; in itself nothing, but all the nobility and gentry, in or near London, were expected to go in their barges to see it; and several of those who had villas on the Thames near the scene of exhibition, were to assemble their friends at them, and thus make parts of a pretty show. The progress itself would thus be a pageant and a pleasure; and an old acquaintance of the knight's, the widowed Lady Fanshawe, having a house on Richmond Hill, he and his family were asked to go to it with her in her sailing-boat. Much tranquilised by her perfect understanding with her cousin,

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and grateful for the termination of her greatest fear about her brother, Miss Trevanion found herself able to prepare for this summer amusement, with cheerfulness.

A very fine day, the sparkling clearness of the water, the stream of the Thames thronged with state barges and light wherries; the rich liveries and badges of the rowers and pages; the splendour, beauty, and gaiety of the ladies; the graceful habits of the gentlemen; and the delightful strains of music, caught from many a swift-passing boat, were not to be contemplated by youthful eyes without pleasure. Miss Trevanion, sad as she yet was, did not refuse her tribute of admiration to what surrounded her: it was due, indeed, to the respectable lady and her daughters, who solicitously sought to gratify her, to let them know that they succeeded; and her animated expressions assured them of it.

As the boat she was in, outsailing most of the others, rapidly emerged from their greatest throng, leaving the dust and darkness of London behind, the more sylvan shores of the Thames opened on her view. Many a beech-grove, many a fair-spread

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lawn and pillared portico, reminded her of Rohesia; and soft sighs stole from her bosom. But no house, no grounds, resembled her home: she listened in vain for the surgy sounds of the Treverderet woods — looked in vain for their long, dark line against the sky. "Yet why," she thought, "do I think sadly of that dear home, when I have all that now belongs to it, by my side?" Her brother's image answered the question.

Resolutely driving away painful recollections, she once more set herself to notice whatever her companions called her attention to: and Lady Fanshawe, having a perfect acquaintance with the domestic histories of every great family, was no unamusing commentator and illustrator of the different noble seats which they passed. Advancing still further from the city and the crowds on the water, Miss Trevanion became more absorbed by what she saw. Even the windings of her own native river presented not such a succession of beauties as these they now floated by. The Treverderet meadows were rich, and green, but could they surpass those of Twickenham? its hanging woods and parks were as

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romantic as venerable, but could their uniform masses delight and surprise like the hill of Richmond, with its mingling of grove, terrace, palace, and prospect? Having arrived amongst the first of the spectators assembling for the boat-race, Lady Fanshawe proposed mounting the hill to refresh themselves, and thence descending again when the spectacle was nearer commencement; every one gladly acceded to the proposal.

For the first time since her removal from Cornwall, Miss Trevanion now lost herself entirely in admiration. Lady Fanshawe enjoyed the transport she expressed; perhaps proud of having so glorious a show of Nature's providing, to display, previous to one which the wise matron herself cared little for witnessing. The Miss Fanshawes wondered at their younger companion's vivacity of feeling on this occasion; since they had seen her first appearance at court, and concluded her strangely dead to objects of taste and novelty.

Sir Fulk was pleased with his daughter's awakened looks and expressions; and the more so, because he marked her addressing them more than once to her cousin

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Dunbar. Having shared with her the pleasure of this celebrated view, he gave her in charge of Dunbar, to conduct her after him and Lady Fanshawe down the hill to the river's brink.

They found the banks on both sides already thronged with persons of all ranks eagerly waiting the spectacle. Most of the noblemen's houses there, soon filled with gay company, either standing at the windows, or walking in the gardens. Lord Carraton's villa was one of these; and he, seeing Sir Fulk Trevanion's party incommoded by the press, advanced to accost his former neighbour from his garden terrace, courteously offering admittance for himself and his lady-partners, provided they would do him so great a favour.

Whilst the knight, inwardly despising the civil courtier, was declining the offer with scrupulous politeness — for, indeed, the party were on their way to their boat — Miss Trevanion felt herself hastily twitched by the gown, and turning her head as quickly, caught a glimpse of a man's face, of which she had an instant, but confused recollection; for the person buried it in the cape of a sorry cloak, the next moment; and as

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her father accidentally looked the same way, fell back in the crowd. Aura Trevanion trembled — she lingered on her father's arm, (for her cousin, having gone to see for the boat, had transferred her to him,) striving to find which way the man went, that she might watch and discover who he was, and what he wanted. But the stranger seemed low of stature, and many a taller figure concealed him entirely. Something in this person's eye and action had caused her heart to throb: thought of her brother was instantaneous; but it was not Arundell, she knew: the small, keen eye reminded her of the servant who had accompanied him abroad; yet that man was taller than the one she had just seen. Who, then, was this muffled person? what might be his purpose? — some foreign associate of her brother's? — some messenger from Lord Argyll? — the page? — no — the face was not a woman's.

She now hung upon her father's arm like something lifeless; so wholly was she bound up in these questionings. The whine of a practised beggar close by, recalled her to soberer ideas; whilst Dunbar's gay voice, calling out above the

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motley mob through which he was making his way back to them, "take care of your pockets, good folks!" finished the destruction of these momentary visions.

A deep and startling sigh came with the conviction that fancy had been cruelly bewildering her about a mendicant or a thief; and she blushed the next instant. More than one person turned their heads at the sound, causing Sir Fulk to regard her also, and somewhat sternly. "What ails you, child?" he asked, in a fretful tone; then, as he thought of Miss Hungerford, added decisively, "do you desire entrance into the fine house we were asked to but now?"

His daughter did not answer, but hung her head, to conceal her remaining evidences of agitation.

"We shall soon fight our way into our boat," said Dunbar, who had now attained them; "the sight will be infinitely better seen there. — Your arms, ladies! — hold me tight: — I'faith, you will find me worth keeping, when I must drag you along with me through that ocean of people." The Miss Fanshawes laughingly did as he recommended, making altogether a sort of battering-ram, which bravely cleared the

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passage for the graver trio behind. Once re-seated in the boat, Miss Trevanion, recovering her self-possession and her complexion, endeavoured to take an interest in the spectacle to which her father's friends had brought her. Whilst the boat-race lasted, exquisite wind music played between the intervals of the different heats or courses. Several of the ladies, whose boats joined theirs, and were of their acquaintance, felt or feigned great anxiety for the success of certain candidates; but Miss Trevanion, who cared neither for the candidates themselves, nor for the gentlemen who betted upon them, simply sought amusement by observing the dexterity of the opposing watermen; chiding herself all the time, for the cruel disturbance which a quick-kindling fancy had given to this day's enjoyment.

The contest ended, and the prizes adjudged, Lady Fanshawe's party were preparing to land again and proceed to her house, when the buzz of another race by gentlemen's boats, ran through the crowds on the banks. Every youthful voice was then exalted for remaining; but Sir Fulk and Lady Fanshawe were weary of sitting,

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and preferred going on shore: so that the Miss Fanshawes must have lost the second show, had not a married woman good-humouredly volunteered coming into their little vessel, and thus afforded respectable protection to them and Miss Trevanion.

Not that Aura Trevanion cared now, for much beyond the sweet air and the beautiful reaches of the river: but she was contented to stay, if it pleased others; and a kindly feeling is always a self-pleasing one.

The opposition about to begin, was between three singularly light wherries, each rowed by a single boatman. None of these men were badged or dressed like ordinary watermen, nor yet wore the liveries of the noblemen to whom the wherries belonged; but sat without cloaks, caps, or waistcoats, with bare heads, bare throats, and impatient looks, waiting for the signal to start.

Two of these men were, in mien and features, quite ignoble enough for their supposed occupation; the third it was impossible to class with them. As he bent forward from the bench he sat on, looking up from a thick shade of rich brown hair, Miss Trevanion recognised, with a start of

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surprise, the dark blue eyes and intemperate eagerness of Lord Villiers: her exclamation of astonishment and disgust did not escape his quick ear, for he flashed back at her a glance which seemed equally to defy and to disdain virtuous disapproval; — then, calling aloud to those who were appointed to give the signal, questioned their tardiness, accompanying the imperious question with an exclamation so like an oath, that it made young bloods curdle.

The names of Villiers, Howard, Talbot, were now heard shouted by a hundred voices at once; and this was followed by tumultuous cheerings, or loud murmurs, from their different partisans, as the noble rowers, having started, gained upon, or fell short of each other.

Miss Trevanion could not help hearing these rude sounds, together with many minor ones of fierce dispute and rapidly-increasing betting, going on both in boats and upon the banks of the river. She learnt from her cousin that the three gentlemen had themselves very large sums pending upon the race; and marking their violently-agitated faces, — Lord Villiers most so, — she shrunk with dismay from a scene where

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the most ghastly vice was openly showing itself; numbers, of all ranks, yielding to the pernicious influence of their superiors' example.

Villiers! Howard! Talbot! names that ought to have been rivals only on the battle-fields, or in the senates of their country!—Two of them were already nobly illustrated, and had been so through many a century; and here they were to find their exemplars,— in vain exhibitors, or greedy gamblers! To her, who had drawn in with her earliest breath, such reverence for birth as leads to abhorrence of every thing unworthy of it, the public rivalry of these young noblemen for their pitiful object, seemed little better than that of the emperor, who contested with slaves, the honours of the theatre and the circus:—and Miss Trevanion, as she looked after them, did it with contempt and aversion.

Yet her brother loved the same exercise, and somewhat prided himself upon his accomplishment in it!—true:—he had shared with these men their youthful ardour for exercise and excitement: but to what different issues had it conducted him?—he gave up food, sleep, nay, risked life itself

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to save his fellow-creatures; these men pursued a favourite diversion to their own and others ruin.

That the infatuated Villiers bore, at a short distance, some resemblance to this noble-minded brother, rather tended to make him a displeasing object in the sister's eyes, who could hardly forgive him for the unsubstantial likeness. In very impatience at this resemblance, Miss Trevanion thought that if the young lord's reigning passion were on foot, he would leave his very kindred drowning, rather than not follow where it led.

Miss Trevanion's judgments were not seldom excessive, being often seduced into completing the pictures of her imagination; but it was a fault that had its advantages, as it kept her far away from any possible contagion.

Impressed by her reflections whilst the contest was proceeding, Miss Trevanion observed, only slightly, that a ferry boat, bringing a passenger from the opposite bank of the river, had got so locked in between their skiff, and some heavier barges, that it could not near the shore, and was consequently obliged to remain a fixture: the person in it, after two or three distressed

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looks round, at length resigned himself to his unpleasant situation, (for he was evidently no show-seeker,) and shutting his eyes, and leaning back, seemed to deliver himself up to his own musings.

Perhaps Miss Trevanion did not observe this person, at first, because he and she were placed so as to have only the sides of their boats dividing them, and these acted as screens. After the departure of Sir Fulk and Lady Fanshawe, her daughters, and their new companion, in pure good nature, contrived to abstract themselves from that quarter of their boat where they supposed two affianced lovers were seated; so that Aurelia Trevanion's thoughts had no interruption from them, and Dunbar was free to entertain her as he chose.

As the wherries were returning, he called her attention to a silver crescent upon the stern of that which Lord Villiers was rowing.

"That pretty boat was built when its graceless master was wooing his handsome wife," he said, with the tone of one who owed a secret grudge to the lordly personage spoken of. —"I bethink me that he got both Dianas in one week."

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"Heaven pity his lady!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion; "yet she must have known his horrid character."

"O, there goeth a saying very convenient for love-sick damsels," jestingly answered Dunbar, "that the wildest colt is the best horse — tamed. Villiers hath a taking outside, there's no denying it; and then, more moods than a man's mistress; and such apishness pleases some women."

"As for his outside," observed Miss Trevanion gravely, "even the devils, we know, were goodly angels once."

Dunbar had to stifle a derisive smile; yet he was not displeased at her simplicity and sentiment.

"Beware how you let him hear you say as much as this! he is a revengeful devil, I can tell you, and keeps no scores with any woman that he chooseth not to make love to. — Most ladies never find it in their hearts to say more of him, than that he is so handsome he deserves to be pitied."

"Don't let us talk longer about this reprobate lord," interrupted Miss Trevanion, "instead of pitying him, I grieve for the poor souls whom his example helps to ruin."

As she moved in her seat, as if to shake

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off the subject, her attention was caught by the person in the next boat, who was leaning back there, his face turned from her, shaded by long grey hair.

"Surely, that old gentleman is indisposed, Dunbar," she resumed; "his eyes are closed. Had you not better offer him assistance?"

The person spoken of raised his head, answering for himself in a voice which, if it were more pensively attuned than when she first listened to it, was yet the voice of one related to Eveleen Hungerford.

"I thank you heartily, young lady,—I am bodily well. My eyes shut partly of themselves; because, in truth, they care not to look upon the scene around us.—I am fresh from one so different."

Miss Trevanion thought she read in his moistening eye, and immediately chastised expression, that he came from the house of mourning; it was not unlikely; for this new acquaintance was the Bishop of Bristol.—She would willingly have spoken to him of his great niece, but her father's known will restrained her; and she now, therefore, only bent her modest head before him, with that look of reverential waiting for

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further notice, which is so gratifying, on many accounts, to old age.

The bishop, courteously exchanging compliments with the eldest Miss Fanshawe, accepted her instant invitation to transfer himself from his ferry-boat into theirs; and this done, begged an introduction to the kind young gentlewoman with whom he had taken the freedom of exchanging a sentence or two.

Captain Trevanion, making some allusion to the Diana, its owner again came under discussion, when the bishop confessed to having heard the previous conversation concerning him.

"May I presume," he asked, with serious earnestness, addressing Miss Trevanion, "to approve the sentiments I heard you utter, young lady! and, at the same time, to suggest a small abatement of their rigour?"

Miss Trevanion coloured, and bowed her head.

"You cannot regard the practices of that unhappy young nobleman" he said, "with too much abhorrence, nor too deeply lament the effect of his ill example; but you may safely grant him Christian compassion. He was born and bred amongst

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profane scoffers and dissolute livers: so far from being taught to reverence religion and its ministers, encouraged to scorn them; — amply supplied with the means of indulging in every excess; — of so rare a person that he can do nothing ungracefully: another Absalom, without blemish from head to foot! — That such a man should never be taxed with betraying virgin innocence, nor breaking the nuptial bond, leads one charitably to suppose, that, since he thus respects some of his duties to man, when he comes to feel those he owes to his Creator, contrition will follow — and, if contrition, we are certain — amendment."

The bishop paused, as if expecting reply. Miss Trevanion's teachable looks only answered; and he resumed,

"I knew one, whose knee this young lord hath often sat on when a boy—(here the good prelate smothered a sigh)—and he often lamented his mad courses, and wished he could have had time or opportunity for trying to better him; but my friend's head, alas! was too full then of what at last laid it, I do believe, undeservedly upon the block: so the matter passed. I myself know that Lord Villiers is not contented

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under the rule of his master passions : he is often taken with fits of self-loathing, I am credibly informed, which make him break off his habits for a while ; but he cannot stand out long against them, and so he relapses into very despair."

"No great warrant of future amendment, if a rash-headed fellow like me may give an opinion," observed Dunbar Trevanion.

"No certain token of the contrary," replied the bishop, with a look of grave reproof. "Lord Villiers and every man, be he who he will, that makes such efforts solely depending upon his own strength, must fail : but who is to say whether this young lord may not learn one day to confess his weakness and his wants, and to beg for what he has not of his own ?"

To Dunbar Trevanion these sentences were even more impenetrable than they would have been to him who was their subject ; and not caring to comprehend them, he bowed as if convinced.

"I cannot but regard him," resumed the prelate, "knowing how carefully even natural light was put out in him, as I would a fair city lying under the ashes of a vol-

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cano, — an object to lament over, but not to abide in, or pitch tent near. No, no, young lady," he added, addressing Miss Trevanion, "your implied censure of the unwise, uncaring woman that married him, was quite just."

Miss Trevanion, encouraged by this conversation, ventured modestly to say, "If Lord Villiers always companied with such profane characters as your lordship says he was bred amongst, or were lacking of sound reason, I should have no difficulty in being charitable to his life; but I know he is connected by marriage with a noble family in our neighbourhood of fair reputation, and has the further good hap of being connected so, with the Bishop of Bristol."

This allusion to her friend, and reference to himself, was not uttered by Miss Trevanion without embarrassment.

"Cry you mercy, fair gentlewoman!" resumed the prelate smiling amiably; "try me not by so honeyed a compliment. I see the drift of your gracious speech: it is a fair and an honourable challenge," he added, lowering his voice, "to my duty as a Christian minister, and shall not be forgotten.

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I little guessed, that I should find aught worth remembering, in this scene, when I was driven into it. Take my advice, dear young lady; come not often into such, lest you unlearn what it seems you have been well taught."

The bishop leaned back, as he was wont when musing, meditating upon certain suggestions, which his pious solicitude for the infidel Villiers had revived; and cheering himself again to the task. Whilst he did so, Dunbar in vain tried to turn the current of his cousin's thoughts by many a light and not ungraceful sally: she continued respectfully silent, her eyes only gently soliciting a renewal of conversation with her elder companion.

After a time the prelate gratified her by looking up as it were, and engaging in more general conversation, which soon, however, became too full of mirth and banter amongst the young people, for his inclination or mood to keep pace with; and, by degrees, he and Aura Trevanion were left to speak of sylvan shades and blameless pursuits, without interruption.

His voice—his look, more than usually shaded by the remembrances of a dying

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friend's chamber; his conversation — were in contrast with the sparkling spirits of her other companions, and the gay show upon the water: — it was the difference to Miss Trevanion of moonlight to starlight, and her own humour fell in with it too completely not to render it preferable. She fancied, at times, that the venerable prelate regarded her with a degree of kindness, which could only be attributed to his knowledge of her private intimacy with his favourite kinswoman; and though she might not utter the idea, it sparkled in her countenance.

Dunbar Trevanion smiled to himself as he eyed her; deciding that he might safely play his game of generous adherence to their compact, and loiter over his search for a wife; since she who looked coldly upon the incomparable Villiers, and rapturously upon grey hairs and sanctity, was not likely to find a husband to unsettle his views of the heirship.

In the variety of subjects which had thus interested Miss Trevanion, she had lost sight of the boat-race; so that she only knew when it finished, that Lord Villiers was worsted, by the clamorous

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huzzas and insulting hisses of the lower crowds of spectators. The repetition of such sounds was the signal of dispersion to all on the water, and on the land. Throngs jostled against throngs, boats got foul of each other, angry voices were heard above giddy ones; women's screams, men's curses, the crashing of boats, and the splashing of oars, formed a din and dissonance at which the good bishop shook his head, gladly putting his foot on shore, although it landed him in the very centre of the late competitors.

Miss Trevanion guessed at once, by the ghastly paleness of Lord Villiers's features, as she hurried past him, that the party were settling their winnings and losings, and that he was a fearful loser; and, for that single instant, she did feel a touch of pity for his miserable blindness. But, eager to escape from the unhallowed group, and having sent back her cousin to assist the feeble bishop, she found herself so much in advance of her company as to be temporarily separated from them. Turning round with an emotion of terror, —for in truth she felt in the precincts of demons, — her eye met that of the muffled figure, which had startled

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her on first coming to Richmond : he drew close to her side, muttering, in a voice which she recognised on the instant, —

" Philips — secrecy ! "

He was gone the next moment, still preserving the cowering action which kept him skreened by taller men ; but not without leaving a letter in her hand, which she now grasped with convulsive fervour.

Once more her senses were on the point of deserting her ; and once more the abhorred Lord Villiers intruded himself. — Breaking from the person with whom he was hotly disputing, he would have given her his arm for support ; but the mere proffer rallied back her consciousness with her colour, and repulsing him somewhat ungently for one so gentle-looking, she hastened to place herself under the protection of the elder Miss Fanshawe.

Lord Villiers was in no mood to brook such a repulse ; — he stood a moment, balanced between one of his tremendous passions and supercilious scorn ; then shrugging his shoulders with a disdainful laugh, walked deliberately back again. The Bishop of Bristol, who was advancing in that direction, as he met the fiery lord,

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gave no other recognition than one sorrowful look; immediately turning away his head. — Lord Villiers's face was no longer pale.

Aura Trevanion neither noted the grieved look, nor the sign of lingering grace: — even Eveleen Hungerford's dearest relation was forgotten. She held that in her hand which she doubted not was to tell her of her banished brother. Whence it came! where he was! in what occupied! Whether beyond the seas, or in the same land with her, she wildly conjectured. Imagination after imagination, hurried through her brain: with Argyll in Scotland, after all, — at Treverderet, — in London itself! — Arundell might be in one of these places, alone, or bringing to her a sister, as Eveleen Hungerford always warned her to expect. What came he to do? — Would he be able to reinstate himself in his father's opinion? or would she have the aggravated misery of seeing him at the last, still driven from the paternal roof! — Oh! if he should, indeed, repossess himself of his father's love, and release her from every restraint!

As joy and gratitude exalted, or possible evil appalled her, she was alternately

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on the point of exclaiming aloud, or weeping aloud; but multitudes were around, and she was followed by her cousin, and the sober-mannered Bishop Lake. The latter's clear and tunable voice was in her ear, chiming like sabbath-bells, that invite to peace and prayer: its silver tones recalling Eveleen Hungerford's, (which was the same music, infinitely varied,) first awakened her to the necessity of commanding herself, and by their soothing uniformity contributed to tranquilize her.

Conscious, however, of being no longer qualified to take an interest in any new discourse of his, she was not sorry when, on reaching Lady Fanshawe's house, the bishop excused himself from entering, being called by duty straight back to his diocese: he pressed her hand paternally at parting; begging leave to renew their acquaintance whenever they might henceforth meet. Miss Trevanion stooped to his reverend hand, and respectfully putting her lips to it, craved his benediction, and receiving it, (earnestly yet mumuringly said,) hurried, all emotion, after her companions.

"Methinks this course of life would not suit thee, Aura," observed her father, as

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she entered; and he said it kindly, being pleased with her conduct to Dunbar. — "Thou lookest strangely pale and red, my child; hath aught discomposed thee?" and he looked intently at her, — the conscious Aura thought suspiciously.

"Yes, in truth," she answered hesitatingly, anxious to ward off closer scrutiny; "I got, unawares, amongst Lord Villiers's dissolute set, and that frighted me."

"If one of them but dared to lay a finger on thee!" interrupted Sir Fulk, — "but Dunbar would prevent that."

Miss Trevanion, forcing herself to smile, assured her father that no affront had been offered to her; and, praying him to laugh at her folly for a country maid as she was, soon diverted his attention.

Not so, Dunbar's: — she found his eyes more than once fixed upon her, with a searching expression very unusual in him; and though he turned them away instantly, pursuing his ordinary strain of amusing levity, whilst paying bantering court to the ladies and jesting along with his sarcasms about the noble watermen, she began to fear that he was, indeed, more heroically generous than she had hitherto believed;

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since nothing but that of a lover's interest, she fancied, could account for his keen observance of her changed feelings.

It had been previously settled that Sir Fulk Trevanion and his daughter were to pass the evening, subsequent to the afternoon's amusement, at Lady Fanshawe's; several fine sites and prospects from the park, and in Petersham Wood were yet to be shown Miss Trevanion; so that she had no resource, but to wait as patiently as she could for their return home, ere she might venture even to look at her momentous letter.

All the remaining hours, however, were so many tortures to the agitated heart wishing them away, and devoutly praying for supplies of mental power. She might have snatched an instant, perhaps, to have ascertained the name signed to the paper she had long since consigned to her breast; but she durst not encounter the risk of being overcome either with joy or grief from its contents.

At length the day came to a conclusion; —an early supper was partaken of; after which, Lady Fanshawe's guests were permitted to depart.

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In going up the river, the skiff in which Aura Trevanion was seated, had gone like a winged thing before the wind; so that the shores on either side seemed flying in an opposite direction: this delusion, together with their beauty, gave an air of enchantment to the scenery produced by such a succession of objects: but now the scene and the feeling excited, were different;—their boat was swimming down with the stream; only assisted at intervals by the light feathering of an oar in Dunbar's grasp; the sound of which, dividing the liquid crystal, seemed but the murmurs of soft enjoyment.

It was a lovely summer night: moonlight slept upon the river and its banks, overspreading nature's face with an expression of tranquillity and elevation. The repose and gentle splendour, after so much noise and glare as had revelled there through the day, appeared to restore woods and grottoes to their natural state: the whole scene seemed fresh hallowed; and Aura Trevanion, whose senses would have been sealed against the proudest pageant of man's invention, could not resist the influ-

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ence of Heaven's own call to holy and humble thought.

She had in truth much to remember throughout the past day, which might well lift her soul in awe and gratitude: the fortunate encounter with the uncle of Eveleen Hungerford not one of its least felicities; — and after that, her unexpected possession of a letter from, or of her brother: it seemed as if the first incident was intended for the omen of a blessing coming with the latter; and as she fancied this, she yielded herself up to innocent superstition.

Whilst gliding through waves, opening their arms of light to admit and bear her up, the fond sister, (whose imagination ever teemed with sweet or sad fancies,) likened them to her own dark sorrows shone upon by blessed hope. Need it be said that she looked beyond earthly hope, to its sacred fountain above?

It was on this night especially that Miss Trevanion first learnt the entire emptiness of mere pleasure: all the show and gaiety of the morning had failed to end her throbbing cares: silence and moonlight succeeded, and she was calm.

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O, beautiful moon! how often will the sight of thee, through ages to come, and till time shall be no more, still the stormy spirit with sweetest memories! — The soldier on his distant picquet, the sailor on his midnight watch, the traveller toiling over trackless wastes, looks up to the dark sky in which thou art not, with a sad consciousness of being far from home; but thou breakest forth like the unexpected coming of a friend, and he is no longer alone.

Miss Trevanion happily escaped the irksomeness of conversation; for her father, believing her much wearied, bade her keep quiet, and leave him and Dunbar to entertain themselves with matters she need give no heed to.

The young lady's haste to separate for the night after reaching her London home, was carefully noted by her cousin, although he showed no resentment at it; rather expediting than retarding her departure. His farewell to her was so gallantly uttered, and her glance so grateful, that Sir Fulk secretly satisfied himself that his daughter was disposing her mind to obey him cheerfully. Miss Trevanion, forbidding her maid's attendance, entered her room, fastened the

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door, and stood breathless for an instant or two ere she could feel assured that no intrusion was likely to occur. She then drew forth the important paper: it was unsealed and undirected — but it must contain the fate of the Trevanions. She sank upon her knees at that awful conviction, and holding it closely to her lips remained long immovable. Her's was a pleading heart during that silent time of prayer, — not a submitted one: however, there was no rebellion in it.

After rising from her devotional posture she stood several minutes ere she had courage to end her apprehensions and expectations, by looking into the paper. The letter was not from her brother; but it contained wherewith to agitate her more violently than ever. It ran thus: —

"HONOURED MADAM,

"My life being in jeopardy, I most humbly pray you to be discreet and secret, for my honoured master's sake, by whose order I am thus bold. — Honoured madam, I was sent over by him to deliver a packet into Sir Fulk's own hand, provided I might get sight of him. But when my master

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ordered this, things were different. Since I got into this country, I hear of Lord Argyll's entrance into Scotland, and know that all persons suspected of correspondence or connivance with him are seized and imprisoned. Now as I did — innocently Heaven knows — aid and assist in that nobleman's escape in 81, if it should please Sir Fulk to curry favour with the court, and inform of my being in London, I shall surely be taken up and tried; and we know how much justice, now, an honest protestant is like to get at the hands of them that have the upper hand. All that I have managed to pick up about his honour your father, madam, since I came into this city, makes me fear he is harder-minded than ever against my noble master; so that I have no mind to put myself in the way of a misfortune, that would ruin my master's affairs as well as bring my own life into danger. That I may speedily return to my master, and do his errand somehow, I do earnestly pray your ladyship to satisfy me upon one or two matters, that I may either tell him what you may please to intrust me with, as reasons why Sir Fulk would not give him a hearing; or commit the packet

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he gave me into your hands, for your good prudence to show his honour your father, at some fitting opportunity. The matters I humbly crave satisfaction of, are whether it is true that Sir Fulk is privately turned papist, and sworn to support his present M———y in his schemes for overturning C——h and S——e; whether Mr. B——t is not more in favour than ever; and whether — pray pardon my uncivil boldness, madam — it is true that you and Capt. T——n are to be married? One that serves a great lord, told me you were betrothed in the K——'s presence, before his master, for he overheard him say so. — If so be, honoured madam, I pray you may never rue your wedlock! the captain is a pleasant gentleman — but I would fain know in what way the matter is to be reported to my master. Whether he is to take it as a token that Sir F——k pleaseth not to hear him justify himself, when he shall appear, as I hope he will appear, with those in his company that shall compel even the court to eat in its sayings against him. Honoured madam, I don't know how to say humbly enough what I wish: — but I am not for venturing to go near your

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house any more — having haunted it, watching for means of giving you a letter, and twice meeting Mr. B——t, I am half afraid the smooth-faced papist knew me, though he affected not. — Now unless you can take courage to give me a meeting somewhere, I must go back as I came, to my honoured master's sore grief, thinking all his kindred set against him. Hoping you will be so gracious for Mr. A——ll's sake, I will go for the three next evenings into the mall of St. James's, and be in the walk there looking out for you: if you will please to carry a white handkerchief in your hand, I shall know you by that token, and so give you my master's packet. Let the hour be just afore dusk. I repeat, honoured madam, that my life depends upon your gracious heed of keeping this matter from evil persons' knowledge; but as I would rather die a hundred deaths than put my master's sister in the way of fear or affront, I will not expect to see you by yourself, but trust to your goodness for bringing only a person you can be sure of as to honesty. Not daring to seek any answer to this letter, I shall duly repair to the place I have named, for these three

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coming evenings; then if I should not see you, madam, I shall go back (God willing) to my noble master; with what thoughts of them belonging to him, does not become him to say, who is, at this present,

"HONOURED MADAM,

"Your poor servant,

"P——."

At any other time, Miss Trevanion, with the spirit of her race, would have resented the implied threat of contempt with which this agitating epistle terminated: now, she had no care of aught but how best to hear more of her brother, and to do him service; and she remembered well that Philips's enthusiasm for his master was coupled with an impatient temper, which not unfrequently hurried him beyond the bounds of respect to others.

Nothing in this letter verified the fond expectations with which the anxious sister had opened it; except, perhaps, that clause which spoke of Arundell's return to vindicate himself before the court itself. If he were coming to do that, he must be coming with more temperate views of his duty as a patriot; and, if contented to maintain his

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own opinions in retirement, without believing himself bound to assert them in the very teeth of an opposing sovereign, all might end happily at last.

Full of these cheering thoughts, she read the letter a second time, going over every sentence again and again, wishing for Eveleen Hungerford to counsel and sustain her. As she read thus, the joyous feeling darkened within her, and many a phantom difficultly appeared in the distance. Even should Arundell come and justify himself, she saw that never had the father's and son's sentiments been more adverse than now, upon the great topics which first alienated them. She knew that it was Sir Fulk's policy to conciliate the king, looking to his recovery of the barony; she saw that Mr. Becket was daily becoming more and more necessary to her father; and assuredly she had more than once heard of communications between her father and the king's catholic favourite. Who was to be sure, that Sir Fulk's religious opinions were not in fact inclining to those which his son could tolerate, but would not conform to? How then durst she expect their reconciliation? Miss Trevanion's spirits must have

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sunk entirely under those convictions, had it not been for the confidence she believed herself bound to place in her cousin Dunbar's avowed purposes: she could testify strongly to his willing co-operation with her: so that if Arundell would take his chance of being favourably received by his father through their joint agency, it was not improbable that Sir Fulk's heart, taken by surprise, might at once re-open to his son.

To reconcile them, even though they should part again by mutual consent, was the passionate wish of Miss Trevanion. Yet how to say all this, or write all this, to Philips, when she knew not where to find him, except in the place he had himself designated? She knew the man's fidelity and sobriety too well, to have any hesitation at giving him a private meeting; but to go into a public mall alone, or merely with her maid, exposed to the chance of encountering an acquaintance, or being stopped by some rude reveller, seemed for the instant an impossibility: nay, such a misfortune must betray all to her father; and his resentment at her, would too surely bar the door for ever against his banished son.

Not even thinking of sleep, the tortured

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sister traversed her room through many a distracting half-hour; confusedly imagining modes of doing what she wished, and abandoning them successively, as impracticable or inefficient. At length she decided upon partly confiding the affair to her cousin; asking his protection of her into the Park, and his surveillance at a distance whilst she should hold her conference with Philips. She need not hesitate doing this, as Philips himself allowed her a companion; and who so fit to defend her from after scandal, should any discovery mischance, as her nearest relation?

To trust Dunbar wholly, she feared, might implicate him in some danger; since being an officer in the king's service, it would be a breach of duty in him, wilfully, knowingly, to see a man walking at large, whom the government would seize were they aware of his proximity. Dunbar would be satisfied, she thought, with guessing only at the quality of him she went to meet; since, apprized of his errand, his conjectures must go very near the truth.

The longer Miss Trevanion reflected upon this determination, the more she grew satisfied with it; and resting her

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hopes of a happy issue upon the singleness of her purpose, — that of restoring family concord, and perhaps saving a revered parent from death-bed pangs, — she addressed herself where it were well had she first done so, — begging for a better wisdom than any fallible being's, to sanction or to overrule hers, as might be best for all parties.

After this hallowed act, sleep grew upon her, and she gradually lost painful reality, in visions deeply tinctured by the colouring of her waking thoughts.

She dreamed that she stood under the Boconnoc Oak, that memorable tree which sheltered Charles I. after one of his defeats, and was said to have turned grey upon the day of his execution. The oak, restored to summer verdure, was waving its green leaves in a soft evening air; a solitary star was shining in the horizon over the head of her brother, whom she saw rapidly approaching with joy and fondness in his looks. But as she stretched out her arms to clasp him, a heavy stroke sounded behind: she turned, and saw a man wielding an executioner's axe instead of a hatchet; the giant tree, with all its boughs and branches turned grey again, was falling to the earth; the

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star disappeared from the sky: but she had seen the man's face — it was Dunbar's.

At this passage of her dream, the sad sleeper awaked, shaking in every limb, and bathed in cold dew. It was long before her disordered faculties could recover their sanity; she looked round, in delirious expectation of seeing the horrid matter of her dream repeated in more horrid apparition. Neither sight nor sound, however, came to alarm her further; and by slow degrees the frightful seizure went off.

But its effect changed her purpose: she resolved not to intrust Dunbar with her secret, lest some of his constitutional heedlessness should produce the ruin at which she believed his honest nature would revolt.

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CHAP. II.

LUCKILY, the next morning, her father having gone early to the Herald's Office with his secretary, left Miss Trevanion time to recover from the nervous agitation with which she recalled her dream, ere one of its subjects appeared to pay his daily duty to his uncle. She had not, however, settled in her own mind in what way she should meet her brother's servant, now she had discarded the idea of confiding herself to their cousin; and this uncertainty, added to consciousness of concealment from one whom it seemed she ought to trust, gave an embarrassment to her manner which could not escape the notice of the man come purposely to sift her.

"What troubles thee, my reserved cousin?" asked the cavalier, regarding her with a smiling yet suspicious eye. "Art thou sure, thou art not playing the witless Dunbar false, and thinking how to dispose of this small hand to some sentimental fel-

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low in a sad-coloured doublet, and cloak of a grave fashion?"

"Where comes your jest from, Dunbar?" asked Miss Trevanion, a little confused: "you have a true friend's right to question me on such matters;—but there is no such fancy in my head, I can tell you, spite of all the gay and grave cloaks I saw yesterday."

"Ay, but some of their wearers make bold to try at thawing this frosty indifference of yours, or I am strangely mistaken."

"In truth, Dunbar, you *are* mistaken," replied his cousin cheerfully, because well pleased at his guessing so ill her cause of embarassment.

"Say you so!" returned Dunbar, and paused: then resuming, "I pretend not to school you, Aura; but let me warn you to have no clandestine love matter.—I would —I will befriend you in it, should you need a friend's help; but beware how you entangle yourself unknown to my uncle."

Miss Trevanion looked unfeignedly astonished; then, with a smile nearly amounting to a laugh, exclaimed,—"My heart entangled! good cousin, you jest in right earnest!"

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"In right earnest I do not jest," returned Dunbar, emphatically. "Who was it I saw thrust a letter into thy hand, when we came ashore at Richmond?—had I not loved thee too well to bring thee into confusion at such a moment, I might have asked thee then."

Miss Trevanion turned death pale. "Now Heaven forfend," she exclaimed, "that other than you saw it!—Be not displeased, Dunbar—but I have been sore troubled about this very matter: you will understand why I was so—when you read —this—and she laid her trembling hand upon her bosom, yet hesitating to draw forth the letter. There seemed, however, no alternative now; and Dunbar, seeing her irresolution, instantly uttered expressions of such brotherly interest, that his artifices triumphed: the harassed Aura took out the letter; and, amidst pathetic entreaties for his secrecy, and confused explanations of her fear of compromising his duty as an officer, bade him read it quickly. No sooner had he done this, than she hastily caught it back, asking him, at the same time, to accompany her that evening into the park, having come to the

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resolution of going thither that very day, as her father, after his return from the city, was engaged to pass the remaining hours of it with a party of Cornish gentlemen. Dunbar assumed a look of great distress: his mind, too, was made up, whilst conning Philips's scrawled epistle, and his part now was to deceive her as to his purpose.

"You do not speak, Dunbar!" cried Miss Trevanion, with her usual precipitation.—"God help me! you will not, I hope, deem it your duty to tell of this poor man?"

"I would die sooner!" exclaimed her cousin, with the momentary feeling and expression of a perfect actor: for her ashy face had moved him a single instant: "but I am desperate that I cannot go with you; or may not be able for some days. Only this morning I received orders to set off privily, with some of my troop, to enforce a warrant of his majesty's for arresting a knot of suspected persons in Kent. I cannot transfer this service, being a secret one; so what is to become of me—of you, dear coz—of poor Arundell's concerns?"

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He broke off with well-dissembled concern and perplexity.

Miss Trevanion was now pale and red by turns, a slight trembling being perceptible in all her features; she kept silence, evidently from inward combat with her sex's fearfulness, not from any doubt of her companion's sincerity. Dunbar watched those variations of her complexion, until they settled into a deep crimson flush spot. Meanwhile he continued vehemently lamenting his unfortunate employment for that day, and deprecating the cruel blow which must strike Arundell, should his faithful servant return without his errand.

"If you had courage, Aura, equal to your sisterly love," he said persuasively, "and can trust your maid — Hollis's sister, I think — and that family are bound to you all, for bounty and goodness; the packet, once in your possession, I will engage to give it to my uncle — ay, and win him, or force him to hear its contents, though he send me forth the next minute to company with Arundell in exile."

Miss Trevanion could have cast herself upon his neck at this proposal: she burst into joyful, grateful tears, acknowledging

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his kindness; faltering out some of her natural fears; pledging herself for Susannah's trustiness; and beseeching him to say, if being seen at dusk in a public walk, with her maid only, would damage her reputation.

It cost Dunbar nothing to assure her that women of good repute, in the secondary class of society, habitually resorted thither, with or without male attendants, as chance might determine; so that one of a higher rank might, by dressing suitably, pass unmolested. "Nay, if you are timorous beyond reason," he added cheerfully, "make free with a court fashion: take a mask, in case of need; and for protection, take one of the serving-men as far as the Spring Garden: leave him outside: and should any roving gallant prove troublesome—which I know will be the fault of too brave a suit on this slender figure—a short run will bring you back to your guardian. What I would give to go with thee!—My poor cousin—I see thou hast not courage."

"I will try for it!" returned the sister, fetching her breath hard, and obliging her lips to smile. "On such an errand, good

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angels will surely go with me :" and here her eyes, floating in tears, raised themselves to heaven, with an expression of wistful trust, and humble supplication, which might have disarmed the evil intent of any heart save a sordid one.

Dunbar saw that he must press every argument upon her, if he would ensure a triumph over so many fears as naturally assailed a timid maiden and submissive daughter, at the prospect of going clandestinely at such an hour, wholly unprotected, to meet a menial messenger, in a public walk. He mixed these so ably with the prophecies and pictures of restored family happiness, which a tender heart was so eager to seize at, that he finally wrought her up into that enthusiasm of self-devotion which fixes a generous purpose.

The next subject of discussion was, upon what day Miss Trevanion should attempt her enterprise. She herself was still for the present evening, lest the subtle contrivances of Mr. Becket should wholly frustrate her wishes. Captain Trevanion admitted, that if Philips had really been recognised by him, it was most likely that the librarian would eventually trace him to

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his hiding-place, wherever that might be, and betray him to the goverment, who were now keen in their pursuit of suspected persons, in consequence of Argyll's increasing strength beyond the Tweed. The best chance of obviating such a misfortune as that of Philips's seizure, would be to meet him soon, and urge him to lose no time in returning to his master. "The trusty knave is careful enough of himself, however," continued the cavalier, good-humouredly; "he gives them no other token to know him, except by his advance to thy floating signal—a white handkerchief. Let me look again upon the letter."

Dunbar timed this request adroitly. He and Aura were sitting with their backs to the doors and windows of the room opening towards the river; but he could see, in a glass opposite, every object there reflected, and he noted his uncle, who had returned by water from the city, coming up the gravel walk. "My uncle!" he exclaimed in alarm, pointing to the mirror. "Recover yourself—I'll meet him." As he spoke, he thrust the letter she had just given him into his vest, and hurried out of the open door-way, detaining Sir Fulk at

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the entrance by trifling, yet adroit questions, seemingly meant to ward off embarrassing notice from his cousin.

This stratagem succeeded; for Sir Fulk, engaged by his variety of amusing or interesting intelligence, observed nothing unusual in his daughter; and, as if in league with his treacherous nephew, insisted upon taking him to the dinner at which he was to be a guest.

Dunbar then pleaded immediate necessity of setting about the performance of a military duty, that might detain him from London for a day or two; and casting a significant glance at his cousin, who in her uneasiness to regain her letter had joined them in the garden, said sportively —

"Since you condemn Signor Filippo's composition as a poor performance, I 'll e'en give it piecemeal to the fish."

"What do you speak of, Dunbar?" enquired the knight, carelessly.

"Only a miserable ditty here," was the cavalier's ready reply, flourishing a paper out, as if it had been the one his cousin gave him; and, sending it torn into perfect atoms down the river, bowed gallantly and disappeared.

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Miss Trevanion shook inwardly at this bold action; yet she saw not how it could have been helped, since Dunbar was forced to go so immediately, and might not run the risk of Sir Fulk's requiring to see the paper had he returned it to her in his presence: it was better that the important letter should thus be dissolved in the water, than, remaining in Dunbar's custody until his return, be exposed to a chance of falling into other hands.

But there was something startling to an ingenuous mind in the officer's quick-wittedness and perfect self-possession upon the present occasion. She felt as if she would gladly have seen more of perturbation and awkwardness in his mode of parrying off suspicion, than such strange ability. Yet how ungrateful of her, when it was done for her service! and how unjust, to make her coward nature and unpractised nerves, the measure of a brave and well-taught soldier's! Even after much serious communing with herself, believing herself not condemned by any divine law, she now found her timid spirit trembling from increased apprehensions of doing wrong, in meditating an important step unknown to her fa-

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ther; and whilst she thought that, she felt that the vices of the slave are to be traced back to his oppressor. The stern humour of her only parent drove her into these concealments; she dared not say they were wholly free from blame, although her feeling of uneasiness did not by any means lead to that certainty of opinion, which makes the breaking off from some doubtful act imperative to conscience.

Innocent or guilty, she thought, her very purpose was sure to bring a sort of punishment with it, in the mortification of putting herself into the power of her maid.

To stoop her pride and her principle to this act, was Miss Trevanion's hardest sacrifice: she made it thoroughly, by rather permitting the girl to conjecture innocently of her, than affording her the slightest clew to the name of that friend from her brother whom she owned she was going to meet. As much for the maid's sake, as in regard for her own maidenly dignity, Miss Trevanion hoped she did not suspect her of artfully thus encouraging some clandestine attachment: she would have withdrawn all favour from Susannah Hollis, had she believed her capable of so repaying the gra-

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cious bounties of Sir Fulk; but she could readily give her credit for virtuous attachment to each of her honoured superiors, whilst joining with one of them in a covert design of benefiting the others.

Susannah had, in fact, too devout a notion of a Trevanion, to imagine aught ill which one of that name chose to perform. What she could not quite understand, she was contented to reverence; and remembering Arundell Trevanion as one who never passed peasant's child, or even peasant's dog, without kind notice, readily entered into her lady's feelings concerning him, and promised inviolable secrecy.

How Aurelia Trevanion got through the intervening hours of the afternoon, may be guessed by those who have had the dearest interests of their hearts hanging upon the chances of wet or fair weather, of preventing visitors, or the behests of one whom they are bound to obey even in trifles.

The day had been unusually sultry, threatening a thunder storm ere it should close; so that, as the sun began to decline, both Miss Trevanion and her maid watched the dark, fire-tipped clouds, with throbbing apprehension.

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"Let us forth at all events," the former whispered; when, having advanced into the hall, the servant ordered to attend them, respectfully said, he feared it was going to be a storm.

"I may not baulk myself of my walk," Miss Trevanion continued aloud, her unsteady voice betraying her ill performance of giddy youth: "I shall not have another afternoon's opportunity; for my father likes not walking out of Treverderet. If it needs thunder, we can but turn back again."

They were in the street the next instant. Susannah had to caution her lady not to attract attention by the feverish quickness of her gait, but to step softly, and hold her hooded cloak tightly round her face and throat, as she did hers.

Miss Trevanion heeded her at first, but soon forgot herself; and hurrying her companions on, by their attempts to keep up with her, shortly reached the Spring Gardens. Here, she left Susannah the task of charging their male attendant to wait for them there, and let nothing tempt him from the spot. Having heard him duly promise obedience, she glided at once into the park.

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Owing rather to the gathering gloom of the clouds, than to the lateness of the hour (for Miss Trevanion's impatience had brought her betimes to the rendezvous), the triple avenues of flowering limes were already shrouded in something of a minster's gloom. Not many persons were walking, and but a few scattered about upon the seats placed for the accommodation of company.

Miss Trevanion paused as she was passing one bench, seeing a man's figure stretched on it at full length, evidently in sleep, but so enveloped in a large cloak that no part of his face or person was visible. If this were Philips, and he should not wake! She durst not remain to ascertain it, lest the sleeper should awake, and prove a ruder companion.

Stepping lightly forward, therefore, a little in advance of Susannah, the appointed handkerchief held by her tremulous hand, she directed many an anxious, fearful look into the different walks. One instant, she imagined the improbability of encountering her father, or Mr. Becket; the next, her heart died within her whilst conceiving the possibility of Philips' previous seizure through the latter's agency.

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Many a fervent heart's prayer followed directly upon these misgivings.

Alternately looking up at the moody sky, and round about the park, Miss Trevanion moved on almost breathlessly; thankful for the suspended clouds, which, not bursting in storm over her, served her as a thicker veil. In a further walk, she noted three men loitering; but they made no show of crossing towards her; and the throb with which she had first caught sight of them, ceased with this observation.

A second step brought her in view of another figure slowly approaching, yet with the air of one keeping somewhat aloof. This person stopped, wavered in his step, looked hurriedly round, then as she partly put back her hood, hastened forward and pronounced her name in a whisper.

Miss Trevanion could not answer:—her outstretched hand sought and found support upon the arm of Susannah, who hastened to hold up her tottering mistress. The silent joy or agony of that moment was never to be forgotten.

"It is you, honoured madam," murmured Philips, half bending his knee; "my dear master is not forsaken then."

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"Where is your master? — how is he? — is he near us? — where can we write to him?" Miss Trevanion demanded with convulsive quickness.

"This packet, madam, will tell you all," was Philips' answer: "these are letters of length to yourself, and his honour Sir Fulk. A plague on my over-care! this button won't out!" And as he was nervously trying to unfasten an inner pocket belonging to his waistcoat, the agitated sister was heaping question upon question, and assuring him that she was not plighted to her cousin; but that both were labouring incessantly to reconcile her father and brother.

"The letter — the letter!" she cried frantically — "stay not to answer me — tear the cloth of your waistcoat."

Philips had succeeded in loosening the button, and was drawing the packet forth, when the three men whom Miss Trevanion had seen on the remoter walk, and had not observed stealing under a tree parallel with her, rushed suddenly out upon him, crying aloud as they pinioned his arms, "We arrest you in the king's name!"

Miss Trevanion uttered a dismal cry, and

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fell back against one of the trees. Susannah made a desperate dart at the bundle of papers which had fallen in the struggle to the ground; whilst one of the strangers secured a short rapier, the only weapon about the person of the unfortunate servant.

"Ah! hah! mistress!" exclaimed this fellow, seizing Susannah's arm. "By the mass, you are for passing the night with this villain, somewhere! — no struggling or——"

"Swearest thou by the mass, popish scoundrel!" Philips called out, as he made desperate resistance against the two men griping him: "an' I were loose, I 'd send thy soul where no mass should get thee out. Touch one of these gentlewomen, and some good hand shall slay thee for me."

The man he spoke to, answered only by a sneer, and so rough a clutch of the disputed packet, that it made Susannah shriek.

A woman's cry pierces far: Miss Trevanion's shriek had reached the sleeper on the bench, and brought him staggering forward into the centre of the adjoining walk: Susannah's directed him to the spot it

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came from. Unsheathing his sword and throwing off his cloak, he fell in amongst the combatants, exclaiming "Who 's the weakest? — I fight for the weakest!"

A glittering George on the new-comer's breast, and that undefinable air of breeding which bespeaks high birth, proclaimed him a nobleman; and Philips, encouraged by it, eagerly besought his assistance to rid him of his detainers. The person he addressed was yet dizzy, either with the fumes of wine or of sleep, therefore not qualified to apprehend any thing clearly.

"Release the man," he cried, "if he has only been playing the gallant. A country put, I see by the villanous cut of his jerkin! there's counters for you;" and as he spoke he took out a handful of silver coin and threw it recklessly amongst them.

"No such harmless cur this, my lord!" answered the chief of Philips' enemies, — "an Argyll man, upon good information."

"Say you so, Mortlake!" resumed the nobleman, putting up his sword, "that is another matter; but use the poor devil well: and those women — what are they?" and he advanced rather unsteadily up to Miss Trevanion.

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"Cruisers, my lord," was the reply, "for I saw them encounter — they may go."

"Crowd sail, then, ladies!" cried the titled speaker; "I'll warrant you plenty of smacks and colliers for boarding; — a galliot like me, strikes not to such rag-flags as these;" and with true levity of senseless intoxication, his hand spurned aside the homely cloak of Susannah.

Miss Trevanion, who had been just recovering from the first shock of Philips' seizure, when this stranger appeared, was now fallen a second time against the tree, where her frighted maid had difficulty in keeping her from sinking to the ground in an actual swoon. She had recognised in the voice, figure, and even in the countenance — which the hat half off his head displayed — the face and figure of Lord Villiers. Giving herself quite up for lost, she sunk with a groan upon Susannah's shoulder.

"I protect these Dalilahs!" resumed Villiers, in the same wild but imperious tone — "bear away your prisoner — who is the rogue?"

"As honest a man as yourself, noble lord," began Philips; "and if you will protect these poor ——"

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"Peace, rascal!" interrupted the head officer: "your master will appear, will he, with those in his company that shall compel the court to do him justice — treasonable villain, knowest thou who writ these words?"

Philips made no other reply to this quotation from his own letter, than by clasping the hands more tightly together which his conquerors had secured with a thong, and uttering, "O, madam!" in a tone of keen reproach and disappointment; then suffered himself to be led away.

"What is the fellow's name, I ask thee?" Lord Villiers called out — "are ye sure he is a traitor?"

"One Martin Philips, please you, my lord," answered an underling, "that helped off old Argyll in 81, along with his master, — Master Arundell Trevanion!"

"Ha! scoundrels!" exclaimed Villiers, his best memories reviving at that name — "have you no fellow-feeling for a man that only does what his betters command him? — if a purse or two would make you pitiful —"

"An' there were gold in," muttered one of the men, leering first at some pieces

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of the silver Villiers had thrown amongst them, and then at the young lord himself, with doubt and derision.

"Let him break thy pate now," exclaimed the impetuous nobleman; "and I 'll find thee ointment of gold for it. Hark ye, Mortlake!" and drawing the chief officer close to him, he whispered some time in his ear; then in a loud voice bade him bear away his state prisoner.

Philips, who had kept a watchful eye both upon his captors and his champion, but whose heart was burning with the belief of having been wilfully betrayed by Miss Trevanion, now looked towards her, and by an impressive action of the head commended his cause to Heaven.

Miss Trevanion, whose senses were now agonizingly restoring before her strength, wrung her hands in anguish unutterable, and might have uttered some frantic exclamation, had not Lord Villiers by tossing up his hat with the triumph of a schoolboy, on the result of his whisper to Mortlake, reminded her that she was left in the power of a man professedly unprincipled, and disordered with wine.

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Poor Philips, indeed, was borne off—to his death, perhaps Miss Trevanion thought; and for her sake, who could do nothing to help him! A third paroxysm of despair was on the point of overwhelming her, and rendering her passive to the fate she deemed it almost impossible to avert, — discovery, disgrace, insult, and loss of character; but timely recollecting that she was bound to rouse herself for her humble companion's sake, whom her interests and persuasions had brought into this frightful scene, upon seeing Lord Villiers approach her she tried to hide her face with the mask which she had hitherto held unused; but it fell from her shaking hand, and as the young lord stooped for it, she had barely time to conceal her features in the hood of her cloak.

"Thou needest not take such care to cloud thy visage, good Cynthia!" exclaimed Villiers indifferently, adjusting his hat and mantle, as though he purposed walking with them. "I care not what colour either of you are of, for I am a wedded man; and certain court dames surfeited me of light love, in my pagehood. — Beshrew that burgundy! for a villanous betrayer of secrets! —Now, ladies-errant, I am your escort!"

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The cloak was settled, and he was now ready to move forward.

Miss Trevanion, trembling in every joint, and afraid of being known by her voice, slowly took Susannah's arm; prompting her, in a whisper, to thank the gentleman for his interference, and to decline further acquaintance. Susannah, in a sobbing tone, faintly repeated her task.

Lord Villiers looked at her with good-humoured contempt, and drew forth a purse. "I was in luck this afternoon," he resumed, "so can pay well for whatever I want; and if you will tell me, mistress apple-face, what you know of that fowl these hawks have just caught, I'll give you gold for it. Think you his master is near enough to be limed too?"

Miss Trevanion convulsively grasped the arm she was hanging on; whilst Susannah, indignant at the sight of offered money, bid his lordship leave them, for they were honest women, and wanted not his gold. Impelled by her mistress's movement, and yet more by feeling the beating of the latter's heart, she hastened with her into the next walk, hoping so to elude their companion.

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"Nay, now, this is ingratitude to the height of human enormity!" Villiers ejaculated, as he hurried after them. "Think not to get from me, if it pleasure me to make you stay. Did I not wake up at the sound of your cattish screams? and have I not pledged this diamond here (glancing at his well-shaped hand) to the rogue that lets your Damon off? — and you deny me a civil answer to a plain question!"

"O, forward! forward!" whispered Miss Trevanion, urging on her maid, her brain dizzy with remembrances about their persecutor's profligacy, and doubtful whether he were not sifting them for the complete ruin of her brother.

"By this light, or darkness, which you will," resumed Villiers, "for honest women as you call yourselves, you seem mightily in haste to voyage without convoy! pirates or not, I am determined to sail in your company. I care not whether you are vexed or pleased; it is my fashion to follow my own humour — and be hanged to it! — you walk somewhat straighter than I, to be sure, but I 'll bet five to one, not a whit faster."

Miss Trevanion's feet became winged on

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the instant. Lord Villiers, who was in a talking mood, and not a gloomy one, still pursued; and with something more of mischievous pleasantry, resumed, " Are you not a rare simpleton now, to run so fast from a friend? I want little more than to guard you both, from certain ribald fellows, who are much given to harbour here by owls' light; if you didn't swear it, mistress minion of the mask, I should have thought you fit prey for such prowlers; but I know you: and shall have a care of you, therefore—will you answer my question about Philmore's, or Philmel's master?"

Miss Trevanion stopped, panic struck, at a speech uttered in mere wantonness of the mood which wine had excited.

" On, dear lady—for the love of heaven don't give up!" exclaimed her fearful maid.

" Peace, Mistress Abigail!" cried the quick-hearing Villiers, pursuing Miss Trevanion, who had once more begun to fly. " Prithee take not to running; unless thou art sure of having neat ankles, and light enough to show them by. — I tell thee I am no rakish companion: in sober earnest, I would know something of that fellow's

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master; and by this sword not to harm him! If those scoundrelly officers earn my gold, your Damon will 'scape hanging. So you be honest lovers, methinks that may bribe you to tell me what I ask."

Miss Trevanion paused again — it was evident that Lord Villiers neither knew nor suspected who she was, simply concluding her the sweetheart of her brother's servant: how her heart swelled at the humiliating idea! but this was not a time for such feelings; nor yet she felt for the indulgence of her own. Longing to find out whether her persecutor was really planning mischief against her brother, or yielding to constitutional good nature and the gaiety of wine, and prompting Susannah anew, she listened breathlessly for the answer.

The artless country girl, having vehemently protested against any knowledge of Philips' master, at least of his abode and doings, was following her mistress, when the young lord caught her hand; and looking earnestly at her face, which the falling of her hood discovered, exclaimed, "By St. George, a good visage! if your lady's is like it, you stand in need of protection; — so whether you are cheating now, or telling

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the truth, I 'll e'en guard you through the walk — daughters belike of some worthy citizen, — I 'll see you home."

" O, sir ! sir ! ejaculated Susannah, " ruin us not by showing us in your company."

" Why, who am I ?" enquired Villiers, turning his handsome face full upon her, with proud despite, mingled with some mortification.

" The Lord Villiers !" repeated Susannah, trembling, and holding up her hands; " I heard them call you so."

The features of Villiers relaxed into smiles at her action and tone. " See what it is to have an evil report !" he exclaimed, enlarging his strides as the frighted women changed their swift walk to a run, — " I thought but now, that pretty face had a taste of the puritan in it. Fools ! cheats ! dissemblers, that your teachers are ! — a man's very actions will they give the lie to, and call naught, if it please these godly persons to pass him current for a reprobate." The young lord's brow darkened as he spake; for he had got upon a theme which he most hated, because it had begun most to sting him. Miss Trevanion saw again

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the ireful and scornful aspect which had filled her with as much dismay as disgust after the boat-race, and nearly sinking with terror, she tried vainly to continue her rapid pace. Lord Villiers, sincerely struck with her tottering steps, and the half-gasping, half-sighing sounds which laboured from her bosom, hastily crossed before Susannah, and proffered his arm's support. Miss Trevanion precipitately pushed him away, disclaiming his protection, in terms which, however short and incoherent, were sufficiently expressive of her belief that he meant insult instead of escort, to rouse all the angry sparks of the nobleman's nature: — transported out of himself, and exclaiming, "By heaven, I'll see who affronts me thus!" he pulled aside her hood, and, for one bewildering moment, guessed not who he looked on.

The unhappy Aura Trevanion, distracted at her own imprudence — which indeed only the delirium of her mind could account for, even to herself — speedily helped him to a knowledge of her features, by pathetic entreaties that he would not betray a wretched sister coming to hear of

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a banished brother: — that he would pardon her for fearing to accept the escort of a man who had evidently sat late at the wine." Lord Villiers, recovering from the extremest astonishment, endeavoured to reassure her; engaging to convey her safely home, and adding some words of respectful sympathy; but Miss Trevanion had too much at stake to permit of this: could she tell him she came clandestinely? could she put her very peace in the hands of a known profligate? could aught justify her in trusting rather to a few specious words, said in a moment of intoxication, than to foregone reputation? In an agony of impatient fear, therefore, she continued entreating him not to betray, but to leave her.

Lord Villiers eyed her with a sort of stern resentment. "Do you think, madam," he said, "that I was born black at the core? do you believe I have no spark of honourable manhood left in me, that you wring your hands, in this bitter unbelief? I tell you, madam, that I do compassionate a loving sister; (so that she will not set down all men, save her brother, for knaves and monsters;) I own

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to being somewhat steeped in good wine —but what of that? I have sense enough to swear — although I can ill stomach either your looks or your language—that I'll be torn in pieces, rather than betray what I have seen of you and this damsel to-night."

"I thank you, my lord—indeed, indeed, I thank you!" repeated Aura, shrinking from his renewed approach.

"You will not trust me, after all, even to walk ten minutes longer by your side," he said haughtily. "I meant to have offered — be it so, madam. — Stinging words, are your best soberers. Proceed. — I will do the humble office of your lackey home; at most respectful distance, however; for it is not in man to leave decent women to certain insult; and this is the hour for it in London streets."

They were now so near the gate of Spring Garden, that Miss Trevanion, becoming terrified lest her father's servant in waiting there, should see them, suddenly stopped, and raising her swimming eyes to him with a disarming humbleness, said faintly, "I do entreat of you, my lord, in the names of your wife and child, to spare

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us the scandal of being seen in a man's company.—I have a servant beyond this gate."

"The scandal of being seen in Lord Villiers's company!" repeated the young nobleman bitterly; "that is the real version of your address, madam! I am answered. So commending you to the valour of your serving man, and remembering me of a certain look with which you have honoured me twice ere this, I wish you a very good evening."

He bowed with much formality as he concluded, and folding his cloak round him, turned upon his heel back into the mall.

Miss Trevanion's heart swelled with strange and contradictory emotions. She could have burst into remorseful tears; but, condemning them as weakness, rather than as a just tribute, hurried through the gate, and at once sheltered herself and Susannah under the protection of her male servant. Just as she had attained her home, and was mounting its steps, Susannah whispered that they had been followed. Her mistress looked, and saw Lord Villiers hovering at a distance; she staid not to

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give him a second glance, but speeding through the opened door, crossed the hall, ran up stairs, and fetched breath only in her own chamber.

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CHAP. III.

ALL the foregone miseries of the wretched Aura Trevanion's life seemed crowded into this hour. The probable fate of Philips—the wreck of her sudden hopes for her brother—the dread of Lord Villiers's future proceedings—the horror of being discovered to, perhaps discarded by her father—the unutterable confusion of her amazed faculties—and the bodily misery which so much agitation and anguish had wrought in her delicate frame—formed a climax of suffering, nearly insupportable.

The poor young lady saw that there was no longer any means of escaping from entire confidence in her maid; and whispering her to fasten the door, she suffered herself to sink upon the trembling girl's breast; where she lay some time struggling with those convulsive sobbings and sighings which tell of a suffering for which there is no probable relief.

Every pulse in the unhappy sister's body was throbbing visibly—every nerve of it

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torn by the bodily agony consequent often upon mental pain: but her mind took no cognizance of it; even whilst the now-hot and now-cold hand, alternately applied to the head or breast, showed how much the fragile frame endured with the spirit.

Susannah sat in silent sorrow, habitual awe of her lady keeping her from venturing to express the excess of her artless sympathy: at such a moment her lady wished it not. When the storm of violent anguish was over, Miss Trevanion slowly raised her head, and looking in her maid's face, with somewhat of a wild expression, drew a startling sigh.

"You will be faithful to me, Susannah?" she asked:—"You will bear testimony that I did not go to meet that dreadful Lord Villiers?"

"What do you mean, honoured madam?" Susannah enquired in her turn.

The answer to this short question at once carried Miss Trevanion into what she had at first seen to be unavoidable—a brief summary of the motives which had taken her into the park, and a confession of the fear that had just seized her. She dreaded lest Mr. Becket, whom she con-

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cluded to have been Philips's betrayer, should have made himself master of her rash enterprise, and meditate turning it to the complete ruin of her brother and then of herself, by making it appear that she went to meet the dissolute Lord Villiers. Such an imagination was pregnant with evils of every kind; but the first and fearfullest, was that of wearing out the remainder of her life a suspected or disgraced character; and thinking only of that, she besought Susannah to promise, that if brought to examination on the subject, she would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

This promise was as eagerly given as sought; coupled with another, that unless questioned so, by persons authorized to ask it, she would not divulge to any one what had passed between her mistress and herself, nor what had occurred to them in the park.

When it is remembered that nothing except the reality of virtue should be dearer to a woman than her reputation, Miss Trevanion may be pardoned for thus thinking first of her own danger: that frantic alarm yielded to, she turned precipitately to the imagination of Philips's fate. To preserve

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him from the chance of an ignominious death seemed impossible, unless Dunbar could covertly intercede for him. Unlikely as it was, that her cousin should have any power of the kind, she yet longed impatiently for his return, that she might ask counsel of him. If poor Philips were to undergo a public trial upon the charge he was arrested for, she must infallibly be implicated; and such a disgrace, arising from disobedience, would be sure to expel her from her home.

Would it then be possible for her to be beforehand with such discovery, and employ Dunbar not only to break the matter to her father, but to stand between her and his dreadful anger?

During her stupor of anguish in the park, Miss Trevanion had lost all that passed between Philips and his captors; so that not hearing the quotation from the poor fellow's letter, which made him believe her his betrayer, she was left without the possibility of suspecting Dunbar Trevanion, and irresistibly led to attribute the fatal arrest to Becket, whom he had himself first suspected.

What those papers might contain, too,

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which were so violently torn from Susannah, was a thing to imagine with sinister forebodings; if any details of a connection with Lord Argyll — the mere suspicion of such imprudence would renew all her father's resentments: and Arundell might have written something in those letters which, without relating to the Scotch affairs, would be capable of distortion to the hazard of his life, by a set of corrupt men, resolved to find him guilty of treason.

As Miss Trevanion incoherently gave those ideas utterance, dwelling with wildest distress upon the probable fate of Philips, Susannah took courage to remind her lady of Lord Villiers's offered interference in his favour.

Miss Trevanion shrunk with horror at that name; and far from anticipating any help from him, she thought some evil spirit must have sent such a man to her assistance, only to extend and complete the mischief. The king's officers were not likely to heed the proffers of one transformed by wine: indeed, so far from giving them the golden fee he had promised, did they afterwards claim it on the ground he proposed, they might justly expect to have

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themselves denounced as corrupt servants. But for her own share in the ruin, it was too probable that even the wanton allegations of an intoxicated profligate, would be accepted as sufficient testimony against her reputation for modesty and virtue.

To this Susannah objected, "that it was impossible for any one who smiled like Lord Villiers, to have a thoroughly bad heart: she thought so when he was jesting at them; and felt sure he would keep his honourable word at parting."

Susannah's impression was not widely wrong; there was an enchantment in Lord Villiers' smile which ought to have belonged to a happy and innocent heart: it was, in fact, an emanation from whatever good was left in him; and, perhaps, its bewitching effect was heightened by the circumstance of its frequently chasing away a succession of stormy expressions from the young lord's lips and brow.

As Miss Trevanion recalled it, and looked on her young attendant, a new fear seized her. If the innocent girl's blooming youth should have taken his supposed lawless fancy!—her heart stopped its pulsation as she recollected his persisted escort

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of them, even after she had galled his towering pride — if the destruction of this fatherless girl were to ensue, how could she, who must believe herself the cause of it, endure the torment of such a reflection!

Miss Trevanion's rapid imagination saw this dreadful end at the instant in which she conceived the idea; and even whilst it was thrilling her, another alarm rushed upon, and overpowered her:—she discovered that she had lost her handkerchief; and hastily trying to recollect how she could have dropped it unnoticed, thought it must have been when Lord Villiers pursued her and her maid into a further walk. She retained a floating recollection of seeing something white in his hand, as he approached them there; but succeeding agitation had rendered her regardless of it.

This handkerchief, then, might be the instrument of her ruin: its marks would identify its owner. Such a token, in such a man's possession! a married man too!— So signal a misfortune, added to so many others, appeared to the unhappy Aura Trevanion distinctly appointed to punish heavy transgression. Whatever were her purposed end, therefore, she thought Provi-

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dence evidently condemned the mean she had taken of reaching it: and so overwhelming was this imagination, that it left her without the power of considering how far it was borne out by the written rule of divine law.

The trouble and disorder of Miss Trevanion's soul were now complete; for anguish is never at its highest, until we believe ourselves guilty as well as miserable.

There had been a time when Aura Trevanion, thinking less of her responsibility to heaven than to earth, would have suffered purely from dread of her father, and from the bitterness of disappointment; but of late she had awakened to higher views, and felt anxious for those inward assurances of being in the path of duty, which can alone give peace and pleasure to our progress here. As yet, she was but feeling her way into that perfect light, which shows us, as in a map, every line of the right and the wrong exactly defined. Many walk boldly through darkness, who falter and fear in the glimmering of day.

After a short interval given to recover from the shock of this new misfortune, Miss Trevanion applied herself to fortify

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Susannah against the possible evil purpose of Lord Villiers; warning her, neither to rely upon his plausible professions of wishing to serve her lady's brother, nor to heed his flatteries to herself. In painting the young nobleman's character, it must be owned that Miss Trevanion spared no colouring likely to make a young heart recoil from the original: not that she added traits which she did not believe truly belonged to it; on the contrary, she imagined none were strong enough to delineate his moral deformity. Lord Villiers, she knew, was a professed unbeliever; and every iniquity appeared to her coupled with that fearful title.

With less vital religion in herself than what her friend Eveleen Hungerford knew and practised, Miss Trevanion considered infidelity with a more perfect horror. The former could fancy better hope of a total change in the man whose vices are the consequence of early taught infidelity; than in the virtual apostate from divine truth, whose vices are the cause of his unbelief. In the uncontrollable Villiers, Miss Trevanion saw only a rebel defying his Creator; not staying to enquire whe-

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ther he had ever learned what allegiance was due to that great Being.

Susannah's tears were quickly suspended in very horror; for though she had heard of the young lord before, as a profane swearer and dicer, she had by no means conceived so hideously of him, as to have made it seem impossible for him to perform a single human action: her unfeigned expressions of terror and abhorrence, therefore, were so many consolations to her apprehensive mistress.

Lady and maid were now forced, as it were, into that sort of intimate tie, which only virtuous purposes on both sides, can preserve, without forfeiting their respective relations. Respectful attachment on the inferior's part, and warm, yet self-respecting gratitude on the superior's, was henceforth to be established between them.

Aura Trevanion could no longer do without some friend of her own sex close at hand; for Eveleen Hungerford, — the dearest — best, — her equal and her counsellor, — was far away; and she durst not aggravate her offences against her father, by seeking her advice in writing.

By Susannah's management, her lady was

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screened for the remaining period of that evening from the observation of any one. Sir Fulk came home late enough to render his daughter's previous retiring to rest not extraordinary. He was told, truly, that she had a severe headache; and this small part of the truth, operated in preparing him for the pale and perturbed looks with which Susannah knew her lady would appear on the morrow.

Sleep, that night, Miss Trevanion did not, — could not; — and, when morning came, never did criminal, proceeding from his cell to execution, come forth with more haggard looks. Only the startling news which met her in the room to which she descended for breakfast-making, could have concealed the alteration in her appearance.

"I see you have heard the news from Dorsetshire," her father abruptly exclaimed, as she entered and found him in a throng of anxious-looking faces: — "the base born ingrate! But be not terrified, Aura; loyal hearts and strong hands will soon un-king him!"

Miss Trevanion cast an aghast and bewildered look all round, which resting upon Mr. Becket, suddenly changed into one of

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shuddering. She believed she saw in him the betrayer of poor Philips, and perhaps the future instrument of her disgrace; and hastily averting her head, met the eye of one of the gentlemen who were evidently the bringers of the tidings alluded to by her father.

"We are speaking of the Duke of Monmouth, madam," he said, addressing her amazed countenance; "he has landed in Dorsetshire with all the disaffected men he could muster beyond sea. The whole court is in consternation—what with the Scotch business, and now with this:—for the rebels gather like snow-balls. His majesty had advice of this only two hours ago, by express from the mayor of Lime, where Monmouth hath gotten possession already."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Miss Trevanion, a rush of frightful possibilities making her very lips death-white.

"Nay, no thought of burning and sacking London, fair mistress!" exclaimed a stout squire, breaking off discourse with another; "we'll ensure you against that: and if you have a sweetheart worth caring for, bid him bring you Monmouth's head, by

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way of a fairing; and I'll warrant you of it, or our young fellows are not of their father's mettle." At this moment another gentleman coming in, attracted the last speaker back to the knot gathered round Sir Fulk Trevanion, who stood, with a countenance between darkness and light, alternately dictating memorandums to Mr. Becket, and replying to the questions heaped upon him.

"Give our friends breakfast, Aura," he called out:—"Don't look so amazed, child; there is nothing to fear for true men;—but the Treverderet woods must groan for this: we keep them for times like these.—Yes, yes, gentlemen," he added, cheerily and hastily, "this mad enterprise of Monmouth's gives us protestant freemen a noble opportunity of proving to the world, that we seek security for our religion only by constitutional ways; that we mean to defend our sovereign lord and king, in full reliance upon his honest dealing; not to take him by the throat, as it were, like highway ruffians, demanding that we ought to crave for."

"No, faith! not crave for, an' it please you!" exclaimed the stout squire: "right's

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right: what's my own, I ask for; and what's not, I scorn to beg of any man's grace: that's my notion of British independence."

The eager aspirant to a forfeited honour felt his cheeks tingle.

Miss Trevanion was now mechanically seated at a table set out with brawn and cold pie, distributing chocolate and spiced ale to such of her father's guests as cared to take them. Her father refused every sort of refrshment: yet, as she raised her trembling looks to his, to see if there was aught there to confirm her dreadful fear, she saw only roused energy. This hasty observation helped to steady her hand, as she offered the foaming tankard round; and enabled her to hear distinctly, what she had at first felt to be only so much stunning and terrifying noise.

"What is best for us to do?" asked one of the Cornish gentlemen, addressing the knight, who, in his proudest days had been the pole-star of his neighbours.

"Why, offer your lives and fortunes to his majesty," was the impetuous answer.

"Not so hasty, honoured friend," observed another, of grave aspect; "our

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case is ticklish, and needs nice walking: seeing that his majesty's measures of late towards those of the established church, squareth ill with his coronation oath, I cannot say it seems either safe or honest in us, who may be called the guardians of poorer men's rights and well-being, to put ourselves, bound hand and foot as it were, into the royal hands. I propose bargaining with the king, before we swear to peril ourselves and our estates in the attempt of putting down Monmouth, who hath ever shown himself the champion of the church."

"Out upon your two churches!" interrupted the hardy squire. "Heaven pardon me, though!—I am mainly for the law of the land. So that James Stuart stands by it, I'll stand by him; and not question whether he keeps the second commandment, or mums and mows to the effigy of saint Loy the horse-leech."

"Right—right!" exclaimed Sir Fulk, overpowering, by his lordly look and exalted voice, the hurried endeavours of the first speaker to bring proofs in support of his argument. "He that would keep all from shipwreck just now, must first help to get the goodly vessel off the rocks, and

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then look to see what timber is rotten in her.—I am an impoverished man, gentlemen!"—here Sir Fulk elevated his stately figure more proudly than before—"and you have seen how I scorned to despoil my progenitors' legacy for aught of my own wanting; but I shall raise and mount a troop on the instant, and dig my woods for the gold to pay them. I have a nephew," he added, after a moment's pause—"he must head them.—Aura!" he added again, turning to his motionless daughter, "sit not there, like an image—hie thee away, girl, and send for thy cousin, Dunbar.—Beshrew me, I think he's out of London!—go—however, call thy serving wench; ask her if she has heard aught of her brother—if he has gotten strength to handle a harquebuss. Let her tell thee of all the able-bodied young fellows she can call to mind near us—such as she knows for true Trevanion men. Note down their names, and I'll be with thee anon.—We must to the court, gentlemen, if we would show that we are the sons of honest mothers, and scorn the fellowship of a base-born pretender."

The deep crimson which suddenly in-

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flamed the cheek of Sir Fulk, as this last contemptuous expression burst from him, was at once a flush of resentful remembrance of the by-gone indignity offered to his family's legitimacy, and a glow of proud confidence in future restoration.

Miss Trevanion required no second reminder to retire abruptly from the scene, into which, even whilst her father spoke, acquaintance after acquaintance poured in; exaggerating or depreciating, as their tempers inclined, the risings in Dorsetshire and Devonshire, in support of Monmouth; the reported progress of Argyll in Scotland; and the general belief that the two enterprises were planned for execution thus close together, to distract the new government, divide the king's forces, and so open a way to the throne itself for the specious insurgent.

In the clamour of eager assertion and heady dispute (for the different persons talking were of as many opinions as complexions), Miss Trevanion had not heard aught capable of decidedly answering the question, repeated again and again by her throbbing heart, — was her brother along with Monmouth? Was this armed band

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the company in which Philips said he would soon appear, compelling even the court to do him justice?

She was fain to believe not, and that her father was assured of it; otherwise would he, who had shown such increased disturbance on the first report of Argyll's landing, be thus on fire with unwonted ardour, in a crisis like the present?

In sicklier moods, before so many trials had braced her mind with something like a resisting strength, Miss Trevanion would have yielded at once to the apprehensions most painful to her: but she was no longer inclined to catch at gratuitous griefs; and with wholesomer energy, sought how to find out reasons for doubting what alarmed her, and for throwing hope upon other objects.

It was possible, she thought, that in the confusion of public danger, by some temporary success of the insurgents, poor Philips might get released, and her unfortunate adventure in the park escape publicity. In such a time of consternation and perplexity, changes must be produced in every one's habits whilst it lasted: Lord Villiers, most likely, would either join the king's troops as a volunteer, like other

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young courtiers, or hasten into Cornwall to protect his wife and child; and if so, the worst part of the disclosure against her might be warded off.

At the name of Cornwall, Miss Trevanion's heart filled with the image of her beloved friend there, whose perilous state, if all the west were indeed in confusion, was not to be imagined without the bitterest distress. And what might be the termination of this sudden convulsion to the country at large? The sister of Arundell Trevanion was no pretender to a knowlege of which she really was ignorant—that of politics; but she loved her country, as young children do the mother that fosters them, and she could not imagine (even confusedly), its desolation, without tears and trembling.

She had not lived in the disastrous days of Charles I., but she had heard of them, and wept over the nursery tales of their dismal tragedies: she now fancied similar scenes transacting — similar deluges of blood let loose over the unhappy land; and thought that if her brother were not destined to be an actor or a sufferer in them,

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his very exile ought to become a call upon her for gratitude.

Her heart, indeed, raised itself to heaven, again and again, as, thinking of these things, she slowly took the way to her own chamber; where, after a few moments' pause of longer meditation, she rang for her maid, and prepared to execute her father's commission.

The looks of Susannah Hollis showed that report and alarm had been as busy in the hall as in the parlour. One of the serving men had talked with the express from Lime, and from his statement it appeared that Monmouth actually assumed the character of a legitimate prince, and denounced the king, not only as an usurper, but a murderer, accusing him of having poisoned the late monarch. Preposterous as this accusation was, it was well calculated to obtain belief amongst the lower order of protestants; who, too ready to attribute every sort of crime to persons professing a religion little qualified to eradicate the evil principle within us, were totally ignorant of the individual's character whom this sweeping judgment included. The protestants in

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the west, therefore, were, Susannah related, all for Monmouth's success; and, having gathered some account of those who had joined the bold rebel, and those who had come over with him, she assisted in fortifying her poor lady's hope, that Arundell Trevanion was not amongst them, by recapitulating those gentlemen's names.

Miss Trevanion eagerly questioned her, if any thing were said or suspected concerning their adventure on the previous night —and if any mention were made of Philips's seizure? She dreaded its promulgation at such a time as the present, when the least spark of suspicion dropt upon her father's mind, would explode, too surely, to her own and her brother's ruin. Philips's appearance at such a juncture was condemning; and what might not be in the papers he had about him!

Dreadful and importunate as these ideas were, Miss Trevanion was not permitted leisure to indulge, or to quell them; for during her disjointed interrogatories to Susannah (who could, however, assure her no sinister conjectures had been excited by their evening expedition), messages frequently came from Sir Fulk, requiring his

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daughter to write or answer notes to which he could not then give heed: he came himself, too, several times; successively to look over the list of names for his troop, which Susannah had furnished—to tell, by snatches, the particulars of Monmouth's proclamation—and to repeat his vexation at Dunbar's absence. From what the knight said on the latter subject, it appeared as though enquiry had elicited, that Captain Trevanion was not absent by command; and his cousin might have been perplexed by this, had she not recollected, that he told her his service was a secret one:—perhaps some matter connected with the present crisis.

Whatever it might be, she wished it soon to be over, that she might unburthen her heart to him, upon the urgent subject of the preceding evening. Through his agency she hoped to hear what was likely to result from Philips's arrest, and to employ him, if circumstances compelled her to take such a course, in the perilous task of confessing all to her father.

She had not courage—and as yet she was not sure what was her best course—to break so dreadful a matter to Sir Fulk:

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still, however, the danger hung over her of being driven to do so at all risks; and her spirit sunk at the probability of Dunbar's continued absence. This omen in a manner proved true. Dunbar returned, or rather reappeared this day, only to receive his uncle in his guard-room, hurry through some military business; and, having procured leave, by Sir Fulk's previous petition, hastened off to complete the formation of the Treverderet troop, and to head it under the command of Lord Feversham.

Thus he went and came, without doing more than sending an affectionate message to his cousin, who had therefore no opportunity of telling him what mischances had occurred in the park. Of this, however, Miss Trevanion was ignorant till very late in the day; her father remaining so long away from home, that she was left, for that irksome period, to weary out all her powers by vain terrors. She had so many things to dread his questioning, that she even feared his return: at the court, perhaps, he might hear of Lord Villiers's encounter with her—assuredly, of Philips's seizure. Nothing short of a miracle could prevent him from becoming acquainted with one or both of

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those circumstances; and if to these were to be added any suspicious reports about her brother's aid of the Duke of Monmouth, she felt conscious that her father's wrath would be terrible.

Happily this state of agitation was destined to a calmer termination than she presumed to expect. Her father came back elated by the king's reception of him; and sanguine of success to the royal cause, from the spirited support which all classes of persons were eagerly offering to the throne. The generous English seemed willing to make a last noble throw for their sovereign's faithful performance of his duty to them. The two houses of parliament, fortunately sitting at this time, had not only voted to defend the king and constitution with their lives and fortunes, but had passed a bill of attainder against Monmouth and his adherents. The sons of stanch protestant nobility and gentry had shown themselves as forward as those of the court religion, in swelling the ranks of the king's army as volunteers; and a strong body of those gallant levies was already upon its march to the western counties.

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Sir Fulk Trevanion told all this to his breathless daughter, with that illumination of look and manner, which for the while restores the vision of his youth, to the speaker: his eye blazed, his cheek glowed, and his voice had stirring music in it; but, a moment or two, and the fire sank — the spirit drooped,—and several short sighs, at first struggled with, then unconsciously yielded to, betrayed inward change.

Aura Trevanion regarded his altered countenance with dismay and enquiry: it did not, however, express anger, or vexation, or suspicion: its cloud therefore was not tending towards her. She kept silent whilst the mood lasted with her father; fancying it perhaps the consequence of natural regret, that the rightful heir of Treverderet, was not one of the gallant volunteers he had been telling of.

Sir Fulk himself broke the silence.— "Other men have their bitter portions!" he exclaimed, following up his own thoughts aloud. "Lord Carraton's son, instead of showing himself in the ranks of his sovereign's defenders, has carried off some poor wench from our neighbourhood — his father will make no hand of muster-

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ing men there now; and the king is in no humour for accepting such an excuse. I am not so pitiful in my enmities as to feel glad at this; but I take it, that Providence is now paying off my scores to that audacious fool."

"What an affliction!" ejaculated Miss Trevanion, thinking especially of her high-minded and virtuous friend.

"If you speak of their honourable indignation at vice and folly," returned her father sternly, "I may venture to say you mistake their feelings. My Lord Carraton has never thought any disgrace of having — an effeminate coxcomb and senseless debauchee for his heir — nor such a godless gamester as Villiers for his niece's husband; so that they but kept even with the court—whether by vice or virtue mattered not to him — his turn was served. There is no touch of true honour in *him*."

The strong emphasis which the knight laid upon the pronoun terminating this speech, expressed his own keen sensibility to the principle about which he concluded Lord Carraton to be indifferent; and his daughter, fully sharing such sensibility, exclaimed as emphatically, "Blessed be

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heaven! Treverderet can never have a like reproach!"

"'Tis not ill said, Aura," resumed her father, his lips quivering with what appeared to her a relenting feeling. "The son, whose misconduct I live to groan over, was no base offender — sharing the obloquy as well as the pleasures of the gross vulgar. His faults were graver against a parent's authority; but not the faults of a fool and a sensualist. He let himself be led away from his duty by a will-o'-wisp notion of something higher — he chooses to be a martyr to it, so let him — he has sacrificed enough to entitle him to the honours of such a title." Here a ghastly smile closed Sir Fulk's tribute: he was thinking of the white spur knighthood.

Miss Trevanion, with a bewildered look and agitated voice, humbly entreated to know "if aught unpleasant had transpired — if her brother were rumoured" — She could not finish the enquiry, — her father impetuously resumed.

"Do you mean to ask if I believe your brother is with Monmouth? — is it you, Aura, that question such an infamy? — think you, I should hold up my head as I

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do now, amongst loyal and true men, if I had had one instant's misgiving about the matter! — read the fellow's proclamation — see how weakly he tries to hide his vanity and ambition under the pretexts of religious and civil liberty. Manly ends are sought by manly ways: — Monmouth's object is selfish; and he does not trust solely to the influence of those principles in other men, which he but pretends to have, in himself! It were the height of injury to any Englishman of common honesty, to imagine him capable of leaguing with one who advances such monstrous pretensions upon such shallow pleas. Then his accusations against his present majesty — what folly! — trying to prove too much, and so proving nothing!"

Sir Fulk's indignation against the illegitimate son of Charles II. ran him out of breath; he paused to recover himself; then resumed, with nearly the same vehemence.

"Your brother's rigid morality — the only good coupled with his intolerant creed — guarantees my faith in his total disunion with Monmouth, from the moment the latter openly renounced his conjugal bond; and if that were not so, I think he would disdain to aid and abet such a scum in his

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attempts to impose himself for lawful king upon the commons and nobles of this isle. — Arundell had a mind of a noble strain once, — that justice I will render him."

"Ah, sir! let us hope — let us think he has still!" faintly repeated Miss Trevanion, her whole being, trembling with troubled joy. "O blessed moment, which shows me that you have not quite ceased to think well of the poor exile!"

"It were more for my peace, Aura," returned Sir Fulk, "if I had no good thing to recollect of him! Memory sometimes troubles justice. (And he pressed his cold hand evidently upon a burning brow). What should I have cared for a son's return to his duty, if the whole scope and strain of his foregone life, had been to degrade the name he inherits? Such a son I could have whistled down the wind, to prey on fortune, as easily as I cast away this glove; but a son I loved — was proud of, — so dear, so dutiful once — ay, to devotedness, — to turn the censor of his father, the dictator of his actions, the fanatical disturber of his household, and at last to let himself be duped into sullying our name, at least, if not disgracing it — for these late

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events make me think he cannot have allied himself with Argyll,—had he not stabbed me to the soul by his refusal to maintain our place at the coronation —"

The trembling daughter hung upon her father's suspended words; but he did not finish the sentence: and, after momentary heart-beating, she ventured to urge her brother's absence from Lord Argyll's enterprise, as a proof that he not only could not have matched himself to one of that earl's family, but did not countenance violent measures; adding, that his avoidance of Monmouth proved his continued principle of integrity. She then pathetically besought her father to tell her if she might not, from his present graciousness, hope all things for the exile, should he ever return and express contrition for past errors, and clear his character from public charges?

Affected by his own paternal yearnings, and by his daughter's manner, Sir Fulk regarded her with kindlier expression. "You are bold, Aura; — going further on this forbidden subject than it is my pleasure to lead you. New circumstances, may give rise to new feelings: — remember, however, that I stand pledged before the king to your

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cousin Dunbar, for great things due to his public and private conduct; he must now either be the sole heir of Treverderet (let the heirship be worthily reclaimed or not), or my son-in-law, with all the collateral advantages, and prospective contingencies of such a title. As you regard this brother of yours, you will decide how it is to be. I give you timely warning of the necessity."

Sir Fulk Trevanion did not wait reply, but withdrawing, ere his own varying feelings discovered themselves further, left his daughter to recover from the secret amazement into which some of his words had thrown her. For the first time during many months she was conscious to the agitation of a joyful hope; a gleam of light had broke in upon her beloved brother's fortunes, which she feared any breath of air would extinguish. Might she but nurse this glimmering spark!—could she but keep other things from troubling it!—on her knees she returned thanks for the cheering prospect, beseeching heaven to strengthen her in keeping her late distressful adventure secret, lest a hint of it should revive Sir Fulk's wrath against his son; who, if not

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discovered by those lost papers to be in concert with either invader of England, would, at any rate, incur the odium of having exposed his sister to the shame of such insult, as that she really sustained.

What the knight had said concerning Dunbar, Miss Trevanion was in no mood to consider as fatal to her hopes: she believed herself sure of her cousin's given promise, not to urge her into the union proposed; and she began to feel that preference of relying upon providential aid, rather than of calculating human probabilities, which is our first step towards submission even to hard dispensations.

There was, however, one great anxiety still; that which hung upon the fate of Philips: incapable of mastering this, she lived in a state of constant perturbation for the ensuing week. Meanwhile, her astonishment at hearing nothing said of the unfortunate man, either at home or abroad, began to change into the glad belief that he had either been dismissed, from nothing treasonable being found upon him; or that Lord Villiers's gold, had indeed worked his release.

She was further surprised by hearing

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nothing from Susannah which might confirm her dread of Lord Villiers's wanton malignity; and if he had hovered about their house, his supposed object (Hollis's young sister) had not seen him; for her lady could not suspect the good girl's sincerity, when she assured her of this.

All then was yet hushed: — was it the hush which precedes a storm? or was it peace, indeed? Had the whole matter vanished from the inebriated reprobate's sober mind like some confused dream? and would he, from sheer forgetfulness of those looks, and that language, which he had so threateningly said he could never forget, suffer her to pass him by in places where they must encounter, without taking his signal revenge of claiming her strangely-made acquaintance?

Sometimes Miss Trevanion quieted the pulses of her worst fear on this occasion, by recalling the christian Bishop of Bristol's testimony to his original character. Lord Villiers had, then, some natural graces of the soul: wild, rootless weeds as they were, to them she must trust for abating the bitterness of the humour she had left him in; and from them she did, ere long, receive a

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proof of the excellent prelate's right judgment.

In a time of apprehended tumult, the ordinary ceremonials of life are slightly attended to; Miss Trevanion, therefore, although young and single, frequently had to receive and entertain gentlemen who came to wait for her father: at such periods she could ask questions, and hazard remarks which she ventured not to put before him; and upon one of these occasions she purposely enquired whether any one had been arrested in the capital, for correspondence with the rebel forces. The answer, somewhat jocularly returned, renewed all her agitation.

The dissipated, thoughtless Lord Villiers was said to have been forbid the court, in consequence of some such matter. The particulars of his disgrace were luckily volunteered by her informant, or they might never have become known to her; so ill able was she to prosecute the enquiry.

Lord Villiers, her visiter stated, in returning through the park from afternoon play at Lord Mordaunt's, had chosen to interfere with a party of civil officers, arresting a suspected person there, who be-

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ing in company with some loose women, naturally attracted the good offices of a fellow libertine like his lordship; and he offered the king's servants money to let the fellow go. This, however, they refused: but the man escaping afterwards from a room where he was temporarily locked up, suspicion of foul play got into the head of one of his captors, and he lodged a sort of information against his superior in the arrest. The accuser alleged, that Lord Villiers must have bribed the latter to wink at the criminal's escape. No proof, however, being brought forward; and Lord Villiers pleading a drunken frolic, in extenuation of his open attempt to corrupt three stanch sheriff's officers, and restore their gallant to two forlorn wenches, he was only sharply rebuked, and sentenced to temporary banishment from the royal presence.

Beyond this account the relator of the story knew not: — and well was it for Aura Trevanion that he told it in a dusky quarter of their large screen-filled drawing room — herself his sole auditor; her death-white looks, would else have betrayed her share in the adventure of Lord Villiers.

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When she quitted this gentleman's presence, she did it under a rack of fear, that the tale might get about, and more accurately. If it were not to do so, then indeed she would be blest; — her character would remain unblemished; and she might justly rejoice in the preservation of Philips, and she trusted of his papers.

It was impossible for her not to give one grateful thought to Lord Villiers, unworthy as he was in the main: — the very levity of phrase — which crimsoned her modest cheeks but to think of — with which he had spoken of her and Susannah, was perhaps good-naturedly meant to quell further enquiries about them; at least it seemed to have had that effect, and as such she pardoned it.

The emotion with which Miss Trevanion imparted this new alarm to her maid, and bespoke her endeavours to learn whether it had got much abroad, may be imagined; as well as the anxiety with which she watched her father's countenance whenever he returned from a public resort; and that of the imperturbable Mr. Becket, as he quietly took his meals, or sat writing in a corner. How often, and how passionately did she not wish for her cousin, whose activity and

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presence of mind she knew would have served her so effectually in her present perplexity!

Day, however, succeeded to day, and nothing transpired to revive her worst apprehensions. So dear to a woman is a stainless reputation, that perhaps no event of Aura Trevanion's eventful life created in her such lively gratitude as this signal providence. The direst of her threatening clouds had passed away without bursting in a deluge above her head; why should she not trust in the same gracious Being for the withdrawal of others?

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CHAP. IV.

It was indeed a mercy for the poor girl, that some such eminent call for glad thankfulness was made upon her feelings: her senses, or her life, perhaps, would have yielded to the variety of alarms, anxieties, and sorrowful surprises which were so close at hand. The hurrying and contradictory reports brought in almost every hour, by comers to and fro, bringing news of the Scotch and English insurgents, kept her spirits in a state of continual harassment; and this agitation was increased by witnessing her father's distempered eagerness to outrun his rival Lord Carraton, in offered, nay acted services to the royal cause; and by the very terror which other ladies communicated to her, of London itself becoming soon a scene of atrocity and carnage.

The latest accounts from the western counties described Monmouth as having marched in gallant array, and formidable strength from Lime, advancing upon Exeter,

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in the face of the king's troops, under Feversham and Oxford; and in defiance of the Dukes of Albemarle, Beaufort, and Somerset, who had hastily drawn together large bodies of armed retainers to cross his course.

The vote of supplies by the two houses of parliament had put the whole country into loyal movement; so that addresses and dutiful presentations of money, continued thronging in on all sides. Yet, for all this, Miss Trevanion heard much private murmuring at the king's conduct: the very gentlemen who made these large proffers, and duly executed them, frequently canvassed his unwise measures. His majesty had not condescended to give his faithful Commons any satisfaction, when, in voting the necessary supplies, they voted also their reliance upon his protection of the established church, and his fidelity to the laws.

This ungracious silence at such a critical moment, was too ominous of ill, they said, to pass unnoticed; it argued an obstinate determination of pushing on his suspected purpose of overturning that very church: and several of these conscientious English-

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men began to question what was their duty upon the occasion.

Sir Fulk Trevanion's ancient influence prevailed with many, to produce the conviction of its being right, first to extinguish the flame of civil war, and then to obtain satisfaction from his majesty by the ordinary constitutional means. His services indeed were so evident, and so favourably reported at court, by those whom Dunbar Trevanion communicated with, that James's graciousness seemed only to be waiting for the moment in which to recompense so zealous a subject.

At such a juncture, of course, the knight of Treverderet's private object — the pernicious Barony — was left standing still; but he had the secret satisfaction of observing that his rival's power had received a new shock by the criminal folly of his son; producing exactly the consequences which Sir Fulk had foreseen: swelling the ranks of his troop with many stout freemen proud of mounting and maintaining themselves, and visibly thinning those mustered at Rohesia.

Dunbar Trevanion's occasional despatches

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were full of his uncle's popularity; and so active did he show himself, at the drill and in the camp, with the men placed under his command, that Sir Fulk was not greatly startled, when it was proposed to him, half playfully, by one of Father Peter's unsuspected agents, to return his nephew for the vacant seat in the next parliament, which Lord Carraton had purposed contending for, in favour of a dependant of his. As the knight had pleaded his own age, and aversion to long journeys, as a reason for still remaining out of the senate, the king's private advisers seized that pretext for recommending one, whose supple notions on the subject of church and state government, would be easily inclined to the court views.

Sir Fulk showed no disinclination to comply with the hint; since it not only tended to renew the family consequence of the Trevanions, but would do so without subjecting the estates to those heavy drains which must be made upon them by his own return to parliament. Dunbar, indeed, was young and volatile; but he would be sure to follow any course his uncle might

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dictate ; and since the Treverderet honours would finally be his, the sooner his character was invested with the dignity of a great public duty, the more honourable to the relation that was meditating all these advantages for him. These thoughts, like many others of the sort, Sir Fulk Trevanion did not confide to his daughter ; and, perhaps, he was the less inclined to discuss so ungrateful a subject as that of transferring his once loved son's rights to another, because late events had indeed caused much of relenting feeling to arise in his heart. Aura Trevanion, therefore, went on, pining now for her cousin's return ; since she durst not, if she could, write privately to him ; and she longed not only to take his counsel about what had occurred in the park, but to impart her glad hopes concerning her brother's station in her father's mind, and by him to promote its continuance.

Her spirits, too, were in great agitation about Eveleen Hungerford, whose present position she had no means of discovering. That dear friend, she knew, must be suffering acutely from the grief and shame con-

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sequent upon her cousin Hungerford's conduct; and whenever she thought of her, anxiety rose to anguish.

As it was, Miss Trevanion was forced to cast this care, like many others, upon Providence; cheering herself, when her spirits drooped over one set of distressful visions, by looking towards the brightening point of her brother's possible recall to home and happiness.

Whether those dawning lights were or were not to strengthen, she felt that one signal blessing was granted to her, — complete reliance upon her brother's integrity of action: — her father's testimony had been conclusive on that subject; so that she could now listen successively to rash or desponding persons speaking of the northern and western insurrections, with a glad and grateful assurance that neither would influence her future destiny.

Still, however, she took a strong interest in what was passing both on the coast and beyond the Tweed; and could not hear, without sorrowful emotion, though at a moment when Monmouth's imposing force was exciting the liveliest apprehensions, that the Scottish rising was at once ended,

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by the defeat and capture of the brave and unfortunate Argyll.

Many a stranger's cheek besides her's had a tear upon it, at this unlooked for news; and many a loyal breast heaved a sigh of generous commiseration for that gallant name and high desert, thus brought to a fatal termination. Aura Trevanion could not forget how dearly her brother had valued, and how dearly bought, the good earl's friendship; how much Argyll's daughter had ventured for her father's rescue from prison — proving, therefore, how fondly he was beloved by his children. She knew that many of the best men would consider him as a martyr for conscience sake; and that such as held different opinions from his upon state matters, would not refuse their sympathy to one, with whose head, not only the honours but the happiness of a whole family would be struck off. She wept Argyll's known doom, therefore, in silence and in secret. But she, like others who lamented the disastrous consequences of the earl's enterprise, to himself especially, was soon obliged to dry her tears.

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CHAP. V.

An entertainment was announced to be given at court in honour of this awful event. All loyal persons of suitable pretensions, of both sexes, were expected to present themselves there, offering their dutiful congratulations to their sovereign.

The knight of Treverderet could not be absent; nor could any show of reluctance on his daughter's part, excuse her from accompanying him.

Even had no private associations deepened the pity and horror with which Miss Trevanion had heard of the earl's certain fate, natural concern for the brave chief of a brave clan, universally acknowledged to have been actuated by no private views, would have made her shrink from such an act as this proposed one, of going to join in rejoicing at his sure coming destruction. Never had the sterner materials of man's mould, appeared so unlovely in her eyes, as at the moment in which her father, apparently refusing all sympathy with the suffer-

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ing patriot, spoke to her of the obligation she was under to appear with him at court. She durst not offer an objection; and, at the time appointed, proceeded to prepare for the ceremonial.

Whilst Susannah Hollis was tireing her, a subject occurred to her mind which had been driven from it by the melancholy Scotch news, but which was of moment enough to authorize her in seeking satisfaction concerning it from her maid. Sir Fulk had shown her a brief note from his nephew, which had chafed him beyond concealment, as it contained the unpleasant account of several desertions from his troop. These, Dunbar, with his usual spirit of hardy hilarity, vowed he would trace to their mover, though the chase might lead him into the Dom-daniel, or Rohesia itself; since, he said, it must arise from some enemy's machinations; as the spirit of desertion was strangely confined to the Trevanion men, who, at first, had mustered strongest on the king's side.

Miss Trevanion at once perceived whose agency her father conceived suspicion of; for he had muttered the name of Lady Rhoda Brandon, followed by something

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about women's frantic ways of injuring others though at their own risk; adding a remark, that his fair fortunes were to have damage, because Lord Carraton's were tottering.

Miss Trevanion, with saner judgment then, because less prejudiced, formed a different conclusion; seeking to assure herself, through Susannah Hollis, whether her conjecture were right: which was, simply, that the Trevanion men deserted, because the king's silence to the most important part of the Commons' address, had convinced them he was not trust-worthy.

Susannah could not satisfy her as to what her brother and his companions thought were the causes of their comrades' desertion; for her brother could not write. She had, however, something to say from herself by way of guess at them.

What was her lady's amazement, to find that her inconsiderate, irreverent cousin, was suspected of being either a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, or in his noviciate towards it! Such a suspicion, Susannah said with the zeal of small knowledge and great conscientiousness, was quite enough to make good protestants desert,

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and transfer themselves to the ranks of the Duke of Monmouth; with whom the Lords Brandon and Delamere were already periling themselves, to keep the realm from being turned into an abomination of image worship.

Miss Trevanion, approving her maid's zeal for the holiest of all causes, yet smiled at her language; questioning her how such false notions could have got abroad, of a gay officer, who was unhappily ill inclined to give much heed to the ordinances of his own church, therefore not likely to listen to the enticements of another, so much more burthensome in its observances and penalties!

Susannah, with some hesitation, and frequent crimsoning of face, replied, that Captain Trevanion was observed by herself, as well as by another Treverderet servant, to have been much more civil to Mr. Becket, whom every body knew was a papist, than he used to be in Cornwall — that he was said to frequent the houses of one or two private friends of his majesty (papists of course), and that, by himself, as if it were on matters for talk; and that, indeed, folks had begun to say, the king

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would not have shown such honour to Sir Fulk Trevanion after Mr. Arundell's stay from the coronation, were it not that he knew one of the family were coming round to the pope's side.

Miss Trevanion, somewhat ruffled and offended at an insinuation which impugned a member of her family, and which the gratitude she believed due from her to her absent cousin called upon her to refute, slightly rebuked Susannah for such easy credence of so cruel a slander; gravely stating, that Captain Trevanion had often business to transact for his uncle, entirely remote from church matters, which might lead him to visit persons who must be connected with it, whether they were of the reformed church or not.

Susannah, for a moment, appeared silenced, for convinced she was not: then summoning up all her powers, prepared to answer.

The girl was naturally courageous, and so well instructed in her duty, that she believed it would be sinful in her to leave her lady in probable ignorance of what might so materially influence her future destiny; namely, the circumstance of her

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supposed suitor's apostacy from the religion in which both had been nurtured.

In common with every other person under Sir Fulk Trevanion's roof, Susannah believed her young mistress affianced to Captain Trevanion; and, in common with them also, had not great faith in his particular affection for her.

Servants are generally excellent judges of their superiors' feelings and characteristics; simply, perhaps, because they are mere lookers on, whilst equals are occupied with each other. Waiting behind chairs, or in ante-rooms, and unheeded, because forgotten as living beings, domestics frequently catch expressions of the face, or overhear unguarded exclamations, which throw infinite light upon the relative positions of those they are observing.

In this way not only Susannah Hollis, but every discerning servant at Treverderet, had they been interrogated upon the probable artifice and self-seeking of one out of two favourites of their master's, Dunbar Trevanion and Mr. Becket, would have had no hesitation in fixing the suspicion upon the former. She now raised her absorbed eyes, boldly challenging scrutiny of their honest purpose, and said she thought it but right

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to tell her lady all she heard reported to the damage of so near a kinsman. Such ideas as she had first presumed to name, were familiar to all the frequenters of the servants' hall, she averred; but the most startling and positive testimony against Captain Trevanion, was given her by a pretty boy of fifteen, a page of the Lord Danby's, who, from mere wantonness, had watched the officer into the abode of the king's confessor, and watched him out, twice. Each time, Captain Trevanion had staid above two hours: a period long enough for him to have made one at mass there. Susannah added, she had been rather curious to learn when these visits were made, and she found, from certain memorials which had caused the boy to register the time, that one took place in the forenoon of that day on which she accompanied her lady into the park; the other, during the very short period of Captain Trevanion's return to town, when he was hurried away to form his uncle's troop. It was this strange preference of the confessor's society, to that of her dear lady's, Susannah continued, which had first caused her to give serious heed to the things said of the captain; as nothing,

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surely, could account for it, except deference to spiritual authority. Miss Trevanion was momentarily confounded at this unexpected detail. It may not be said that it awakened immediate suspicion of her cousin's fair dealing; but it certainly troubled her confidence in it. Her interest in the matter was too great to allow of punctilious observances: for once she threw aside all that cautious reserve with which she thought fit to maintain the due distance between herself and her servant, and questioning her closely as to the young page's habits of truth, freedom from mischievous design, &c. entreated her to speak with the full sincerity which she would observe towards an equal.

Susannah's clear and steady answers served but to confirm what she had already told: and Miss Trevanion was obliged, therefore, to believe, (hard as it was to credit it,) that her professing cousin, who seemed imperiously obliged to desert her on the most important day of her life, had given two hours of it to Father Peters; and without caring enough for her, or her brother, to spare five minutes out of his last stay in town, for enquiring the result

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of her meeting with Philips, had yet bestowed another long visit upon the same person. One, too, who most particularly came under the classification of those whom her father had, more than once, desired his nephew to have no further dealings with whatever, for the advance of his hopes about the barony. Sir Fulk had requested him never to compromise the family honour, by impetuous ardour in the pursuit of its great right; yet more, never to court the secret aid of men obnoxious to popular opinion, from their dependance upon the court of Rome, and their supposed influence over their sovereign, lest the eventual recovery of the filched title might be spoken of, as a personal favour unjustly bestowed; not as the lawful portion of the Trevanions, and the complete burnisher of their tarnished escutcheon. With these remembered adjurations of her father's full in her mind, Miss Trevanion was obliged to see that no other conjecture than what her maid suggested, could account for Dunbar's conduct. It was not impossible—however improbable it appeared at first—that the officer might be worked upon by the im-

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posing ceremonies of the Romish church, and by the seductive eloquence of the subtle Peters, who, whether from honest zeal, or mere love of power, was known to lie in wait for converts of every rank and character. She could see whither, after this, the wily priest was driving; to her father's subjugation also; and she sickened to think how surely, at last, Dunbar must become hostile to the return of her brother, if he were, indeed, to embrace that very religion, to prevent the ascendency of which, Arundell had shown himself ready to shed his heart's blood.

Yet how could all this be?—Dunbar seemed to have no popish intimates—he talked as carelessly of religion as he had ever done—he went to church with his men, when it was his turn to do so, and he certainly never appeared at all inclined to dispute one point of the creed with his uncle.

Miss Trevanion questioned Susannah again and again, and that with such evident disturbance, that the poor girl's heart sank, for fear her young mistress's inclinations were too deeply engaged for her future peace. Her testimony, however,

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remained unaltered: so that Miss Trevanion was obliged to confess to herself, that her cousin had really done her the two signal unkindnesses this story involved — denying her his company upon one day, and his counsel upon the other, solely, that he might give so much of his time to the most notorious jesuit in the realm; and that, too, privily. Only one construction could be put upon this, — that Dunbar was falling into the snare of the confessor. The idea afflicted her; since, although she never could be said to entertain a spontaneous affection for this near kinsman, circumstances and his own arts had conspired to create a sort of regard for him, and a confidence in his generous purposes. She resolved, therefore, to tell him frankly what she had heard, and obtain some ex-explanation from him. To mention the matter to her father, would be a betrayal of that compact which she had sought between Dunbar and herself, therefore should be the last to break; and thus thinking, she desired Susannah to reprove all who presumed to suspect Captain Trevanion of disaffection towards the establishment, and to rest contented herself, that

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her lady would sift the matter to the bottom.

In the midst of her troubled discourse, she was summoned from her chamber; her father and a matron lady, who was to take charge of her to the court, were ready to proceed thither, and their barge was in waiting at the water-stairs below their garden.

A smooth river and an empurpled sky, for it was sunset, made their short voyage to Whitehall more agreeable than a drive thither through heated and dusty streets. Sir Fulk avoided topics of interest; and his daughter, ever watchful of the bent he chose to incline her to, reined in her own excess of sympathy, when the matron in their company uttered some pitying expression respecting the expected execution of Argyll; leaving her memory in that lady's thoughts, perhaps, blotted for ever by the stain of unfeminine lack of feeling.

Having reached the palace, Miss Trevanion followed her father to the court saloon with a heart as unwilling as her steps, and when she entered the room, thought it looked visibly hung with the livery of death.

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The saloon at this moment certainly presented no seducing or *riante* images; either the persons thronged there, were really as ill pleased with such an assembly as herself, or her fancy gave them looks suited to the scene. There was such a gravity and stillness in every aspect, that in spite of their gorgeous clothing, and set phrases of felicitation duly uttered as each person entered and passed on, they only seemed to her so many images, frightfully mocking life for a few instants, and then returning to immobility. The scene altogether caused her to feel as if she were in some distressing dream: for the very consciousness of being in Whitehall, where the royal father of its present possessor had perished on the scaffold, filled her mind with visions of the block and the headsman; and, at every turn, she looked as though she saw the axe suspended, in very deed, over the unfortunate nobleman so soon destined to suffer beyond the Tweed.

As the poor young lady tried to falter out a few appropriate words, when noticed by royalty, she thought she read upon the pale brow of the queen, deep—deep sorrow, somewhat chastened by resignation to the

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reasonings of some spiritual guide; and after her majesty drew apart from the circle, she observed her silently crossing herself, as if lost in momentary prayer. She doubted not, that the gentle and truly pious Mary of Modena was inwardly entreating mercy for the soul of her husband's taken enemy, since all fear of him was now over.

The king was at first seen talking vehemently, and as it seemed fretfully, with a distinguished personage of grave deportment, who, by his dress and bearing, seemed foreign. Catching this gentleman's name from a by-stander, Miss Trevanion found he was the Prince d'Este, whom she had heard briefly, yet amiably, described by Eveleen Hungerford, when he was a visitor at Rohesia.

How intently did she look at the princely D'Este, as if the gaze could have given her too the face of her dear friend! how passionately did she wish that she might ask him a single question about Eveleen's health and safety! — Ah! perhaps Eveleen was in town — was in that room, — or coming thither!

The prince certainly took no note of

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Aura Trevanion's extraordinary fixture of look; for as the king moved sharply away from him, turned towards his royal cousin, and walked slowly with her up the saloon. By the movement of his lips and chest, as he quitted the circle, it was evident that he was suffocating a sigh, which otherwise would have been strongly aspirated.

Lord Carraton was there also; but so visibly dejected, even to an affectation of displaying how much he suffered from his son's disregard of his sovereign's affronted throne, that Sir Fulk Trevanion's scorn as they met and passed bowing, shone out in the glance he tried to turn away from him.

Honourable sorrow, like honourable love, shrinks from publicity of notice; Sir Fulk's parental griefs were of a nobler strain than those of the former courtly favourite, and he had hidden them even at the domestic hearth.

Miss Trevanion had sufficient of her father in her, to feel sorry, for Eveleen Hungerford's sake, that an uncle of hers should so poorly court pity from his sovereign: yet she thought he must feel as a parent the open iniquity of his son; and thinking the next instant of Lord Villiers, she gazed

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wildly round, no longer in search of her friend's spring-like countenance, but in terror of meeting his dark eye-beam; compound as it was, of beauty and terribleness.

No Villiers, however, was to be discerned in the growing crowd; and by slow degrees, Aura Trevanion lost both her fears about him, and her hopes of meeting her cherished friend; yet several times she fancied the king looked towards her father with an expression she could not well understand. James was evidently talking of him to one of the popish lords, who was listening with great gravity. She knew the etiquette of a court too well now, to venture at eyeing the august speaker too often; and some intervening objects soon removed him wholly from her observation. The idea, however, fastened so strongly upon her, that she began to perceive, as she thought, that several persons kept aloof from her father and herself, and a flash of wild apprehension concerning herself and Lord Villiers shot through her brain. At the instant she was in danger of losing consciousness: but a sense of the presence she was in, preserved her from so decisive a proof of strange emotion; and the queen speaking graciously to her

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in passing out, convinced her that no story to her disadvantage could be even whispered in that room.

Again Miss Trevanion's bosom was lightened of a heavy load, and again it throbbed with gratitude to that Providence which ordains even our minutest trials for some kindly purpose. Had long suffering no other good result than making us take note of every mercy, small or great, it would still deserve to be acknowledged as one of those mercies; but suffering has higher issues, of which this lesser one is only the precursor.

As Miss Trevanion, having said good night to the lady that had accompanied her to court, was awaiting her father's return from his last compliments to the king, to follow her example, he joined her, to say, that having just received his majesty's command to attend his leisure in the closet, she must return home without him.

She obeyed willingly; and giving him her hand, went with him to the door of the banqueting-house, where, having seen her into a sedan, and having charged the servants strictly concerning her, he hastened back to the presence.

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It may be supposed that the young lady's thoughts, during her progress homeward, were not free from perturbation: the nerves of her mind, if such an expression be admissible, were in such a shattered state, that now they trembled at a breath. An invitation from majesty, which would have elated another heart, sunk hers; whilst fearful presages, grounded upon the king's countenance, and the unsettled state of the times, took possession of her wholly.

In getting out of the chair, her dress being somewhat ruffled by confinement in it, caught upon one of the gilded ornaments of the lock, and detained her a moment behind the servant who was preceding her to the house-door; a passing stranger, as it seemed, assisting to disengage the piece of drapery, stooped down, and as if he had picked up something, said "Your handkerchief, madam," and passed on.

The speaker did actually place in her hand a handkerchief, which, by her initials and the family crest wrought on it, she knew must be her own: every thing within her shook with even wilder emotion than what she had experienced when Philips

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first addressed her: she doubted not having really dropt the handkerchief; but when the heart is full of one object, the eye finds him in all things; and this stranger's momentary glance, directed through a black silk mask, had conjured up the image of her brother himself.

The notion was not preposterous; for the stranger's figure, though covered with a hooded riding cloak, rose to the height of Arundell Trevanion's; and the eyes that penetrated through hers, were dark, and agitating in their expression.

Scarcely conscious how she got into the house, Miss Trevanion found herself entering the first open door she saw, instead of ascending to her own chamber: she was indeed too disordered and impatient for an instant's delay. The room was that, common to the family through the day, and lights were already burning in it, waiting the return of the absent Sir Fulk: happily no one was now there to remark upon the emotion with which the devoted sister drew towards a blazing night-branch, and looked again upon the handkerchief, to ascertain that it was hers; yet fondly hoping—perhaps more fondly believing, that the

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similar initial under the Trevanion crest belonged to one of her beloved Arundell's. As she sought for her own in her pocket with one hand, and thrillingly shook open the one already in her other, she saw a billet fall from it on the floor.

Every thing swam round with her at this joyful confirmation of hope: no fear was listened to; she snatched up the paper, and saw the characters of an unknown hand!

After the shock and stun of a few moments, the poor young lady looked again on the billet, and read as follows: —

"MADAM,

"Either a friend or a servant plays you false. Do you remember what passed in the park on the evening of the 15th?

"The warrant which put a person then in jeopardy of life, was grounded upon a letter he wrote you, appointing the meeting, and praying you for his master's sake to appear with a white handkerchief in your hand.

"You must know, madam, to whom you gave this letter, or who was likely to purloin it. A certain good-natured rogue, who took

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gold for letting your poor scribbler escape that same night, could not tell me the betrayer's name; though he was shown the letter by Father Peters, the confessor, who charged him to let the women concerned, off, unmolested and undiscovered, that the matter might not get noised to the detriment of the king's interest with a noble family.

"Being just now in disgrace at court, I have small hope of easing your mind about the embroidered handkerchief which you let fall in the park; but shall have it and this letter, ready for a fitting opportunity ere I betake myself to the camp.

"Herein I crave pardon for any incivility I might have shown you in the park; at the same time I must make bold to request you not to reckon so entirely upon a man's bad character, as to fancy I can have no other than a wicked purpose in thus writing. I would not be uncivil now I am sober; but I protest that I scarcely remember me what complexion or make you are of; and am therefore no further concerned in helping you to safe walking amongst perfidious confidants, than as it may pleasure a certain honoured kins-

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woman of my wife's, who charged me ever to show kindness to a Trevanion.

"Madam, I humbly kiss your hand, and am your servant, as it beseemeth him,

"VILLIERS."

Miss Trevanion, long after reading this strange composition, remained with her eyes fixed upon it in a sort of stupor of amazement and disappointment: had not other feelings overpowered it, her first emotion must have been transport at recovering what had so often caused her almost agonies of apprehension; now she was sensible only to bewilderment and horror.

Some one had surely betrayed her. Was it Susannah?—was it Dunbar? For Mr. Becket it could not be.

A hasty survey of the past, cleared Susannah; her lady had neither shown her Philips's letter, nor even named the signal handkerchief till they were actually equipping for the expedition: and Mr. Becket, whatever might be his sinister designs, could not have betrayed a secret with which he was surely unacquainted.

Only Dunbar had seen that letter;—

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read it, — retained it, — destroyed it. But had he truly destroyed it?

As the bewildered thinker asked herself these questions, so many testimonies against this trusted kinsman seized upon her thoughts, as for a time to confound her capacity of judgment. If Dunbar had but feigned tearing Philips's letter, by substituting another in its stead, it must have been for some most pernicious purpose; and, deceiving her in that instance, was it likely that he had not often and fatally deceived her?

She remembered his remarking Philips's caution in given her no token to know him by. This recollection explained to her his reason for urging her then into the park; sacrificing so, her safety and modesty to the certainty of having the right person identified. What motive could have led him to this treachery but the vilest and cruellest? either that of throwing evidence against her poor brother into the hands of government, or of frustrating his attempt at a reconciliation with his father.

Susannah's artless statements of Captain Trevanion's private visits to that very priest whom Lord Villiers named as the prime

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mover of the servant's arrest, now returned with additional force to her thoughts. His greater civility to Mr. Becket of late, his supple compliance with every prejudice or start of her father's humour, her early misgivings of his sincerity, her late unpleasant observation of his great promptness and adroitness in hiding whatever he wished concealed, all these things contributed to overwhelm her with a sense of his utter faithlessness and self-seeking.

At this dreadful conviction, involving so many destructive probabilities of injury and anguish in the future, Miss Trevanion's limbs failed under her, and she sunk, wholly bereft of bodily power, upon a vacant seat. She thought of her dream about the Bocannoc oak, till thought was palsied.

Was she then betrayed by her nearest kinsman? and was she owing her miserable pittance of help, to the better feeling of the man, whom not only Dunbar but society at large, pronounced abandoned of good?

It was not possible for Aura Trevanion, in this hour of wretchedness, to be wholly dead to the generous conduct of the infatuated, self-destroying Villiers: he might have employed his page in the delivery of

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the letter and handkerchief, and so subjected her character to a boy's jest or tale-bearing; but he had taken the office upon himself, and had done it so well, that not even those who saw them given could have the least suspicion of what they were connected with. It may not be doubted that her grateful thought was followed by a brief prayer, for his change of heart upon one awful subject.

The sound of steps approaching the room she was in, and from which there was no second door for retreat, made her start up distractedly. Trying to conceal her great disorder of spirits under a show of peculiar activity, she began hastily to move and replace different pieces of ornamental china in an Indian cabinet; but the intruder proving only Mr. Becket, she would have passed him, with a hurried good night sir, had he not stayed her by a respectful entreaty that she would honour him with a few moments' attention. She hesitated—then returned with him from the door.

For the first time since his residence under Sir Fulk Trevanion's roof, Mr. Becket's stagnant countenance showed as it were some ripple of emotion. He had a

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communication, he said, to make to his honoured master, and wished it had not been intrusted to him, who had, from his entrance into the noble knight's service, never presumed so much as to know what private matter was afoot in the family; he made bold therefore to entreat Miss Trevanion's good counsel how to do what he was bidden: nay, the worshipful young gentleman who had thought fit to lay the burthen upon his shoulders, had in a manner intimated his wish that Miss Trevanion should be informed of the business as gently as might be.

Miss Trevanion's impatience to learn what this business was (dreading it might refer to Philips), brooked not such long preface, and abandoning herself to the impetuous feeling of the moment, she passionately commanded him to speak out at once.

She had called for the thunderbolt, and it fell.

The news he had to impart, was that her brother was certainly in the enterprise of the Duke of Monmouth — that at Arundell Trevanion's summons, half the Treverderet troop had already gone over to the

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rebel party, and numbers deserting at the same name from a levy raised on the north coast of Cornwall, where Arundell was so popular in days of old.

Dunbar, from whom this direful intelligence came, added that he had made one or two unsuccessful attempts at obtaining an interview with his cousin, by sending in a flag of truce to his grace of Monmouth, in the hope of persuading the former to break off the fatal connection, but was denied sight of him. Thus he was left under the dreadful obligation of pursuing his duty as a soldier of his majesty's, and as an officer of his honoured uncle's; and so exerting himself to regain and punish deserters. Could it have been possible, he added, to have concealed this new grief from his revered kinsman and most dear cousin, he would have taken the sorrow solely to himself; but aware that official accounts of the desertions and their cause were going up to the court, he seized that opportunity of writing, to pray Mr. Becket would contrive to break the matter to the knight in private, and not leave him exposed to the chance of a shock in public. Dunbar concluded by saying, that he was in truth driven to his

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wits end how to send such tidings to his cousin Aura, who with himself had always cherished hopes which these sad facts must entirely blast. He therefore left the whole affair in the hands of his uncle's trusted secretary.

When Mr. Becket, after briefly detailing the main points of the letter he held open, concluded by averring his own unwillingness to communicate such painful news, expressing his surprise that Captain Trevanion should have pitched upon him for the task, Miss Trevanion, who had for the while sat like one crushed, started from her lifeless position, exclaiming, "It is false! — you are leagued together to ruin an innocent man. My life to Dunbar's, that my brother is not in Monmouth's camp!"

Miss Trevanion's mind was at this instant in the same state of alarm with that of a person, who having just had an encounter with robbers, takes every approaching foot for that of a ruffian's. Her own vehemency of feeling overcame her; and, with a convulsive gasp, she sunk again upon the seat she had started from.

Mr. Becket, perhaps thinking his task

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was fully acquitted towards her, and murmuring some inaudible words about innocence, and reference to his honoured patron, slowly folded up the letter from Captain Trevanion, which the unhappy Aura had dashed from her in scorn and anger.

She now snatched at it; for the feeble girl was at once transformed by the very keenness of agony, into power and passion.

"I will have this lying paper!" she exclaimed in a raised voice; "my brother shall know who are his enemies, if God ever grants him to return and confound them. You were present, but the other day, when my father told a coarse enquirer, that his banished son, with all his faults, was incapable of joining an adulterer and a base-born. That saying, to Arundell's honour, showed too kind a feeling in my father to be let stay — and this invention follows. No, Mr. Becket, some one there is, that taketh good care to rouse the wrath of my father against my noble brother, whenever it begins to sleep. Who the incendiary is, and who are his helpers, the great day will tell — if it pleaseth not God to let it come sooner. I would not be one

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of those men at that day for all this world's wealth!"

The librarian betrayed no symptoms of a pricked conscience, or of a sense of detection; he crossed himself stealthily, as was his fashion whenever he was moved, answering humbly, "I grieve, honoured lady, that your poor servant is to fall under your suspicion, as well as your displeasure, for doing what he supposed his bounden duty to a member of the Trevanion family. I call the blessed virgin to witness—(I crave pardon, madam, for this slip!) that I never meddled nor made in any matter whatsoever, touching Mr. Arundell; and as for the young gentleman who has just writ to me, I never had any dealings with him beyond the lawful civilities of mannerly companionship before witnesses. You are quite welcome to the letter, madam; and if you would favour me by taking the remainder of my task off my hands——"

"That will I," interrupted Miss Trevanion, for her whole being was brave at that moment. "My father will not be imposed upon; he will at least see the family honour righted, if he care to go no further afterwards. Well! well! if it were

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to be so—I reck not—leave me but my darling brother's good name, and take the spoil between you!"

"Your ladyship speaks under distemperature, I hope," resumed the librarian, humbly. "I crave, very reverently, to disclaim any acquaintance with Captain Trevanion's proceedings, further than that it pleased him to write me this letter: and I must protest, that I have ever taken him for an honourable gentleman; I do conclude he must have writ this upon assured knowledge."

"Peace!" interrupted Miss Trevanion; and that in a tone which not only silenced the amazed-looking librarian, but appearing to command his very steps not to fall, arrested them midway in their progress to the door. Her paroxysm of violence was over; for the unhappy young lady's tempestuous movements were ever but gusts, which the next moment's deep desolation drowned in tears; and these sad witnesses of a weakened spirit, began now to trickle down her cheeks.

She could not bring immediately to her mind aught conclusive against Mr. Becket: she feared to have outraged an innocent

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man; yet she still doubted him, from the mere habit of doubting him.

"Master Becket," she said, after long and agitated silence, "I am sore beset. I know not who are my friends — who my enemies. My mind so distracted how to bring my father and brother back to mutual kindness! such contradictory things told — done! I would not willingly injure any honest man, popish or protestant; but some perfidious person there is amongst us — and may God forgive them! (the poor sister looked though, as if she felt she could not.) Friendly you may not be, I doubt, to my brother's return; for he and I are not friendly to your religion: but that is no just ground for my thinking you would league with any false heart, to forge slanders, and lay plots against us — so I will not judge you; no, nor others, if I can help it, till I have taxed them face to face with their evil practices."

As Miss Trevanion broke off, she betook herself to traversing the room; for the fever-fit was returned; and her cheek flushed with an excess of emotion which made the very pulses of her forehead throb to sight.

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"You may go, Master Becket," she said at length, recollecting his presence: "if you are honest to us all, you will not bear hard upon a sister's distressed raving. If you are not — there is one that knoweth all, and will avenge all! As for the matter of this letter, you shall come by no harm about speaking of its contents: I tell you, I take the showing of it upon myself. My father is still at the court — it waxes late; — but please God I will abide his coming, if that be not till day-dawn. This is no time for sitting down quietly, and letting foul breaths say what they list of honourable men.

"I'll to his grace of Monmouth myself," she resumed, continuing converse with her own mind aloud, even when the librarian had withdrawn. "He dare not deny a woman — and a sister, admittance to his camp. I will *not* believe, unless I see him amongst them with my own eyes."

O, rashly spoken words! — ere that dawn came, for which the perturbed spirit thus impatiently, almost presumptuously wished, she had fallen to the ground as if transfixed by a mortal shaft.

Sir Fulk Trevanion returned home; and

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his long hour of agony past, he was come to tell her of his son's utter apostacy.

Sir Fulk had received the shock in the king's private apartments; softened, as the misjudging monarch vainly fancied, by gracious assurances of continued favour, and by giving an instant proof of his confidence in the family loyalty, in a vacant office belonging to the dutchy of Cornwall, which he conferred upon the knight.

That evening's express from Dorsetshire had brought letters from the loyalist generals there, stating the same fact, that Arundell Trevanion's influence was hourly increasing the ranks of the enemy, and that an agent of his — a servant called Philips — was actively collecting men and money for the service of the pretended prince.

That Mr. Trevanion was either about Monmouth's person, or joined to Lord Gray of Wark, was proved by sundry documents taken upon prisoners. These consisted of memorandums of rewards promised by Philips in his master's name, or vehement exhortations to unite with true loyalists and Christians in resisting a false king and false church; but the deadly proof of Arundell Trevanion's presence in the

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rebel camp lay in an intercepted letter of Lord Gray's, to the owner of a populous mining tract, informing him that his royal master, as he termed Monmouth, had acquired a tower of strength, as it concerned Cornwall, in the younger Trevanion of Treverderet, whose example was already powerful amongst the humbler companions of his youthful exercises, bringing them rapidly to Monmouth's standard.

Lord Gray's hand and signet were not to be mistaken: even Sir Fulk Trevanion knew them well. Here, alas! no domestic traitors' work could be suspected: disinterested and honourable men sent the same direful intelligence officially to their sovereign, as Dunbar Trevanion had privately done to the secretary of his uncle.

At the same time in which the knight of Treverderet heard his son accused of treason, he beheld its testimonials, and the testimonial of a yet mightier disgrace. No moment of disbelief or doubt was then granted to him; and he retired from the royal presence, after as steady a repetition of his oath of fealty, and of certain divorcement from his son's concerns, as a proud heart, resolving not to break, could compass.

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What passed in that misgoverned heart of his, when he afterwards entered one of the cocoa-houses—which in those days were open through the whole of every night—may not be depicted. The comforting angel came not to him;—for he besought it not: his whole soul was occupied by a keen sense of the injury inflicted upon his honour and hopes, by a once-loved son, who might, he thought, have carried their family glory to the greatest height; and forgetful of all his own offences against his heavenly Parent, he continued to think of himself as one suffering undeserved sorrow, and of Arundell as the deliberate assassin of a father's happiness, whose errors had never caused those of his children.

It is the broken heart which we are told, one divine hand will bind up—it is the bending reed which it promises to raise. Sir Fulk Trevanion's spirit was neither humble nor self-stricken:—affliction had much to accomplish in him.

Having retained sufficient presence of mind to know that solitude was necessary to him, and to give such ordinary orders as privileged him in having a room to himself, the knight had remained at the tavern till

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long past midnight; leaving a piece of gold and untasted wine to show that the solitary stranger was no reveller. His surprise at finding his daughter not gone to rest when he entered his own house, was quickly lost in her reply to his first stern question.

What she said, announced an expectation of being supported in her repulse of a foul scandal circulating against her brother. The knight's abrupt answer, stayed the coming confession of her suspicion of Dunbar; and as he briefly, convulsively repeated the circumstances which put that family woe beyond all doubt, her senses gradually died away.

Miss Trevanion's fainting fit was of long and frightful continuance; so that it was not until several hours afterwards that she could be said to have revived fully to a knowledge of the fatal fact narrated ere she fell into it. A fever on the brain followed her father's repetition of those calamitous tidings; and when delirium ceased, a stupor followed, of such length and tenacity, that had her father's spirit been in a less tempestuous state, he must have fallen a victim to the anguish of beholding her thus. But he thought insensibility at that time a bless-

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ing: and loathing life himself, yet too proud to give the feeling utterrance, fancied it would not have grieved him had his poor girl escaped so easily out of a world of misery and mortification.

But Aura Trevanion's time of death was not yet come: she was declared out of danger at the end of three months; and, by degrees, as consciousness and power returned, was informed of all that had occurred during that momentous period.

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CHAP. VI.

And what had been doing at Rohesia since Miss Trevanion parted from her friend there?

Isidore d'Este set out upon his aquatic tour unaccompanied by Lord Hungerford, who found no difficulty in making his pulmonary complaint, an excuse for not engaging in an excursion which might expose weak health to the hazard of being made worse. But no sooner was his father's illustrious visitor fairly in his cutter, than Lord Hungerford announced his purpose of directly going to the south; and, without waiting for any sanction, absolutely hastened to a sea-port, where he embarked for the continent; accompanied, as it too soon appeared, by the simple girl, whom he could only betray into his power by an assurance that he was bearing her from his home to acknowledge her his wife.

Whatever disgrace, grief, or consternation he left behind him, Lord Hungerford recked not; his end was attained. He had

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plucked the wild flower, and what cared he for its parent root?

At the home of the poor girl there was desolation indeed; for she was the child of virtuous parents, to whom the riches of the world would have been no compensation for her soul's ruin. At Lord Hungerford's there was grief and consternation, added to keen resentment.

Lady Rhoda Brandon exhaled in invectives against her nephew's scandalous disregard of family interest; since now any clown, she said, would be up in arms against their very name; and the higher classes must from policy, if not from principle, take the popular tone. Lady Villiers good naturedly offered to make any sacrifice, that they might indemnify the bereaved parents—at least for the loss of their daughter's services: whilst Evelen Hungerford mourned over the frail victim, too probably destined from this hour to a life of sin and suffering; blaming herself severely for not suspecting her unprincipled cousin of some evil pursuit when she met him at so early an hour in the grounds of Rohesia.

It required all the kind soothings and just reasonings of good Madame Kreut-

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zen to calm this sensitive conscience; for the more Eveleen reflected upon past circumstances, the more she discovered something which ought to have awakened suspicion in her. Jests which Lord Hungerford had uttered; bold avowals hazarded as if they were jests, in very wantonness of triumphant vileness; extreme solicitude to have the picturesque Paysannes, as he called them, always part of his out-door entertainments; and the insolent negligence with which he sometimes treated them (most likely to pique at one period, the artless creature whom he would flatter and kneel to the next); all these things pressed upon Eveleen's recollection with distressing force; deepening the horror with which she still considered her abandoned relative, as one sealed for an early grave.

Willingly would she have hurried from a place, where all the healing she could apply to the bleeding hearts of the betrayed girl's parents, were assurances of trust in what they said of her innocent simplicity and pious education, and sympathy with the tears they shed over her fall. Such sympathy had a two-fold effect; it inspired the hope of regaining a penitent child at last, and it

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ministered to the parent's natural willingness of believing her more "sinned against than sinning."

Lady Rhoda, however, would not hear of quitting Rohesia. She maintained the propriety, nay, necessity, of staying to propitiate the angry freeholders; and as Lord Carraton's opinion upon that one subject was sure to be the same as his sister's, Miss Hungerford had no option. A very few days afterwards, put women's journeyings out of the question. The Duke of Monmouth landed in Dorsetshire; the whole west country flamed with insurrection: and although Cornwall was not the first on fire, it could not be got from, without exposing those who quitted it for midland counties, to the terror and difficulty of making their way through those already in confusion.

The legitimacy of Monmouth, and the perils of protestantism, were in every mouth. Lord Carraton's agents, with Lady Rhoda for their active director, in vain tried to raise any thing like an efficient body of yeomanry in the king's service. Lord Hungerford's open contempt of character, had closed many hearts against courtiers of all descriptions; and the fri-

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volous entertainments with which he had attracted one poor victim into a fatal snare, were only thought of, as causes for deadlier resentment. Having been overtaken at St. Mary's, by an express from the Land's-end, Prince d'Este promptly returned from his proposed excursion; and, together with the gentlemen of his suite, would have charged himself with the protection of the ladies—whom the departure of every other male visitor left wholly defenceless—had not Madame Kreutzen hinted that, as a foreigner and a Roman catholic, his presence might rather prove detrimental to their peaceable occupation of Rohesia, than assure their safety.

Prince Isidore's sedate aspect kindled up with a flush of honourable incredulity, as he expressed his conviction, that no Englishman could be found base enough to threaten a stranger's life, employed in such a duty as he solicited permission to fulfil. Eveleen Hungerford, who noted the flush, felt sensible that there was much of the brave and noble in it, as well as the indignant: and, though loth to destroy his *beau ideal* of this national character, ventured to state all the reasons why it would

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be better to trust Lady Rhoda and her nieces to this possible generous feeling in their countrymen, than to incur the danger of irritating the few who might be of a different nature.

The prince's object being simply to ensure the ladies' tranquillity, having ascertained that it would, indeed, be rash to recommend their passage under his, or any escort, through the disturbed counties, and very presumptuous in him to insist upon remaining as their guard, he took most unwilling leave, proceeding direct to the scene of contest; where they afterwards heard of him as distinguishing himself in a sharp encounter with Lord Gerard's insurgent troop; and so demonstrating, that if he shrunk from affronting insult, he knew how to meet fair fight with honourable gallantry.

After the prince was gone, Eveleen Hungerford meditated long upon his manner; and that not with any reference to her supposed influence over him; although Lady Rhoda persisted in pressing it upon her, by assuring her she had now lost his highness for ever, since she had not only been strenuous in refusing his protection,

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but had not softened that, by one expression which could flatter him with the idea of his own safety being the prime motive of her refusal. Eveleen's thoughts, meanwhile, were more seriously occupied: she began to imagine the possibility of a general rebellion, and overthrow of the present government: since she fancied D'Este much more uneasy about his royal relative's unpopularity, and the convulsed state of the country, than he chose should appear. He had, indeed, spoken more than once with peculiar anxiety about Argyll's enterprise; and in the last few minutes' discourse which she had held with him, in a window recess, confessed, that he wished the British monarch listened more to the spirit of their abused faith, than to the suggestions of its fallible ministers; whose representations, tinctured by their individual tempers, were not to be obeyed as oracular, in matters out of their province.

The ordinary courtesies of life forbade, or perhaps, at that moment, Eveleen might have asked him, if he could wonder, then, at a nation's revolt against that very religion, which gave absolute authority in

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every matter of conscience to those fallible ministers, who were thus able to open the door for crimes, if it suited them to do so, and to shut it upon duties.

She was silent, however; but thought was active; and the more she reflected upon what she heard of the reigning monarch's intemperate display of his personal sentiments, the less did she wonder at the commonalty being duped into following the lead of the ambitious Monmouth.

The serious way in which Prince Isidore had entreated Lady Rhoda Brandon to take precautions for the security of Rohesia, warned Miss Hungerford to stand prepared for a much severer struggle between the two hostile parties, than what the easy Lady Villiers anticipated: who betook herself to her foregone vagabond habit of loitering out of doors, in arbours and greenhouses, without aim or much gratification; sometimes playing with her little boy, sometimes *pencilling*, from sheer indolence, a letter to her lord.

At such a crisis, it was not possible for Miss Hungerford to think tranquilly of her friend in London. Political changes seemed to have such a power over Aura

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Trevanion's destiny, that she frequently tried to calculate the probable consequences of those now acting, upon the future happiness of Treverderet.

The scanty details of this beloved friend, which had been sent her in a letter from her uncle Lake, however delightful in themselves, as tributary to Aura Trevanion's attractive qualities, were incapable of satisfying her natural longing to know more: and Lord Villiers so faithfully kept his true promise to Miss Trevanion, of never revealing their rencontre, that, even at that later period, her friend never guessed such a circumstance had taken place. During the epoch now in question, Eveleen knew no more of the Trevanion concerns, than that Dunbar came hurriedly to Treverderet, rousing the Trevanion men, and carrying off, with something of insolent triumph, all those who were eager to show Lord Carraton, that Cornish honour was not to be violated with impunity.

Often did Eveleen look from her window over the solitary parks of Treverderet, wishing she had free entrance there, that she might question old servants of their absent young lady, and hear if there were

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any chance of her return. Yet she oftener acquiesced in the decree which separated her so entirely from her just now, since it was too likely that Miss Trevanion might be tortured with her distresses about her brother; and until Eveleen could obtain some certain intelligence that he was in no way concerned in either the Scotch or English insurrection, she would rather not be called upon for the expression of a confidence in his prudent conduct, which events might utterly annihilate.

Upon the very first explosion of the Dorsetshire rising, Lord Carraton had written to his sister, excusing his own appearance in Cornwall, for the obvious reason of being obliged to seek, from his inland estates, the contingent of men which he could no longer expect from Rohesia; pleading, also, natural disinclination to appear there, until the popular feeling against his thoughtless heir had subsided. His letter contained a courtier's determined incredulity of any reported advantage of the rebels; yet exhorting the ladies of his family to be watchful over the proceedings of the lower classes around them, whilst strictly avoiding the least in-

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civility to individuals of either party. He briefly touched upon his son's inconceivable folly, in throwing up his future favour at court for the sake of a miner's daughter: and, complimenting his sister upon her ability for providing against any possible insult to Rohesia, concluded by repeating his request, that they would all remain where they were.

Along with this letter came one from the Bishop of Bristol, addressed to the niece he loved with tenderest approval; it was sure to contain all that may be supposed to flow from a heart naturally sensitive to apprehensiveness for beloved objects, but now happily under high and holy control; he trusted this beloved child, he said, without reservation, to Heaven's care, whilst reminding her of the terms upon which alone either he, or she, had the privilege of reckoning upon it. Adding, that he had good hope of seeing her soon; as he was then on a progress through his own diocese and the neighbouring county, endeavouring to induce men of weight and influence not to keep aloof, as many were doing, but cordially to unite in assuring the weaker order of protestants that their secu-

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rity would be speedily looked to by them, in the way appointed by the laws.

The bishop's sanctity of life and sound protestantism were, in truth, such guarantees of his good faith, and so impossible was it for sane men to suspect him of self-seeking motives, that his interference in the present crisis was most acceptable to the court as well as the commonalty; so that with that happy confidence in his own good name, which is the blessing of consistent Christians, the prelate was now able to write cheeringly to his niece in spiriting her up to "be found at her post of well-doing," let what would happen.

Eveleen, therefore, chid her heart for even momentary fancies; although, as the hostile forces in the adjacent counties swelled into magnitude, and individual disputes concerning their respective rightfulness, broke out into village feuds, Cornwall itself became at times a scene of petty warfare.

It is true the theatre of action lay in that part of the west where the Duke of Monmouth was conducting his strengthening forces; but many an affray, in consequence of jarring opinions, took place behind his army: and parties of rabble,

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seeking only to insult superiors, or caring solely for plunder, took advantage of the popular feeling, and gathering better men to their temporary assistance by the watch-words of "church and state," attacked the houses of such of the gentry as were suspected of favouring the Roman Catholic party; robbing and maltreating all they found there.

From these circumstances, the rival mansions of Treverderet and Rohesia were rather in jeopardy: Lord Hungerford's infamy rendered his father's name hateful to men of better feeling than judgment; and Sir Fulk Trevanion had lost so much of his popularity, from the report of his conversion to the court religion and court politics, that Miss Hungerford believed his son's remembered courage in the good cause, alone preserved those old walls from being pulled down.

She was not, however, greatly alarmed for their own residence. Eveleen was naturally courageous, and by principle cheerful; and Lady Rhoda Brandon showed herself no despicable heroine. Perhaps that restless spirit would not have exchanged this

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new scene of bustle and anxiety for the peace and insignificance into which she had been compelled by her nephew's audacious rule. She was now up and doing with all the alacrity of youth and health, although her sharpened visage had not gained one atom of increase since her abode in the country. Lady Rhoda mustered all the inmates with her; caused the out-door servants to be taken into the house and provided with arms as well as those already there; she appointed guards and scouts of trusty persons well paid; and, in short, took such good measures against surprise and attack, that a party of malcontents having reconnoitered her little garrison, retired without molesting them.

Eveleen Hungerford, meanwhile, tried the kindlier arts of reconciliation: yet arts they were not; since the wish of preserving the poor and ignorant from incautiously plunging into guilt and misery, was stronger in her than the natural impulse of personal fear.

She tried to imagine what her dear uncle Lake might be saying, in the same spirit and from the same cause, amongst the dis-

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contented and supine in the neighbouring counties; and her success often justified her in hoping that she imagined right.

Lady Villiers happily was not of an apprehensive nature, nor yet given to look beyond the surface of any thing presented to her. Eveleen was therefore able to keep her spirits tolerably quiet; a point much at the latter's kind heart, as her cousin's situation was one which render sextraordinary agitation often dangerous.

In her company, therefore, Eveleen never failed to express herself cheerfully upon the subject of their absent friends; especially of Lord Villiers, whom they heard of as foremost in the corps of noble volunteers under the royalist General Oxford, and from whom they heard briefly.

The young nobleman's energies seemed now to have found a worthy channel for flowing in. Miss Hungerford was sanguine, therefore, that after such trial of his own powers, and after tasting the sweets of respect and approbation from honourable men gathered together in a great emergency, he would cease to relish the corrupting society of those who laughed him to scorn.

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But intercourse between Cornwall, the capital, and the camp, was soon almost wholly cut off, by reason of Monmouth's march across Devonshire; so that the ladies at Rohesia communicated with distant friends only rarely and circuitously. Even so, Lady Rhoda's pleasure in playing the great captain did not, however, give place to any womanish misgivings; for she was seen in a riding dress making the regular tour of every suspected cottage, to exhort, reprove, or bribe its inhabitants into submission to the existing government; and duly roll-calling her household troops every evening.

Accompanied by Madame Kreutzen, Eveleen also visited the cottages; simply to tell whatever cheering news they had obtained from the king's troops to parents who had sons there; or to allay the bitterer fears of those whose dearest relations were in the perilous enterprise of Monmouth.

Thus she comforted sad hearts, and testified so amiably of her own, that her sweetness might be said to shield Rohesia. She learnt also much in those poor sheds, which otherwise had been long of reaching her. The most important of those inform-

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ations was, that Mr. Arundell Trevanion was said to be in the camp of the self-styled Monmouth. At first Eveleen wholly discredited the report, but was soon led to question it more closely; when she discovered that a well-known servant of Mr. Trevanion's had actually been sent by his master into the neighbourhood of Treverderet for the sake of gaining recruits amongst the lower order. This man had tampered with the very persons who told her this; and who confessed that, although they declined taking any part in the insurrection, they loved the name of Mr. Arundell Trevanion too well to inform against his emissary.

For their own sakes Eveleen cautioned these persons not to make a similar confession to another; aware that they might else suffer for misprision of treason. The intelligence itself shocked and afflicted her, as it destroyed every hope she had cherished for the future comfort of her forlorn friend.

It was not possible for one so imperfectly acquainted with the characters of two, at least, of the Trevanion family, to be quite sure how one of those would act in a peril-

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ous juncture. Eveleen could not pretend to say what fearful motive, or enormous faith in Monmouth's legitimacy might justify Mr. Trevanion to himself for joining the standard of a man, whom in his private character one of his honour and integrity could not really believe led on by conscience alone. It did, indeed, seem rather probable, that the two enterprises, being parts of the same stanch resolution to drive popery out of the kingdom, although the Scotch one was headed by a person of fair fame, Mr. Trevanion might consider it his duty to prefer the cause of Monmouth to that of Argyll; simply because it was for English laws he was contending, and Monmouth his supposed lawful prince. Or the exiled heir of Treverderet might at length have had his patience wearied out; and losing sight of higher views, rashly throw himself into the arms of any avowed champion of the liberty and principles for which he had suffered.

Be the causes what they might of this untoward step in her friend's brother, Miss Hungerford saw good reason for lamenting their probable result; no longer wondering, as she had lately done, at the silence of

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Lord Woodvill, in Holland, to whom she had sent instructions to learn all he could concerning the exile of Treverderet. Of course, the object of her enquiries pointed to, must have baffled his search.

From the instant in which Miss Hungerford believed Mr. Trevanion one of the persons in arms against the existing government, her personal apprehensions vanished: Aurelia Trevanion's ultimate peace at stake or dependent upon his chance of a rebel's death, caused her rather to dread than to hope for the discomfiture of Monmouth's party, and so to lean insensibly to that side. She, therefore, ceased to muse now and then upon fear and flight before a victorious rebellion, seeing only defeat, obloquy, perhaps death, for the misguided heir of Treverderet.

She thought too of her absent friend's despairing state and unsoothed loneliness, with such excess of anguish, that more than once, between a burst of tears and a smile, she owned herself rightly punished for taking such gratuitous interest in that family's fate. The maternal guardian, she said this to, easily banished so false a notion,

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by reminding her that our paths to the best ends in this life, are rarely over roses.

Some showy advantages gained by Monmouth, following the deputation of patriotic ladies who greeted his entrance into Exeter with garlands of laurel, encouraged many in Cornwall to declare for him; so that not only new bands of stout peasants quitted it for his army, but his proclamations were continually found placarded upon barn-doors and town-walls by unknown hands. Ribbons were worn in the hat, and on the breast, as badges, of what they called the two opposite parties,—Church, and King,—titles now blessedly joined, never, we may hope, to separate. No one might appear, without one or other of these marks, and escape insult; and if the persons they encountered, wore the antagonist riband, outrage often ensued.

Lady Rhoda Brandon always issued forth, mounting both cockades; being ever prepared to flatter or affright the simple rustics; and ready to demonstrate, by the most vehement oratory, that church and king were one and indivisible.

Lady Villiers saved herself the trouble of such management, by never stirring beyond

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the precincts of Rohesia; and Eveleen Hungerford, as courageous as sincere, preferred the chance of uncivil treatment, to the cowardly policy of passing free, occasionally, under false colours. All three ladies, however, were beginning to feel uncomfortable in their painful situation.

In such a state of anxiety, what was the joy at Rohesia, when the glad surprise of a male visitor's arrival, the venerable Bishop of Bristol, broke in upon their forlorn garrison!

Eveleen flew to her honoured uncle's arms like a young bird to its mother's wing. The good prelate arrived late in the evening: he was weary and worn;—he had made his journey on horseback, and the day had been the very hottest of a hot July;—yet was the serenity of performed duty, upon his aspect.

For many minutes every other person and thing were forgotten in Eveleen's repetitions of happy welcome, her exclamations of tender wonder at his encountering so much fatigue and peril, at his age, and her assiduities about his person.

Her hand gently shook off the dust from his black robes, (her lips had already kissed

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it from his brow,) and her sweet voice wooed him into taking the refreshment she offered. Having carefully seated him in an easy chair, near an open window, yet out of any draft from its air, she smilingly asked if the perfume wafted into it from the rich flowers of late summer were refreshing, or too powerful?

The prelate regarded her affectionately. "My own gracious-tempered child still!" he exclaimed; "cheerful, because thankful I hope, for the smallest mercy."

"Call you this a small mercy!" was her animated answer, winding her arms round him, as she half knelt, half seated herself on a cushion at his feet. "To see you, my dearest uncle, in such agitated times too! My aunt here, thinks I am very brave; but, in sooth, I have a weak woman's heart after all, and am right glad of protection."

"But I am not going to abide with you, Eveleen," returned the bishop cheerfully. "I don't quit my diocese to take my pleasure amongst orderly folk like you. Where should a minister of peace be, in times like these, but where there are warring passions to preach to?"

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"My good lord!" ejaculated Lady Rhoda, with an impatient frantic scream, "talk you of preaching to men that care neither for God nor devil?"

"I trust, madam," replied the prelate, "that I shall have no such men to deal with. I am come to show unlettered protestants that they are hurrying into a snare laid for their consciences; and to remind the better instructed, that it is not fitting to draw the sword against an anointed ruler, until every lawful means of obtaining the satisfaction they may rightly demand, has been resorted to in vain."

"Nonsense! begging your pardon, my lord bishop," interrupted Lady Rhoda, with her usual petulant abruptness; "you will only get yourself hated by both parties; and abused, if not maltreated. The protestants will suspect you of wishing to gain time for the papists, and —"

"I crave your pardon, in my turn," interrupted the bishop, calmly; "I am not afraid to trust to my character for sincerity in my sacred calling; and if that will not secure me against being evil spoken of, why it is a part of my vocation to bear with it."

He then turned towards the other ladies

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of the little circle, and briefly recounted to them the success with which his labours had already been blessed in the different places he had halted at.

When Miss Hungerford learned that it was her uncle's plan to visit two powerful families in Cornwall, one of whom was wholly passive, and the other suspected of only waiting for a favourable opportunity to declare for the Duke of Monmouth, she passionately entreated to be of his company; grounding her petition upon his jaded looks, his usual disregard of himself whenever he was engaged in any interesting pursuit, and her right, as his nearest female relation, to minister, whenever she could, to his health and comfort.

The bishop put her off with kind evasiveness, producing the letters he had collected for Rohesia at Lord Feversham's head-quarters, where he had rested on his way from one of his most fortunate missions: and in this he was greatly assisted by Lady Rhoda, who, instead of asking questions about the hostile forces, challenged the prelate's admiration of her able dispositions of defence and protection for herself and companions; whilst Lady Villiers indo-

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lently, yet not without some demonstration of pleasure, sat reading her despatch from her lord.

Eveleen employed the time thus left her for silent acquiescence in denial, by whisperingly gaining an advocate in Madame Kreutzen; who, little disposed to counteract any virtuous desire, soon joined in her fair charge's renewed solicitations for leave to attend upon her aged kinsman. To the surprise of the youthful pleader, Lady Rhoda, after an instant's thought, seconded the petition, believing it a fine opportunity of conciliating the Cornish gentry anew. A visit volunteered by one of Lord Carraton's family, was too flattering a tribute, not to propitiate their goodwill. Lady Villiers murmured against the proposal of letting Eveleen go from them, being selfishly partial to companionship with one so unselfish.

The bishop could not offer many valid objections. There was nothing of danger to be feared for his niece, were she to take the small journeys with him which he proposed making alone; they were sure of hospitable welcome from country neighbours, whatever might be the difference of

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their opinions upon public matters; and the time of year was propitious. He made a last stand, however, reminding her that he always travelled on horseback, and by early day.

Eveleen was not to be beaten back, even thus: she reminded him, in her turn, that she was used to that exercise, and loved nothing so much as being out in the fresh air of morning: that, in short, she was pining for some such excursion; since the popular alarm, and the absence of every fitting attendant, had for some time confined her rides solely to the park of Rohesia.

It was not in human nature, for a lonely old man to deny himself, without good reason, such a solace as the companionship of the creature he loved best upon earth: the bishop was afraid, however, of yielding to selfishness, when he slowly pronounced the desired consent; and had to recollect, ere he did so, that travelling with this object of his parental solicitude, in that leisurely way, would afford him those opportunities of private conversation which he greatly longed for; enabling him to judge how far his beloved niece remained

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such as she had been, when they used to "take sweet counsel together."

Much of the remaining evening was given to interesting conversation, in the general circle. The little party retired early to rest, that certain preparations might be made by Miss Hungerford; and that the travellers might be early astir on the morrow.

At the period of which we are treating, English comforts and conveniences were far from the point they have attained since. Even amongst the rich, long journeys were serious affairs, and never made in that magnificent thing a close carriage, except upon rare occasions, or when the members of a great family were to be transported at the same time to one place. Single male travellers invariably went on horseback: elderly gentlewomen on a pillion behind a trusted servant: younger ones, either on a side-saddle, or after the fashion of their aunts; —perhaps honouring some favoured suitor with the distinction of riding before them. There were no stage-coaches, no post-chaises, no caravans. The lower orders made their journey on foot, or upon pack-horses; or, if the localities permitted, by sea.

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It may be supposed, therefore, that even a traveller through two counties was a *rara avis* even amongst country-folk; and that persons living in London, the emporium of pleasure and business, seldom took the desperate resolution of enterprising beyond its suburbs. Miss Hungerford's maid unluckily was London-born; so that besides being no adept in managing a single horse, she was as much afraid of one, as though it were a wild beast. Thus nothing short of the strongest attachment to her lady could have induced Damaris to prepare for attending her on the morrow, under the protection of Bishop Lake's man-servant. The thing, however, was decreed, and she submitted to her fate.

At the appointed hour, one fine July morning, the bishop and his niece mounted each a horse suitable to their different characters; the divine's being a plain-looking quiet nag; the young lady's a sprightly animal, which, but for its flowing mane and tail, might have passed for a hunter; very unlike indeed to the stout, rough-coated cobb upon which sat the bishop's man, waiting for his unwilling partner.

Mrs. Damaris, who had come forth in a

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riding gown of no mean fashion, certainly showed the greatest reluctance to mount this ignoble-looking animal: not that she contemplated with disdain the contrast between her laced habit, and the scurvy coat of the cobb—she was solely occupied in calculating the risk of her ascent to his back; and did at last clamber up to the precarious pillion, with the terror of one obliged to scale the side of an elephant.

Once seated, there was no resource but remaining. Getting down seemed impossible; though, tumbling down was too probable. Nothing could induce her to believe that she might endure the shock of this living vehicle, when the whip should set him off, unless she were to be strapped on; a precaution which the grave Mr. Stamford would have dismounted to take, had not her shriek, at the fear of being left alone on her cushion-crag, given him quite enough to do in keeping the cobb from running away. Another domestic, therefore, strapped her to the pillion; whilst Stamford making a sign to pass the leathern belt around her, which he silently held back for her to take, fairly buckled Mrs. Damaris to himself, for that day's ride at least.

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The greatest difficulty being now overcome, Miss Hungerford admonished Stamford to be tender of his timorous companion; and taking a cheerful leave of her kind Madame Kreutzen, the only person astir at such an hour in the family breakfast-room, cantered off after her uncle's fast-trotting pony.

Their way lay towards the Lynher. The superiors of the party kept much ahead of the others; so that Mr. Stamford had full opportunity of ingratiating himself with the pretty, pale Mrs. Damaris, who was in such a state of humility from continued fear, that his slightest civilities would have been thankfully received. But the staid serving-man, though under forty, showed no sign of meaning to improve the advantages of his situation; for he jogged on attentive only to his duty, carefully guiding the cobb, and warily reconnoitering, with a cautious glance, every suspicious spot they passed. It was lucky for Mrs. Damaris that she never once thought of possible encounter with straggling partisans, from the tumultuary bodies going about, insulting all who did not wear their favourite colour;

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else had her personal apprehensions risen to frenzy.

Meanwhile the bishop and his delighted niece talked freely of private concerns; sometimes pausing in their discourse to look round upon some singularly beautiful scenery, or to taste more fully the delicious breath of meadows, and orchards and gardens.

In this way Eveleen relieved her heart of all, save the confidences of Aura Trevanion, which had been collecting in it since she last visited this revered relative. The particulars of Miss Trevanion's family history she was not authorized in repeating; but she had no hesitation in describing her strong attachment to her brother, and for this dear friend's sake besought her uncle to say what was thought of Mr. Trevanion, since he was known to be in the army of Monmouth. The bishop was ever inclined to think the best and speak the best of a doubtful character: he had always heard Mr. Trevanion's integrity of purpose borne witness to; and he now assured his niece, that every fair-judging person gave him credit for firmly believing the Duke of Monmouth his legitimate sovereign, in addition to the

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recommendation of being a sincere, however inconsistent protestant.

For his own part, he added, he was sanguine in hoping that the young man had withdrawn from the perilous and unjustifiable enterprise; — most likely upon discovering, either that the duke was not the legitimate son of the late king, or that his views were not disinterested; — for one or two lively skirmishes had taken place between the hostile parties, and Mr. Trevanion was not said to be in either of them.

This intelligence was sufficient to awaken the most animated pleasure in the benevolent breast of Miss Hungerford; for, if Arundell Trevanion's co-operation with the duke had been founded upon an erroneous faith in his pure purposes, which the latter's proclamation must have destroyed — and had left him then when the cruel deception was unveiled, — men of honour, and Christian men, might still look on Mr. Trevanion with respect and esteem.

Her kindly uncle fortified her in these thoughts; and first marshalling every argument which might have induced a conscientious Englishman to have come with arms into his country, he fancied those

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which could not fail of making him lay them down, when apparent truths must be found to be falsehoods, he secured to her and to himself, the enjoyment of conjecturing that the brother of Aura Trevanion might be now safely out of the kingdom.

It scarcely requires personal acquaintance with one of whom we have heard much and favourably, to engage us in their fortunes, and make us keenly sensible to whatever events may advantage or injure them. Miss Hungerford's true sympathy with what she knew would be her absent friend's feelings, if this news were substantiated, illuminated her bright eyes, while she prayed her uncle to do his utmost in ascertaining it, as in that case she would find some way of getting the consoling intelligence round to her friend.

The prelate loved to see every good affection in exercise; and so far from chiding his young niece for such lively interest in one with whom she had so limited an intercourse, bade her ever give her heart to serve her fellow mortals, whether it were by self-denial, active sacrifices, alacrity in small good offices, or mere tributes of tear for tear.

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He then spoke at length of the young lady herself; recapitulating the details of his introduction to her at Richmond, and regretting that his notice had not been attracted to her on the evening of the presentation at court.

What he had to say of Sir Fulk Trevanion was not so pleasing to Miss Hungerford, since it confirmed her fears of the knight being suspected as a seceder from the country party. Of Captain Trevanion, the prelate could only say that he understood he was considered an active officer; otherwise, an inconsequent person; except as presumptive heir to the Treverderet property.

From the Trevanion family, discourse turned to a subject more intimately connected with one of the speakers; yet one which she had hitherto avoided, unwilling to check her transient spring of happy feelings, by resting upon a distressing event. This was the late act of her cousin Hungerford. Then, indeed, clouds came over the conversation between the uncle and niece: ideas were suggested; plans proposed,—discussed—settled—for attempting at least the rescue of Lord Hungerford's victim, if

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not from one sin, from many sins. The bishop had Christian friends abroad, upon whose good help he could reckon; and he knew, from Eveleen's account, that the girl's sorrowing parents would open their arms to her, if she returned humble and contrite. The very nature of this subject produced a playful enquiry into the continued freedom of his niece's affections; and of her willingness still to abide the return of him to whom her hand was almost pledged by her deceased father, ere she allowed herself to think of another man.

Miss Hungerford met the kind questioning with her usual sweetness and ingenuousness; confessing her momentary fit of vanity on first observing Prince Isidore d'Este's admiration of her, and her immediate consciousness of it. She then admitted that her poor vanity was perhaps to be punished by the mortification which she must feel if Lord Woodvill, after all, made no attempt to secure an engagement which had been so childishly broken between them: for though it was most likely he would not please her, from the dismal memory she had of his manner and countenance, she thought, she said, that she

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might be forgiven the womanish weakness of shrinking from being the rejected party.

Bishop Lake was not to be bribed, even by his tenderest affections, into sanctioning any selfishness; and he gently exposed this vain passion of his niece to her own censure. He then reminded her that Lord Woodvill was perhaps the poorest noble in the land (his father's losses in the royal cause never having been made up to him), and that bearing the high character he did under the Prince of Orange, his obstinate stay abroad, might as well arise from worthy misliking of the young lady's great fortune, as from that of her person and reputed disposition.

Eveleen was struck with a remark, which, as the bishop knew not him of whom he spoke, except by reputation, she felt must be unprejudiced; and owning herself satisfied, she once more promised to wait her lover's return.

Lord Villiers was next spoken of. The prelate had not seen him with the army, but had heard of him as gone upon a bold enterprise in conjunction with a troop who were endeavouring to cut off Monmouth's communication with Lord Gray of Wark:

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he was told that Villiers had already distinguished himself by activity as well as gallantry, and had not once been seduced from his military occupations by his reigning habit. — "He is now," the bishop said, "throwing stakes in a nobler game: nobler, provided the game be played for high objects. — Eveleen, if there be any profession mainly calculated to wed our natural passions to, it is that of arms: — every thing is in it that this earth has of glorious and glittering: infinite interest — lofty aims — stirring exercise of mind and body — the proud consciousness of enduring much, for nothing tangible; — for that mighty breath, honour." — Here Bishop Lake stopped, for he felt the spirit of former days beating in his heart: he made a movement, as if to wave away memories no longer hallowed; then, as their fire went down, added, with chastized soberness, "I was a soldier once, you know, and may fairly estimate the force of these things."

"Nay, slander not yourself, dearest sir," interrupted his niece, reflecting his pensive smile on her brighter-tinctured lips: "I will engage you had something higher in

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view than a breath : — you drew a loyal and a patriot sword — a protecting sword!" She thought of the bishop's youthful share in the brave defence of Basing House and Wallingford Castle.

Her uncle smiled more cheerfully. "I do not repent me of what I did whilst a soldier," he resumed ; "my offence lay in what I felt : the exaggerated commendations I received then, smit me with a passion for glory — for human praise. But He, whose approbation I did not first seek, was pleased to seek me : — he threw me into a friendship with the pious Sancroft, which quickly changed the object of my life — and here I am, His humble, happy servant."

In discourses like these the reverend prelate and his fair companion beguiled the intervals between their different rides : for, in pursuance of his main object, Bishop Lake made frequent occasions of calling in at the gentlemen's houses in their way ; where a word in season, often settled the troubled consciences of persons wishing to do well, and fearing to do ill : — or frequently changed intemperate purposes into patient waiting ; clearly demonstrating to every unprejudiced hearer, that, at all

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events, the present pretender to the crown of Great Britain was no lawful prince.

With all his charity, the Bishop of Bristol did not hesitate also to decide upon the character of a man like Monmouth, who lived in open violation of the greatest moral obligation: he refused, therefore, to intrust such a man with the momentous interests of religion and the laws; and speaking boldly, yet humanely of him, whenever the public danger was canvassed, showed no disposition, either to magnify his faults or to apologize for their existence.

In great emergencies, the truth must be fearlessly and fully spoken: every thing then, depends upon swift and strong decisions; and how can these be made, if those who wish to influence their companions to important ends, present but half-motives, or vital arguments enveloped and encumbered by perpetual attempts at propitiating prejudices and passions?

At two or three of these occasional visits, the bishop and his party staid all night, then departed on other errands of the kind. Thus they were sometimes received where the name of Hungerford had now lost its savour. Yet it ever happened, that where

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the innocent Eveleen was met coldly, she was parted from sadly; and that many a kindly heart, grieved for having unjustly involved a whole race in the guilt of one individual.

At any rate, the pilgrims were cheered in their travel by a much larger proportion of respect, than insolence, from the discontented in the dutchy, and by the preponderance of similar feelings in their superiors. The bishop bringing the true spirit of benevolence to the task of argument and representation, was sure never to rouse one angry feeling: whilst his perfect openness and intrepidity, by assuring those he dealt with, that they were in no danger of falling into the snares of refined management, often gained him that attention which would have been denied to a more cautious advocate.

It was not possible for such a one to loiter over any task: he spared himself, therefore, at no moment of his journey. — So that Eveleen guarded herself from the effects of rain or intense frost, morning mists and evening dews, he rode through them, unmindful as uncaring. The bishop, however, had other duties besides this of

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allaying political bitternesses; his flock were without their pastor; and believing himself bound to return to them as speedily as possible, firmly resisted all Eveleen's entreaties that he would give a day or two to Rohesia and rest; announcing his purpose of making his last visit in Cornwall to a house on its Devonshire border, where one of the most influential men in that district had consented to give him the meeting.

The family of Mr. Archdekne, to whom this house belonged, being well known to Miss Hungerford, she was to part with her uncle there—after staying until he himself should take leave—then trust herself and maid to the protection of her host and his servants, back to Rohesia.

In their way to Mr. Archdekne's, they were first startled by a show of insolence and resentment amongst the rabble of one or two villages, who proved themselves worthy partisans of Monmouth's, by insulting the very minister of that religion for which they believed themselves stickling, — because he came to preach peace, and exhort to obedience.

Eveleen was terrified by hearing threats

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of personal violence, from more than one of these malecontents; who reviled her as the relation of a popish king's courtier, and accused her revered uncle of seeking a richer mitre than what he wore already.

The mingled dignity and mildness with which her uncle replied to these insults, sometimes quelled, sometimes appeared only to invite more: yet he went on his way composedly; and having escaped without other molestation than abuse, when they were far beyond the last scene of riot called a little council of his party, to decide whether they should make a long *détour*, by way of avoiding the most seditious part of the country immediately round them, or push boldly forward.

The female voices, especially that of Mrs. Damaris, were for the first proposal; and the bishop, himself, unwilling to expose either female to the chance of ruder conduct from the inflamed peasantry, pronouncing that the wisest course, they prepared to put their plan into execution. Thornholm, the house to which they were bound, could only be reached, now, by a very circuitous road; yet, as their horses were good, and the afternoon not much wasted, they were

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tolerably sure of reaching it long before night-fall. Every steed, therefore, was made to set off at a round pace.

They had ridden safely over a high tract of waste, and attained the grateful shade of steep banks and spreading trees, in a vale below, when the sky, which had been darkening some time, suddenly blackened entirely; and large drops of rain, followed by a quick lightning flash, accompanied with loud peals of thunder, roused them to seek for immediate shelter.

They found it in one of those little chapels built over wells, dedicated to patron saints; many of which, in those days, remained as monuments of early superstition; nurseries of the same feeling, differently modified, amongst the imaginative ignorant of a later period. Having dismounted from their horses, the bishop's man fastened them to a tree in the grove behind the building, and followed his superiors under the arched doorway.

As the long tresses of ivy which hung down from this venerable arch swept the shuddering cheek of poor Mrs. Damaris, when the bishop kindly assisted her off her pillion, he saw that she was wellnigh

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palsied with fear of some kind; and learning that it was apprehension of being obliged to go on through the storm, should it continue, he soothed her by the assurance that he would make no such demand upon a feeble spirit, but abide its termination where they were, even though the delay might throw their journey far into the dusk. Eveleen, whilst adding her softer soothings to his, could not fail to admire with fonder affection the sweet temper with which this worthy teacher of Christian benevolence, first applied himself to calm her maid's nervous agitation; then instead of reprehending or reasoning with a perturbed heart, gradually insinuated (strengthening in his earnestness as he went on,) the only arguments calculated to compose a weak creature, rather habituated to regard the awful power, than to rely upon the sure love of her Creator. His serene countenance, and that entire oblivion of self which was ever remarkable in Miss Hungerford when others shared a danger with her, increased the effect of the bishop's plain eloquence; so that the trembling waiting-maid, recovering from her hysterical seizure by slow degrees, was at length able to hear the loud thunder-claps

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without shaking through every joint of her body; and to reply to the staid Mr. Stamford's occasional "How now, mistress? — How fare you now?" with something like a voice.

After the storm of thunder and lightning ceased, such sheets of rain fell, and so many more heavy clouds came rolling westward, that the travellers were unwillingly obliged still to waste precious time under cover. The Bishop of Bristol, secretly uneasy at their detention, suffered an expression of it to escape him. — "Have no heed of me, dearest uncle," Eveleen said, replying to his few words — "if you get no harm by the splash of rain we were caught in, and if Damaris does not suffer from her fright, I shall not be sorry for the chance that has brought us here. — I wonder if this is the famous well where silly maidens come to cast in spells for conjuring up omens about their lovers? How beautiful the water is in its tranquillity, and how beautiful the place, now it is almost solitary?"

She glanced, as she spoke, with youthful enthusiasm, first at the clear and crystal well over which the retired cell was built,

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then at the romantic hanging wood shading the hill into which the chapel seemed to have grown under its roof of ivy. All its features reminded her of the chapel at Treverderet, and a sigh at the image of Aura Trevanion momentarily wrung her heart.

Her venerable kinsman was not insensible to the romantic scenery which transported her fresher spirit; and Mrs. Damaris having taken courage to say her lady was mistaken about the well, for the famous one was near St. Austell, he encouraged her to repeat the popular superstition annexed to the place, for the purpose of gently reproving it, and inculcating principles which are the best protection against such lamentable folly.

As the little group stood over the well, the light which began to gleam on it from the clearing sky, was obstructed; the bishop raised his head, and saw a coarse-featured clown standing in the door-way. After an instant's steady look at them all, he retreated; but the rain still falling in gusts, (as it were) the prelate called after him to return and share their shelter.

The man either did not hear, or would

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not heed them, but turning short into the grove, was heard loudly whistling to himself as he went along.

"That's one of the rebel tunes, please you, my lord," said the bishop's man; "shall I follow the fellow?"

The prelate smiled. "I fear we shall hear Monmouth's march whistled by many more than this clown ere we get home," was his answer. "The poor knave means no harm, be sure on't — he was too civil, you see, to enter where we were housed: we will, however, get to horse as soon as may be, to scape the inconvenience of being late on the road." The bishop then stood out at the door to watch the decay of the storm; and perhaps to assure himself of what he wished for his companions' sake: its shade of anxiety passed from his brow, when he saw the boor emerge from the thicket by a remoter outlet, and trudge along an open path; seemingly with as dogged an indifference to the wet from above, as to the individuals he had left behind him under shelter.

The rapid clearing of the sky, the large bright drops falling at intervals only, from trees now lighted up with dazzling sunshine, the fragrance of the freshened earth,

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and the joyous renewal of the birds' songs, were agreeable things to watch and speak of, whilst the little party waited for the moment when they might start again, with a tolerable chance of saving the waiting maid's best riding suit from complete destruction.

The Bishop of Bristol was too acute an observer not to suspect that Mrs. Damaris's extreme reluctance to set forth again until every cloud were gone from the heavens, was more from solicitude about her laced jacket and velvet hood, than from dread of a second thunder storm. He therefore seized the opportunity, when the saddles of their horses were being readjusted and their small company were mounting, to animadvert upon the unseemliness of such garish hose as were displayed on this occasion, by his niece's attendant.

His rebuke was mild, but forcible; bearing principally upon the loveliest quality in woman, modesty of heart and act; and as it drew the poor offender's tears, he kindly divided the blame, assuring Eveleen that he blamed her more than her simple waiting maid, since she ought to have forestalled him in such an admonition.

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Eveleen could not boast of much generosity in baring her head to receive the slight bolt of her uncle's benevolent reproof: — she offended so seldom, that she could afford to endure many heavier ones for another's sake; and having pleaded guilty to the inconsiderateness of tempting Damaris into foolish fondness for finery, by gifts of cast-off apparel, kindly soothed the poor girl's humbled feelings, and promised, for her maid and for herself, amendment in the future.

Mrs. Damaris was then re-buckled to the belt of the staid Mr. Stamford, by way of security against falling off from the slipperiness of the roads; whilst her lady, with as smiling a grace as a young Diana, shook back her long disordered ringlets, and challenging her uncle to a brisk trot, if they might not canter, soon cleared the woody vale.

Whilst her young mistress rode thus jocundly on, enjoying the air, the exercise, and the newly-burnished landscape in the spirit of the happy birds singing round them, poor Damaris sat in rueful plight, from shame and sorrow, behind the stout Stamford; whose monotonous cheering of

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" how now mistress? how fare you now?" seemed not sufficiently courtly to be accepted as sympathy by a town-bred Abigail. Yet she did not resent its bluffness; and when, upon finding her sobs redouble, as her monitor got beyond ear-shot, he muttered his own private excuse for the embroidered hose, " that they were of the loyal colours," she meekly thanked him, hoping he would do her the favour of noticing that to his master.

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CHAP. VII.

Evening had stolen upon the equestrians ere they completed their next hour's travel over a marshy flat; so that, although the brightly illuminated clouds threw only golden and purple shadows as they fled over the surface of its many water-pools, their rapid changes indicated the near approach of sun-set. Mr. Stamford advised more speed; for he had not yet digested the stare and the whistled tune of the clown who had looked in at the well chapel door; appearing greatly inclined to suspect a solitary horseman, who had ridden far behind them all the way over the moor they were just leaving, to be a person of hostile purpose.

The party, thus urged forward, now approached a narrow bridle road, bordered on one hand by the hollow side of a hill, and on the other by a self-sown coppice, so thick and wild that the tracts of the very few carts which went that way, were not discernible to ordinary observation.

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The travellers had got into the centre of this narrow road, when hearing a distant shout behind, they looked back and saw the horseman that had hitherto kept widely apart from them, spurring furiously towards them.

"Push on!" said the bishop, not liking the man's gestures: "be not alarmed, my child!" He addressed Eveleen, whose damask cheeks were pale at the cry of "stop, my lord bishop!" uttered in a tone that had no savour of civility.

As the man expected, the party immediately put their horses into a canter, and sweeping round the acute angle of the hill, fell at once into the snare laid for them. Two stout troopers, well mounted and armed, were stationed there evidently to intercept their flight. One of them made a catch at the bishop's bridle; but missing it, by the prelate's presence of mind and dextrous movement of his horse, fell his length upon the ground.

For the instant this accident was serviceable to the party assailed; giving the bishop's servant in the rear, time to draw out one of his pistols in defence of the skrieking object buckled to his back, and to snap it at the

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head of their single pursuer, in defiance too of his master's command to the contrary. Snap it, in truth, he did; for, to his dismay, he found that the charge had been previously withdrawn. He could not doubt then, that the clown at the chapel was a spy and a traitor; he remembered that Lord Gray de Wark's troops were said to be on this border of the duchy, and thinking only of preserving his venerated master, forgot that a helpless woman had been committed to his protection.

Without losing time in trying the other pistol, Stamford called out to his terrified companion to take care of herself; and hastily wrenching open his belt, leaped off the horse, in the hope of wresting some defensible weapon from the person to whom he ran forward.

Whilst the man who had fallen from his horse and was now on his feet grappling with the resolute Stamford, the bishop, parleying with the ruffian whose efforts were all directed to seize his bridle, was holding him at bay, chiefly by the intrepid calmness with which he named himself; requiring his assailants to say what it was they wanted; since, if it were possession of his body, he

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was ready to go were they listed, so they left his company unharmed.

"O, no! no!" exclaimed Eveleen, greatly agitated, yet firmly grasping her uncle's arm, as she lent forward from her horse — "I will not be separated from him — shed no blood — take us all!"

The outcries of her maid distracted her attention from the brutal answer. The cobb quitted by Stamford, and left without the means of control, had begun to plunge and rear at the pistol shots, (for the horseman behind, fired twice, though only, as he said, to bring them to,) and finding no opposition to its desire of avoiding such a scene, turned aside, and at once galloped into the coppice; the single horseman followed.

The pretty Mrs. Damaris's shrieks rang from every echo. "O save her! follow her!" exclaimed Eveleen, wringing her hands, and calling to Stamford, who had now succeeded in wrenching a short hanger from his antagonist, and was fast bringing blood from him by repeated strokes. "Leave us to Heaven."

She had scarcely uttered the words, when she saw issuing from the remotest edge of

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the coppice another horseman, who, pausing for an instant, as if uncertain whither he ought to go, advanced at full speed, either to their assistance or their capture.

That it was not for the latter purpose was manifested by the hasty execration of one ruffian, and the derisive impatience of another; who, exclaiming with an oath, that the intruder should have a chase for it at least, and himself a shield, pulled the bishop, by main force, over the neck of his mare, and holding him in his arms whilst he spurred the horse under him, till its sides ran blood, galloped off towards a narrow river in a different direction. Eveleen's immediate impulse was to follow; yet it was but the helpless dove, flying after her brood in the hawk's talons. Stamford in vain called on her to stop: she was winged by love; and her light weight enabling her to come up with a rider so encumbered as the villain who had seized her uncle, she reached their side, just as the man was coarsely telling the good prelate that Gray de Wark's soldiers would teach him how to meddle in matters that concerned not churchmen. But the rude speech was made to ears that were temporarily stopped.

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The venerable Lake, always subject to giddiness from over-hasty movements, and delicately constructed in the lungs, was now insensible; purely from the violence of the jerk which had dragged him off his seat, and the racing pace at which his captor was going.

Eveleen Hungerford, however, came not alone. Stamford having caught his master's mare, was mounted upon it, and close behind, with a pistol snatched out of the dismounted ruffian's holster, cocked in his hand. With this—although sickening from loss of blood—he held the fellow in awe, who, remounted also, was endeavouring to regain the side of his comrade in advance. But the person who had issued from the wood, having boldly crossed what looked like a dangerous swamp, at full gallop, coming directly in front of the party, fired at the horse of him who held the bishop in his arms, and, as the animal dropt dead, threw himself off his horse to save the rescued person from additional injury. Another pistol was heard the next instant.

In his care of extricating the breathless prelate, this new-comer was not, perhaps,

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sufficiently watchful of the fellow from whose loosened grasp he withdrew him; for nimbly springing up, the miscreant made a giant leap towards his comrade, and vaulting upon the same horse with him, they plunged at once into the coppice. Neither the stranger nor Stamford thought now of pursuing the wretches; for every lesser interest was lost in anxiety for the bishop, who, though not insensible, was utterly breathless, and unable to give more signs of life than what were visible in his frequent attempts at speech, and his cheering smiles. Eveleen bent over him, with a countenance of wild expression: yet her lips still uttered words of cheerful confidence.

"He will recover soon!" she said to the stranger assisting her. "You know not what a brave heart there is in this dear, enfeebled body!—Dearest uncle!—we are all safe." She thought they were, in fact.

"No lives lost!—blessed be God!" were the first words the bishop uttered, as his powers returned, after the stranger had raised him. "My Eveleen, my darling child!" and, as he spoke, his aged hand earnestly pressed her trembling one. Whe-

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ther the ungloved whiteness of hers, or the returning glow of beautiful colours into the face to which that fair hand belonged, or any other reason were the cause, certain it is, that the stranger rivetted a pair of black and penetrating eyes, with singular expression, upon the figure of the young lady; whose riding-hood, having fallen completely off, left her sweet and youthful countenance, with all its variety of lovely emotions, to his gaze.

Unheeding of the gaze, however, she once more assured her uncle that no lives were lost; then hastily looking round for her poor maid, and not seeing her, uttered her name in a tone of alarmed enquiry.

Stamford replied to it, whilst stanching one or two large sword wounds with a part of his serge cloak. "I dare say poor Mrs. Damaris has fared the worst of us," he said, somewhat faintly, holding by the mane of his master's horse, from which he was attempting to alight. "I fear she's lying her length in the wood, yonder." The bishop made an eager gesture, significant of his wish to have her sought for; but ere Eveleen could give it words, Stamford fell forward on the neck of the mare;

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at once renewing the party's distress, and proving his own incapacity to obey his master.

Every moment lost in this dangerous spot,—where the twilight shadows began to give a gloom to the umbrage, and a sullen hue to the pools, which had gleamed before with streaks of light, — was ominous of ill: so that Eveleen could not but look on the stranger as one heaven-sent; for, without waiting permission, he withdrew the suffering man a little away from the rest of his company, and having searched out his wounds, applied himself to bind them up, in a very soldierly, if not scientific manner, refreshing him with some liquid which he carried in a leathern flask at his saddle bow; apologizing at the same time, with a frank smile, for the draught being nothing better than sugared water.

The time spent in these operations, and some whispered discourse between the patient and his surgeon, seemed endless to Eveleen; who partly reassured upon her uncle's account, and thinking Stamford in good hands, was contemplating the rash enterprise of riding into the coppice in search of Damaris.

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That the poor girl had been thrown there, and was now incapable of moving, from great personal injury, she was almost eager to believe; for to fancy her in their late assailants' hands, was too terrible.

A few hurried sentences explained Miss Hungerford's purpose. Her uncle with a look of tender approbation, allowed that Damaris had a right to immediate help; but since poor Stamford could not attend his niece in her perilous project, he would himself undertake the duty. It was so probable that the unlucky girl would be found in a swoon at the foot of the first obstructing tree, that the proposal at first met with Eveleen's concurrence, upon condition, however, that she might accompany her honoured relative.

At the mention of such a plan, the stranger sprung down from the high bank which he had ascended to reconnoitre, declaring that he had seen smoke rising above some trees in a hollow at a distance, that doubtless they would find assistance there for their wounded companion: so that if he might be permitted to go in pursuit of the person described, and whether successful or not, after short search, be allowed to

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guard them to the supposed shelter, there would be little chance of additional distress. On the contrary, if the elder gentleman persisted in approaching the very thicket into which his assailants had plunged, further mischief might ensue, and the disabled Stamford be utterly destroyed. Where they now were, they could command such a view of the open country, that no object could approach without being seen afar off. He was a stranger, he said, therefore could have nothing to apprehend from the fellows who had sought evidently but one individual's life or person; — and as he had just come through an edge of this dreaded coppice, was better acquainted with the character of its grounds than those who had not.

A word or two in the bishop's ear, at once silenced the latter's resisting arguments; but another difficulty arose. Damaris was such a coward, that even were the stranger to find her, she would most likely discredit his assurance of being sent by her friends, and perhaps hide herself from his search.

There seemed no alternative, but consenting to Eveleen's entreaty that she

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might go with their protector near enough the coppice, for Damaris to hear and recognize her voice. The tears indeed, which streamed in passionate profusion from her eyes, pleaded too powerfully to be resisted; and the bishop sadly noticing his faithful servant's white lips and repressed groans, told her at last, that he trusted her to Heaven and their gallant preserver.

Bowing with as good a grace as any knight in romance, the stranger pledged himself to shield her from all harm, provided she would promise to proceed only so far as he deemed safe, and to gallop back at the first call of his voice to do so.

He then cast a quick military glance all round, and assuring himself that he left the bishop and his servant in a defended position, took out the fellow pistol of that which had shot the ruffian's horse, and offered it to the prelate. The latter put it aside with a pensive smile. Miss Hungerford, with an unsteady complexion, extended her hand, and taking the heavy weapon, though with womanish shrinking, besought the cavalier to show her how she might use it.

"My uncle will not be so afraid for me,"

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she added, forcing a smile, "when he sees I can defend myself."

"Defend thyself, my child!" repeated the bishop, with emphasis on the presumptuous pronoun. "Women and ministers of peace should trust themselves to a better defence.—I do not say," he added, answering the stranger's look, "that there are not cases in which armed resistance — if they may compass it — be not lawful for both.— My good Stamford, do not you put forth your hand; you have shown yourself over valiant already."

The mildly-rebuked servant bowed his head; and the bishop closing his eyes, as he was wont when in silent prayer, continued to wait the event of his niece's enterprise, with a chastised sense of possible mischance, and an unswerving faith in the eventual profitableness of every dispensation. The bishop was not a Christian in mere profession: he was ever ready to suffer for well-doing; and what is more difficult, he could bravely let the creature he loved best take the same thorny course.

Miss Hungerford meanwhile, not entirely forgetful of the novel circumstances in which she was placed, with a young and

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unknown man, yet self-acquitted of indelicacy, made but one long gallop of the perilous marsh-land which lay between her and the coppice.

The stranger kept up with her in respectful silence: yet now and then, as the rising winds blew her hair about her eyes, obliging her to turn her head to the side on which he rode, she met the awakened curiosity of such a peculiar and expressive countenance, that it was difficult for her to believe that she had not been audibly spoken to.

This was not a moment for such comparatively trifling fancies to abide: poor Damaris engrossed every faculty of her mind; the more justly, she thought, because the simple girl had been led into this danger, by her mistress's undue desire of sharing her uncle's journey.

As she approached the little wood, many an anxious look did she cast back to ascertain the safety of those she had left behind. At her companion's courteous request, she then raised her glassy voice, and called aloud upon Damaris Flavel. No answer was returned: the stranger repeated the call, in a tone that showed him habituated

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to give orders upon battle fields: yet the clarion-like sound was not unpleasing, and at another time Eveleen must have noticed its musical character. Now, her heart died within her, as the ringing tones gradually sunk into silence, and no voice replied.

"Alas! alas!" she ejaculated, bursting afresh into tears, and drooping over her saddle.

The cavalier laid his hand respectfully upon the bridle of her spirited hunter, until this paroxysm of despair were passed away. He neither sought to check her tears, nor hurry her movement; but softening a cheerful accent with a sigh of manly sympathy, suggested new grounds of hope; hinting at his probable power of befriending the presumed victim, were she after all, carried off by camp-followers of the rebel chiefs.

Eveleen confusedly hearing, and at the moment imperfectly comprehending what he said, showed her gratitude, simply by contending against her own subduing emotion; and, having recovered her power again, entreated him to let her make a last effort, by riding close up to the wood, and calling upon Damaris there.

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This proposal her companion over-ruled, somewhat impetuously; beseeching her to remember her promises to the venerable person that had intrusted her to his care, and praying her to ride back at full speed should she hear him call out for her to do so, rode at once into the thicket, pistol in hand.

Eveleen sat for awhile in breathless suspense; listening to his voice, now near—now further off,—every pulse of her frame throbbing with expectation and dread of disappointment. In less than two minutes she saw him reappear, leading the truant cobb by the bridle, whose backward action showed that he still had a mind to resist control. The stranger, however, managed his ungracious capture, with the ease of one accustomed to tame horses of a much more spirited character; and, guiding him up to Eveleen, who directly recognised him, told her that he had found him feeding on a green patch where the pillion also was lying. As this momentous cushion must have fallen on that spot, and its frighted burthen with it, and as she was not discoverable in any adjacent part of the copse, nor yet had answered to their joint calls, he began to

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hope she might have found her way to some wood-cutter's hut.

Eveleen's mournful glance refused credence to this benevolent stretch of fancy; her affliction was now at its height; to think of Damaris in the hands of lawless soldiers, at such an hour, in such a solitude! how much more welcome would have been the tidings had the stranger came to say he had found her maimed and bleeding! Eveleen clasped her hands, and raised her eyes in sad appeal to heaven.

The cavalier rapidly set before her the necessity of submitting to this evil for awhile, until they could get to some place where succour might be sent to Damaris, and assistance rendered to Stamford, who, the stranger unwillingly owned, had received a bullet in his side from the last pistol shot of the flying ruffians. To have that quickly extracted, was of infinite consequence. Miss Hungerford's exclamation at this disclosure, had a tincture of reproach in it, for having been permitted to delay poor Stamford's chance of relief, thus long. —Her companion had scarcely time to say the worthy fellow had wished it concealed: first, the shrill sound of voices,

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certainly not manly ones,—and next, a glimpse of figures running under the trees skirting the coppice, cut short his speech, and revived all Eveleen's hopes.

The shrill tones proceeded from two sturdy boys whom the call for Damaris Flavel had brought from the heart of a little wood, and now came running forwards to enquire who was wanted.

From these lads the fate of Damaris was, in a degree, ascertained. They had been cutting brush-wood, when hearing the sound of horses' hoofs going furiously along a sheep track, which led to a hamlet three miles off, they peeped through the bushes, and saw such a person as Miss Hungerford described, riding before a horseman, who held her on, with one arm. As it was no unusual thing for a man to carry his wife or daughter after that fashion, when the women were fearful, and as this woman uttered no sound, the boys saw nothing extraordinary in the incident; nor ran to see who followed within a short space afterwards, going as mad a pace.

The cavalier promptly questioned them of their residence, and finding that it was on the edge of the copse, put a piece of

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gold into the hand of the elder, bidding him run home and send as many persons as he could get, in search of Damaris Flavel through the wood and at the hamlet.

Eveleen eagerly seconded this, by naming abundant rewards for all who should seek, and a richer one to him that should restore her. So greatly was she agitated between hope and fear, rejoicing and misgiving, that she could scarcely make herself intelligible when she referred the boys to her uncle at Thornholm, for the next few days; and after that, to herself at Rohesia.

The elder lad immediately bounded off to send his father and brother upon the promising errand; whilst the younger, volunteered conducting the party to that very farm-house which the stranger had discovered by its smoking chimneys in a wooded hollow beyond the moor. To convey Stamford to this house was now a prime obejct, and the cobb being regained, the stranger noticed it as a fair earnest of providential interference; beseeching his harassed companion to regard it in the same light.

Miss Hungerford tried to brighten her

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humid eyes with smiles, whilst thanking the cavalier for a suggestion so much in her uncle's spirit. At such a moment, such an April look was lovelier than the May-like sunniness of her every-day countenance; and the stranger's eyes unwittingly rivetted upon it, might well have been supposed by an admired young creature, (not free from vanity too,) to express admiration.

But she that he loooked on, felt the gaze to be of a deeper character, for it seemed at once to steep every feature in unaccountable gloom; she averted her head, and when she looked again, her companion's countenance was once more all light.

Again they rode silently side by side, yet not at full speed; for they saw those they wished to rejoin, undisturbed, where they had left them; and they were anxious not to exhaust the breath of their running guide, who kept in advance of the ill-conditioned cobb, upon which he had feared to mount.

Eveleen, who had leisure to observe her protector, remarked that his costume had a foreign appearance, though he spake with a pure English accent. He wore a plain buff suit, with a dark cloak of a military

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fashion, and a large castilion hat furnished with one long feather, something the worse either for wear or war.

The cavalier's bearing was as martial as his apparel; and, although there was nothing in the latter to warrant the conclusion, Eveleen thought from the grace and authority of the former, that he must be a commander of consequence: yet he was not attired like the officers of King James. Perhaps, then, he was a foreigner. The face she observed by snatches, was indeed of Spanish darkness, and Spanish brilliancy; for its complexion was a deep olive; upon which the changes of singularly expressive eyes, and the flash of remarkably white teeth, through black moustachios, produced something similar to the effect of torch-light amongst trees.

A figure too, rather of elegant than massy proportions, agile as graceful, gave sanction to this imagination;—yet it could not be; for the stranger spoke her language like a native. There was something also in the tone of this person's voice, — something too in his face, she knew not what, which either reminded her of one she had seen, or restored the image of a dream.

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In a sprightlier mood, Miss Hungerford would have accused herself of having dreamt of a banditti chief. Yet the stranger's countenance was too open and kindly to suit the character of a freebooter; however picturesque and preposterously noble might be the lineaments assigned to such a personage by a romantic fancy.

The strange conjectures which began to crowd upon her were, however, soon dissipated by nearer interests: they regained the bishop and Stamford; and having made them acquainted with all they had achieved, and all they hoped, were once more in motion.

The marshalling of this small troop was committed to the stranger; who carefully mounting Stamford upon the conquered cobb, placing him in the centre, and the bishop and Miss Hungerford in front, took the part of rear-guard himself; the little forester, mounted for expedition behind him.

As they pushed forward with as much quickness as Stamford's wounds would admit, their line of march was now and then broken by the cavalier's attention to the poor fellow's situation, and by his occasional

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approach to the reverend prelate for the purpose of answering what the latter addressed to him.

Their brief dialogues related to the nature of the attack made upon the party whom his gallantry had saved; and from these the stranger learnt who the bishop supposed his assailants to be, and what he presumed to have been their object. He conjectured it to have been the mere desire of obtaining a round sum for his ransom by soldiers of Monmouth; or perhaps the wish of getting such a person into their hands in the hope of exchanging him for some important officer of their own, captured by the royalists. The whole matter, however, appeared so ill-contrived, and so bunglingly executed, that after listening to his reverend companion's account of it, the cavalier determinately pronounced it the work of no experienced soldier; adding, that he trusted for the honour of the military character in general, so gross an assault upon a minister of religion, would turn out to be offered only by lawless clowns, not by disciplined regulars of whatever party.

As he saw Miss Hungerford's eyes once more flooding with tears when her uncle

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adverted to poor Damaris hurried into the rebel camp, he said, somewhat precipitately, "Be of good cheer, madam; even so, I may be of service to your unfortunate servant."

At this unguarded speech (for so his after manner made it appear), the bishop looked hard at the speaker; who, perceiving the inquisitive look, by a quick action of his head threw the shade of the feather on his hat over his eyes, and reining back his horse, fell again into the rear.

For the first time since their meeting the stranger, both uncle and niece remarked that his feather was of the rebel colour.

"Pray Heaven that our preserver be not a friend of Monmouth's!" ejaculated the venerable Lake, in a low voice to his niece, seeing her fixed in momentary consternation from a similar suspicion.

Eveleen did not reply: she was lost in one wild thought. Could that undescribable something, which had hitherto made her feel as though the stranger's features were not unknown to her, be a likeness to Aura Trevanion? or to Sir Fulk? could this stranger be the exiled heir of Treverderet?

She had an indistinct recollection of something extraordinary in his look when

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she gave her name and address to the little wood boys. What we should like to be true, before that liking turns into a passionate wish, we readily believe probable. The enthusiastic Eveleen, therefore, more interested in, and more grateful to the unknown cavalier than she suspected, gladly admitted a persuasion into her mind, that she now saw before her, the boasted and beloved brother of her friend.

Her waking dream was not interrupted by the bishop, for he was, in truth, pondering upon the words which their unknown companion had dropt; and considering what way of testifying his gratitude would be the least likely to bring the latter into contact with persons hostile to his supposed party. Yet it seemed scarcely possible, that a man who had so gallantly frustrated the atrocious attempt upon strangers to him, by rebel soldiers, should be himself connected with the insurrection.

The traveller had now fallen much behind the small cavalcade, where he rode some time in meditative silence. He roused, however, at some simple remark of the little clown on the horse with him; and a hearty laugh showed him one who could not resist

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an invitation to harmless mirth, even in the hour of peril.

There was something particularly engaging in the sound of this laugh; and Eveleen said so in a low voice.

"To hear it now," was her uncle's answer, "one might fancy it came from a heart that had never known care; but I have lived to know how long constitutional expressions of look and tone, survive the happy feeling they may appear to come from: so doubting its sincerity just now, I still suspect our knight to be deep in the troubled waters of evil councils."

To ascertain the fact, the prelate once more obliged the cavalier to approach, by courteously expressing a hope that their champion would trust to him and his niece for ensuring him a welcome whither they meant to go; after depositing Stamford for immediate repose, at the farm which the receding trees now showed to be a substantial homestead.

The stranger excused himself with some embarrassment; but whether the hesitation arose from delicate unwillingness to confess that he had been sacrificing time to them, which ought to have been given elsewhere,

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or from any necessity of preserving an incognito, was dubious. He declined the offer decidedly, coupling it however with an expression of great regret.

The harassed party were now in harbour: the farmer bowed low to the Bishop of Bristol, assisted Stamford to alight, assured him of a tolerable surgeon's aid, and called his wife to offer civility to the young lady. Eveleen graciously declined their kindness, announcing her uncle's purpose of proceeding to Thornholm, and sending thence additional assistance to their poor servant.

The escort of the stout ploughman was then tendered to the bishop. As the latter accepted it, the stranger, with a face glow, so deep that it was visible even by the pale light of the evening star, declared his absolute necessity of taking leave of his company at the door where they were now grouped.

"I would fain ask," said the prelate, as he led his horse after the slowly backing one of his preserver, "to whom we are indebted, under Providence, for our present safety: but it seems to me—I say it frankly—that you have a wish to remain unknown. We owe you too much, gallant sir, either to intrude ourselves upon your

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private concerns, or to do aught which may excite troublesome curiosity in others. Go in peace, then — and I pray God it may be amongst loyal and Christian men. I hope we shall meet again! — Should you ever need the friendship of an old man, or the counsel of a Christian minister, demand them, as a debt, from Lake of Bristol."

Momentary emotion threw a pleasing haze over the brilliant aspect of the stranger: the good bishop was too much affected not to affect others; and Eveleen's humid eyes, showed that she shared in her uncle's regret.

The cavalier, after a moment's silence, looked towards her, and asked, abruptly, "if they knew aught of Sir Fulk Trevanion's son?"

Miss Hungerford's cheeks became carnation. "Know you aught of him?" she enquired, with an earnest gaze.

"I have heard of him," was the laconic reply; and without waiting for satisfaction of his own question, the cavalier hurried out an apology for instant departure; and bowing upon the hand which Eveleen extended with something less than her usual frankness, suffered it to

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drop, without lifting it to his lips, as the fashion of those times permitted.

"A true heir of Sir Fulk Trevanion!" she thought to herself, "hating every Hungerford!"

The stranger lifted his hat, whilst riding off, when the bishop's benediction reached him from the door-way; and, as his bright face flashed back a look of earnest farewell, Eveleen could have added a sigh to her uncle's blessing.

There are some faces, indeed, which it would grieve the coldest hearts to believe they never are to behold again.

"There is a mystery in our champion," whispered the bishop, as he and his niece put their horses in motion, in a different track. "If he be gone on a good errand, may Heaven prosper him in it!—and if otherwise, may divine grace draw him thence!"

Eveleen was too sorry to speak; and did not answer, therefore, until her uncle expressing the same thoughts about the cavalier as were then occupying her mind, engaged them both in very interesting speculations upon the probability of their having been encountered by the heir of Tre-

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verderet; and upon his likely separation from the insurgent's troops.

The idea was too agreeable to be willingly dismissed; so that, after comparing their separate observations upon this person, and agreeing that each tended to strengthen their opinion, they decided, that in detailing their evening's adventure, they must be careful to keep all mysterious appearances in the back ground; and especially to avoid describing the stranger's singular countenance. Thus would they be guiltless of his misfortunes, should any occur to him in the shape of detention, from suspicion of his connexion with the Monmouthites.

It may be supposed that the late arrival of the party which Mr. Archdekne's family had expected for many hours, and the history of their disasters, created a great degree of consternation.

The first steps taken, were for the relief of Stamford: and a surgeon being procured, and the pistol-ball extracted, his master had the comfort of hearing that the wound would not prove mortal.

To recover poor Damaris was the next object: and several gentlemen being as-

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sembled at Thornholm, for discussion with the Bishop of Bristol, were luckily at hand to accompany servants and labourers upon different tracks.

In this way the coppice, the scattered huts on the moor itself, and the little frequented hamlet were gone through, lanthorn and weapon in hand. The fierce troop of Lord Gray de Wark were on the border; so that if the capturers of Damaris had rejoined them, as it was feared they might have done, any rash attempt to venture too far in the pursuit, or negligently armed, would most likely be fatal to the indiscreet person.

Before day-break, however, the search was given up. From the testimony of a lone woman, living on the margin of the obscure river whither the horsemen had appeared to be going, it was ascertained that the soldiers had forded the narrow stream, very far above the wooden bridge which spanned it near the hamlet. This woman, roused, for a moment, from habitual apathy by the splash of horses through the water, accompanied by a woman's cry, upon questioning what was the matter, had been told, it was only the trooper's wife, squall-

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ing because he chose to take her through the water; and satisfied with this, she had gone quietly to bed.

When the different parties returned to report their bad fortune, and lament the impossibility of pursuing the search into Devonshire, until each individual should put himself in a better condition to resist attack, Eveleen, with a burning heart, wished, for the moment, that she were a man, to show these cautious spirits what ought to be risked for a guiltless sufferer. She thought of the gallant stranger; believing that only a paramount duty—whatever it might be—had prevented him from devoting himself, unfearing and singly, to this very service. She was indebted to her watchful uncle's after apology for those gentlemen, for better thoughts of them. They were either fathers of families, or held public offices in the duchy, which were to be considered as posts from which they had no right to incur the risk of being violently taken: and as such, Bishop Lake justly believed his niece had no warrant in expecting from them the rashness of youth, or the self-devotedness of men upon whom no wife or child has a claim.

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To satisfy his own sense of duty, as well as feeling, and allay the extreme distress of his niece, the prelate despatched, by express, the next morning, an account of his own attempted seizure to the head-quarters of the king's army; requiring a flag of truce to be sent thence to the Duke of Monmouth, with a strong letter from himself; calling upon the duke, as a man, and a gentleman, to find out, and punish, the perpetrators of so gross an outrage upon a minister of the reformed church, and so wanton an act of barbarity against an innocent, unoffending woman. The troops of Lord Gray de Wark were also to be tried, by offers of abundant reward, in case any of them would bring back, or send back Damaris Flavel; and printing presses not being so plentiful in those days as they are now, linen hand-bills were painted in written characters, to be distributed through the country, and taken, if possible, into the lines of the rebels; from which great hope might have been derived, had more than one in a thousand of the lower orders, been able to read.

At the time, however, of their distribution, Eveleen Hungerford did not think of

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this fatal fact; but, strengthened in the confidence with which she began to anticipate the release of her poor maid, by her cheering uncle's frequent expressions of a similar feeling, gained over all the Archdekne tenantry to her cause, by the liberality of her gifts for the slightest service, and the sweetness with which she thanked an inferior.

The Bishop of Bristol was too impatient to follow up his letter to Lord Feversham, by his own presence, to stay an hour longer at Thornholm than was absolutely necessary. Those days were given by him to the objects which had brought him there: and having calmly discussed their duty as loyal Englishmen, with the gentlemen to whom he had given this meeting, agreed upon the subjects they were prepared to represent to their sovereign, settling the how, and the when, of such respectful remonstrance; and, having distinctly shown his own resolution to maintain the union of church and state as now existed, in defiance of court forms, or loss of dignities, the bishop departed; leaving behind him the spirit of forbearance, where he had found only that of hot-headed vindictiveness.

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Eveleen Hungerford had no inducement to remain after he was gone: her staying at Thornholm would not expedite the recovery of Damaris; and as Stamford was under kind care, purposing to follow his master whenever his health would permit, she believed herself excusable for wishing to return home.

Having taken a grateful leave of the ladies who had entertained her, she accepted the protection of her host and his servant, and led by a safer road, safely made the moderate journey to Rohesia.

The return of Miss Hungerford, after so perilous an adventure, produced a great sensation, not only at her splendid home, but amongst the inferior classes, with whom she was become a deserved favourite. Many a village hero, that had escaped what may be called the adverse conscriptions, started off in pursuit of pretty Mrs. Damaris; some for the sake of reward, others from ambition to please the fine young lady at Rohesia; perhaps a solitary one out of honest sympathy with distress.

Lady Villiers looked for once as if she were seriously considering whether it would not be well to quit Rohesia, and go by sea to

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some port where she might safely disembark for London; since this bold attempt upon the Bishop of Bristol might soon be followed up by an attack upon the residence of his relations.

Lady Rhoda quickly talked down both her daughter's fears and seriousness; after which, she applied herself to demonstrate, that not one of the steps that had been taken for the recovery of Damaris, were sensible even. Instead of offering a reward for the girl's restoration, she said, the reward should have been proposed for the villain's apprehension: whilst making an open appeal to the justice of their ambitious leader, was most likely only tempting the wretches to murder their victim, that their crime might pass undiscovered.

A heart less commanded by habitual piety than Eveleen's, or less accustomed to rein in every impulse to despair, must have sunk at once, when so frightful an idea was suggested: she would not shrink before it; refusing to let go her hold upon that hope which she loved to cherish, and which she deemed it her duty to do, so long as it were kept free from presumption.

There was so much to tell, of strange and

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interesting in her little history, that her slight mention of the stranger who had come to her uncle's assistance, did not create any guess about who he might be, in those she told it to. They heard her call him the worthy traveller—the good stranger; and as she spoke not of his manner or his countenance, the mere fact of his doing the distressed party a service, had nothing in it to pique the curiosity of such persons as Lady Rhoda and her indolent-minded daughter.

Thus Eveleen was left to think the oftener of her uncle's preserver, because she might speak of him so seldom; and the question of, whether he were or were not the person she fancied him, being one she could not discuss with any one, her speculations had no vent; therefore, insensibly extended themselves into such long reveries, that for some days she found, to her great disturbance, the idea of the stranger was a stationary thought.

During this period she had never been alone for half an hour, without going through the whole set of arguments which went to prove that he would turn out the brother of her friend. His unwillingness

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to be known in Cornwall, his unguarded expression intimating some influence with the rebel party, his almost question about the very person she fancied one with himself, and yet more, his hasty departure ere that question were answered, amounted to presumptive proofs in favour of her imagination.

Every expression of the stranger's very expressive countenance was then endeavoured to be recalled; those vivid and varied looks were conjured back;—but satisfaction did not follow the remembrance.

There are some eyes in which every passing passion mirrors itself. Yet, even those eyes cannot make their modifications of meaning, intelligible to another, unless that person have a key to their language, or a previous knowledge of their owner's circumstances and inclinations: just as a piece of music, until we are instructed in the successive ideas of the composer, will appear to us only one strain of sublime or beautiful harmony.

Miss Hungerford, therefore, whilst she recalled the most powerful glance given her by the stranger when she named herself, could not, by any use of her subsequent observ-

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ations, make out what that glance contained; she was, consequently, obliged to suppose that a face may be too brilliant for easy reading; and came to this wise conclusion, that after all, it was not a little dangerous for one greatly inclined to like whatever was tinctured with romance, thus to entangle her thoughts with the image of a stranger whom she might never see again; who might indeed, except by ordinary courage and good nature, be unworthy of such interest, and if he were Mr. Arundell Trevanion, was to her a forbidden object.

There is a salutary apprehension of danger afar off, which nothing except arrogance of mind would teach a young woman to disregard: it may be called a presentiment of what will infallibly befall the heart that feels it, should certain impressions of delightful interest be renewed or increased. This presentiment was now felt by Eveleen Hungerford for the first time in her life; yet she had but to think seriously of her tacit bond with conscience, to keep her affections free until she might discover whether or no she could fulfil the wishes of her father concerning Lord Woodvill; and

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the beckoning invitations of the sorceress Fancy were resisted.

She first tried to separate the ideas of Aura Trevanion's brother, and the gallant unknown; then finding that impossible, called to mind all that had long ago made her believe Mr. Trevanion the lover of another; taming thus that excited imagination and vivid memory, which were perpetually haunting her solitary hours, presenting visions which reason wished banished.

Happily Miss Hungerford had too many objects of anxiety at this juncture, for absorption in any single one; and she had so many sweet recollections to fall back upon in her uncle Lake's varied conversation, which ever fertilized where it flowed, that she could by a strong act of will always fill up her mind by them. No tidings were yet heard of Damaris: Eveleen merely learnt by a messenger from the Bishop of Bristol, that what attention could be paid to his demands at head quarters concerning the outrage committed by rebel soldiers, would be given. But that until the royalist army came up with that of

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Monmouth, the flag of truce could not be sent in. Both parties, he added, were in motion on the road to Bridgewater: where, if Monmouth took up the position which it was supposed he would do, a general action was inevitable: the bishop, himself, was making what haste he could, back to his diocese.

In proportion as the opposing forces marched further into the interior counties, less was to be apprehended in Cornwall: disturbances ceased there; and the most inflammable spirits being drained off by the recruiting agents of the rebel lords, only timid or peaceable ones were left. The inhabitants of Rohesia, therefore, had no longer any active insult to dread in consequence of their known connection with the court, and their unhappier relationship to the profligate Lord Hungerford. Of this unworthy person and his wretched victim, no other accounts were transmitted by his vexed father, than that the latter was resolved, for once, to let him smart for his folly, and had resolutely forbidden his banker to honour any bills which his presumptuous heir was sure to draw as usual, the moment his own allowance was exhausted.

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Lord Carraton further avowed himself determined to make no enquiries after his son, until the latter should have tasted the sourness of such unwonted neglect a while longer.

Eveleen, therefore, had nothing certain or consoling to tell the lost girl's parents; she could only try to animate their prayers and hopes for her repentance and return, by reminding them that as neither she nor they knew how to write, it would be impossible for her, unless by her betrayer's assistance, to let them hear where she was, and in what frame of mind.

This kindly suggestion was a light in the wilderness to these sorrowing parents: they blessed the hand that held it out to them; keeping their eyes fixed upon it, as their sole object of earthly desire.

Lady Rhoda Brandon, when appealed to by her niece for some interference with her absent nephew, refused to have any share in the matter; maintaining that the girl must have been artful at least, supposing her previously innocent; but more probably was a forward fool, ready to throw herself in any gentleman's way.

Eveleen had no reasonable prospect of

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any good for the seduced girl, save in her uncle Lake's purposed endeavours; and on them she rested.

Her thoughts, however, had their turns of great sadness and impatience about one far dearer to them. She looked towards the Treverderet woods, where she saw trees felling—and the Treverderet parks, where beautiful cattle and sheep were feeding; and as she did so, felt that Sir Fulk Trevanion must indeed have re-entered upon the public career, and have determined upon returning to his early habits of noble living, by this sacrifice of what he had considered as trusts for his heir. It might be taken, also,. as an additional proof that he had cut his lineal heir off.

There was something so displeasing to Miss Hungerford in such changes at the house of her absent friend, by whom every change would have been looked on as impiety, that although even the giant oaks that fell were not missed from those thick woods, and sheep were lovelier objects in the park than sprightly deer, she had no inclination to go amongst them. Aura was away — she knew not how miserable; nor how much more misery was in store

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for her; and to think of her therefore, in the Lady's Chapel, was no longer to indulge tender melancholy — it was to distract herself with wild apprehensions, and to shed bitter tears which could not benefit their object.

Looking over the beautiful slopes of her uncle's park, Miss Hungerford's chamber windows commanded many of its finest views, especially that which included the artificial piece of water. The stillness of this water in calm nights, and the remarkable beauty of the groves round it, often soothed her mind when it was in a perturbed state, and so assured her of tranquil sleep after she should lay down on her pillow.

The warbling of the last nightingale (for it was the middle of July), and the dim yet pure light of a summer sky, without either stars or moon to brighten it, detained her one night far beyond her calculation at her opened window. She interested herself in trying to penetrate with long-continued looks, the near and distant shades: their doubtful forms, and perfect stillness, together with the moveless extent of the lake, terminating the prospect, pleased her, by

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imparting a new character to a scene, generally seen either in the glow of sunset or the splendour of moonshine; and she was musing upon the infinite variety of the same objects, beheld under different aspects of the sky, when a violent ringing at the hall door startled away her reverie. The next instant she started up at the sound of Lord Villiers's impatient voice, and hurrying out of her chamber, ran along the passages, which were always lighted, leading to the grand staircase, which Lord Villiers was ascending.

"It is all over!" was his salutation, as he met and impetuously passed her on a landing place which his lady's apartment led from — "Monmouth is taken!"

Without staying further parley, he opened the door of his wife's anti-room and went in.

Rather stupefied than elated by this good news, Miss Hungerford remained where he had left her, conscious to a trembling at her heart, which she would fain have believed had no individual object for its cause. The recent fate of Argyll and his followers were present to her thoughts: — and not to think with dread of what might be-

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fall the brother of her friend — the brave preserver of her uncle, was impossible. Every misguided creature in the defeated army became indeed subjects of pity ; and had Eveleen not felt thus deeply for one, she would still have sorrowed with woman's compassion for all.

She was surprised out of these thoughts, by the appearance of Lady Rhoda, who ever the latest in going to rest, had been prowling the house, and peeping through every wainscoat-chink, to be sure that no careless servant had left their light burning.

Her son-in-law's noisy entrance brought her now from the lofty attic story to the one in question.

The mother's sharp dictatorial voice at her daughter's dressing-room door gained immediate attention: Lady Villiers, though but hastily covered with a quilted satin wrapper, invited both the persons she saw there, into her apartment. Eveleen was too anxious for more information to refuse the invitation. As she entered, Lord Villiers was issuing from an adjoining room, where his child slept, with the pretty boy in his arms, just as he had lifted him out of bed. The little innocent, covered only

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with a single garment of snow white cambric, and flushed into the bloom of June roses by sound sleep, formed a lovely contrast with its father's looks and habiliments.

Lord Villiers was, in truth, all soiled with quick travel and previous action: his dress was in disorder; and although part of it seemed evidently to have been changed (the parts not suiting), others showed by dark stains overlooked in the haste of such change, that their owner had been amongst smoke and blood.

Villiers's beard, too, was of some days' growth: no uncommon thing, however, with him, who was used to fall out with himself in every way; so that, perhaps, only so handsome a person could have failed to give offence by his appearance. Whatever were these disfigurements, however, they were atoned for amply by the expression of his countenance, as he bent his head over his child, whilst its little hands tried to press his hot dusty cheeks, and its sweet breathings and cooing murmurs, waked up at every renewal of them fresh smiles in the father's eyes.

"I crave your pardon, ladies!" he ex-

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claimed, rather gaily, as he caught one of Eveleen's asking glances, "for taking no notice of you yet — and for this unsightly gear of mine; but I was famished for a kiss or two of this sweet knave; and I am fresh from hard knocks and smoky cannon. — How now, my boy? dost thou start from fear, or eagerness? Wouldst thou be a soldier?"

Lady Rhoda broke off this address to his child, by rapid questions about the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; and finding he was really taken, and his whole force put to the rout, first embraced her son-in-law ere he could evade the unwelcome salute; then exclaiming that she would soon spread the good news over the country, flew to the bell as fast as her French heeled shoes would permit. "We must raise the house for an instant illumination!" was her repeated cry: — "ring the bell, there, in the nursery — the very park shall be illuminated. — Flags — we must have flags too!"

Her son-in-law's amiable expression of face soon changed into that superciliousness with which he generally addressed his lady's mother.

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" You must pleasure yourself, madam; but I can tell you that the worst part of a rebellion, comes after it is over. We shall have horrible executions — arrests without numbers. — Notable matters for rejoicing, these! "

Lady Rhoda was out of the room.

Eveleen looked towards the door.

" I ought to go, too," she said, hesitatingly; " but I confess I am trembling to hear — who has fallen on either side — what families have to lament — " She had not courage at that moment to name any individual family, and she stopped for want of steady breath.

Lord Villiers hurried out a brief account of the battle of Sedgemoor, in which the king's troops had completely defeated those of the enemy, in despite of his strong position, and the gallantry of his infantry. The battle lasted during three hours, and might not have terminated as it did, had not the horse regiments under Lord Gray de Wark behaved like raw troops, and shown themselves incapable of resisting the shock of well-disciplined cavalry.

Of the minor details of this momentous fight, Lord Villiers confessed he knew

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little; having been ordered on the pursuit after Monmouth, who was captured at a place called Ringwood, happily by another party of royalists. No sooner, therefore, did Villiers hear he was taken, than having staid only to throw off part of his field dress, and to mount a new horse, he set off to ascertain the situation of his wife and child.

"And here I find my queen of Idless," addressing his lady, "as I expected, quietly gone to rest. I ought to go to rest too:—but I am over-wrought — fevered — and this dear rogue is going to sleep for me. So what would you more, Miss Hungerford? I can tell you, your princely admirer, his sober Highness of Este, did not fight soberly: he fought hard for the pope's crown, or his own red hat in prospect, and got into such a scrape by an over-hot pursuit of some dragoons, that I and my fellows were sent to re-take him."

Eveleen expressed frank pleasure at hearing thus well of one whom she esteemed highly; but, engrossed by other objects, hastened to speak of her poor maid.

Lord Villiers could not give the least intelligence of her: he said that the out-

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rage committed upon the Bishop of Bristol had excited even the common soldiers in the royal camp to indignation; but that poor Damaris's seizure being, with more levity than charity, set down by the young men there as rather a willing than a forced capture, little attention had been paid even to the promise of reward for her restoration.

Eveleen was about to ask some other question, when Lady Rhoda's sharp step and sharper voice were again heard in the rooms adjacent; which she was traversing, merely to set all the bells going, because each had its different commission for different servants. Her voice, in alt, was yet heard above all their jangling; and as the roused domestics gathered in her way, her rapid orders to them, caught by snatches, were almost ludicrous, sorting ill indeed with the feelings of one, at least, in Lady Villiers's apartment.

"Don't tell me there is no such silk in the house!" was one of her exclamations — "take bed coverlids — curtains — my best manteau, if needs be. — A banner of his majesty's colour shall be on the highest building in the park — the house shall be a blaze of wax-lights!"

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"Heaven forefend," exclaimed Lady Villiers, "that she does not set it in a blaze in right earnest!"

"Fear not, Di!" returned her lord; "she has greater heed of her wonderful cabinet."

"I think few of us will sleep after your agitating news!" Eveleen sighed out; "therefore there will be many watchers. I ought to go and assist my aunt: but — there is one person I should like to ask about, ere I finish my unconscionable visit to your room, cousin Diana — will poor Sir Fulk Trevanion suffer in the person of any one connected with him?"

Lord Villiers did not note the slight flush which coloured even the brow of the ingenuous Eveleen — he replied that he had not heard of Mr. Trevanion being taken: so that whether he were killed, or had escaped, was yet uncertain: for his part, he added, he wished every honest man in the dread enterprise, were safe beyond sea; since, to his judgment, a Protestant and a Papist were equally likely to merit such a character.

"I must, however," he continued, "be away to-morrow, Dia — every one that can

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get away from our victorious troops will hie them up to court for complimenting his majesty on the prospect of a second harvest of bloody heads! — I like not such sights — nor such lackeying for new honours. I would rather do the duty of those court-going swains!"

"Why, what is to be done now?" asked his lady, a little pettishly, "going away to-morrow!"

"Taking prisoners — guarding prisoners," was the reply: "and let me say it in your ear, ladies, not over carefully, provided it pleasure me to —"

"O Villiers!" interrupted his lady, with good-humoured reproof, "have I not heard you were forbid the court, not long agone, for some such thing, done in mere wantonness of mood?"

Lord Villiers directed a searching look at Miss Hungerford, naturally conjecturing that she must have been the informant, upon the authority of Miss Trevanion; but his lady naming her London gossip, (a sister-attendant upon the Princess of Denmark,) he resumed his lighter manner; and confessed just as much of his rencontre with Philips, and his successful bribery of the poor fellow's chief captor, as could be

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told without compromising Miss Trevanion.

Eveleen listened with intense interest: and as Villiers concluded by saying, that had he known the fellow for whom he interposed was actually going upon a treasonable commission, which after events went to prove, he would not have risked character for him, she felt a painful conviction that Aura Trevanion's heart would never know the joy of seeing her brother restored to home and happiness. To have been in the enterprise of Monmouth, was to have signed his own sentence of perpetual banishment.

Lady Villiers renewed her entreaty, that her lord would promise, for their boy's sake, not to repeat such imprudence. Lord Villiers assured her, that he owed his life to that very act of his; briefly relating, that in the hottest part of the battle of Sedgemoor, he was saved from the mortal stroke of a heavy axe, by the authority of the man whom he had saved so rashly. Philips had challenged him there, by name; and openly avowing his obligation to the surprised nobleman, forced back the trooper who would have cut him down.

"If the poor scoundrel be taken after

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all," he continued, " it shall go hard, but I will get him out of the gripe of Jefferies: and his master, too, should he fall into the same hellish chance."

Without observing the effect of his coarse epithet upon the countenance of Eveleen, who could not hear it without displeasing thought of where such language was learnt, Lord Villiers stooped his face to his sleeping child's brow, pressing his lips on it, yet with evident care not to awake him.

Lady Villiers chid him for risking that. " Nay, madam!" he replied, " I have earned my boy's kiss. I swore by this little confiding body of his—which one tight pressure of these arms would squeeze life out of—that I would not touch a dice-box, or a card, whilst I was in camp: and I have kept my word."

Eveleen Hungerford uttered an exclamation of friendly joy.

" I do protest it is so," resumed Lord Villiers. " Cousin Eveleen, you have preached to me upon this matter before now; and your reverend uncle is pleased to take infinite pains to give me, what he calls, right motives for many things, which I do just as well without them. Let him

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find me a stronger, than my love for this brown-headed urchin!—Charles, my boy, thou hadst a king for thy sponsor, and shall thy father leave thee a beggar?—no, on my soul! (here Lord Villiers's brows and eyes bent with strong expression)—Bear witness, Miss Hungerford, that from this hour, I solemnly swear to break off all my pernicious habits! I swear, by——"

"Profane swearing, then, is not amongst them?" his lady half enquired, and somewhat archly. Her lord put up his lip.

Eveleen regarded him with compassionate disappointment: as his looks alternately clouded and brightened, with an uneasy sense of his own fallibility, and rash confidence in his own strength. She knew that all these rash resolutions were but so much good seed idly scattered where there was no soil for them to root in. It was still but the strongest human affection, pleading against a ruinous passion—a passion only temporarily hated, for its consequences, not for its selfish object: and until that limited view of it, were exchanged for one which would lead to the adoption of far higher motives for reformation, she felt sadly sure no permanent change could be produced.

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Still, however, something is gained for the slave of bad habits, when he can be induced to quit the practice of any one of them: there is a chance, then, for his tastes to vary with his associates, and better thoughts to take hold upon him. Miss Hungerford, therefore, commending Lord Villiers's wish to begin a new course, and warmly pressing the claims of his sweet, unconscious child, once more apologized for remaining so long in her cousin's apartment. As she prepared to say good night, the Trevanion name again rose to her lip; but, checking it, with an attempted smile, she merely reminded Lord Villiers of his humane promise to befriend certain unhappy persons, if he might do so with a free conscience; and kissing her cousin Diana's cheek, left the husband and wife to themselves.

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CHAP. VIII.

The noises going on in the house, which its great halls and vaulted passages echoed back, in modern days might have been mistaken for a steam engine. The whole sleeping population of Rohesia, in fact, were up in uproar: Lady Rhoda, the master-spirit of them all, was directing pullies and screws, and hammers and saws, in their various operations, for the due raising of a ponderous banner upon what was called the Belvidere, in the park. Now she was out in the verandah of the house — then in the hall; a moment afterwards, upon the leaded terrace of the roof; and, lastly, scaling ladders in her zeal to arrange wax-lights within, and enormous torches without.

By the time Eveleen joined her, the grand hall exhibited the appearance of a great magazine, or the accumulations from a sacked town. Piles of wax-lights, lamps, and ordinary flambeaux, were overtopped

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by large heaps of oak and laurel, cut in haste by the gardeners, for loyal decoration of the house front. The park was beginning to blaze with huge bonfires, kindled on its most elevated spots; where park-keepers and game-keepers were preparing to send up sky rockets, in token of rejoicing.

Soon after Miss Hungerford came to her aunt's assistance, the exterior of Rohesia was in as conspicuous a blaze as Lady Rhoda could desire. The night was so calm and clear, that the bonfires burnt gloriously; casting a ruddy glow upon the palace-like mansion, to which the enormous boughs of laurel and oak, not untastefully encircling the lighted windows, gave a novel and agreeable appearance.

At another time, Eveleen's picture-loving eye would have watched, with pleasure, the fine effects produced by the strong reflection of these fires upon the trees, and the figures surrounding them: now she only looked, with something like dread, at the devouring element, which she saw consuming so fast, yet so noiselessly, the enormous faggots thrown into it.

Her mind, indeed, was awed in every

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way; and had its movements been consulted, it would rather have sent every individual at Rohesia to solitary prayer: both for the ultimate safety of that religion for which the late enterprise had been undertaken, and the preservation of every one concerned in it who had been influenced by conscience.

Every neighbouring house and hamlet being roused by the sudden illumination, crowds began to gather about the great mansion, re-echoing the loyal shouts of those within and without, of "Long live King James! — Peace to Old England!"

In default of his master, Lord Villiers's page became the idol of this momentary enthusiasm. After accepting the incense of repeated cheerings, with a grace not indifferently copied from his lord's best mood, the young gentleman condescended to go amongst the rustic mob, shaking hands with every boor there ambitious of such an honor; and telling over and over again, without any show of weariness, his own personal share in the decisive battle of Sedgemoor.

Lady Rhoda was in a state of perfect exaltation; Rohesia would have the proud distinction of leading the way in demon-

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stration of loyalty; for more distant mansions were lighting up; so that long before morning dawned, banners waved and bells pealed far and wide.

Eveleen looked towards lonely Treverderet, standing, yet dark and still, amongst its trees; she knew that its owners were absent, and she therefore gave old servants credit for unwillingness to rejoice when their young master might be a corpse on a bloody field, or sentenced to a more dreadful death. Her eyes flooded with tears; and for a brief moment her heart thrilled with the imagination that the darkness of Treverderet might be a token of real mourning. They might know, there, that Arundell Trevanion was killed, or a prisoner.

The imagination was overcoming; but Eveleen's happy temper of mind was not so soon vanquished. She called to her remembrance those frequent mercies and joyful surprises, deliverances from sorrow, even against hope, which every human being must have to remember; and she tranquillized again.

As she recovered from the brief meditation, she heard her Aunt exclaiming vehemently against the scandalous darkness

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of Treverderet; then, rapidly deciding that it must be from the poverty of household stores there, despatched a groom of the chambers with a gracious offer of wax-lights and torches.

Eveleen felt the indelicacy of such an offer as the two families were situated; but hoping to hear something of her friend from the message which must be returned, she waited the re-appearance of her uncle's pompous servant with much impatience.

Ale and wine were flowing at all the gates of Rohesia, for every one that would drink "church and king, — the court and the country!" (toasts of course supplied by Lady Rhoda herself,) ere her ambassador came back. He brought as stately a refusal as Sir Fulk himself might have dictated: the old seneschal, as he would have been called in ancient days, dryly declaring, that none of Sir Fulk Trevanion's household ever presumed to act without his orders: that he was, however, humbly bound to her ladyship for her good offers.

Lady Rhoda stood for an instant balancing between pique and calculation of the good this very pride in the Treverderet domestics might do to the Hungerfords;

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then satisfied that whatever tended to make their rival family unpopular, would be serviceable to their interests, merely exclaimed, "Surly fool!" and went on giving fresh orders to those around her as if nothing had vexed her.

Eveleen questioned the person who had been on the mission to Treverderet, if aught were said of its absent master and daughter? She was answered with respect towards herself, but much insolence towards the Trevanions,—that "having executed his commission, he was too indignant at having Lady Rhoda Brandon's graciousness so impertinently slighted to condescend further; he knew nothing, therefore, of any one of them."

Miss Hungerford, for once in her life, gave an inferior a look of extreme displeasure. "You do not seem to know, master Bromley, that respect is due from all in your station, to all in a higher one: forget it not when next you carry a message from one of your lord's family; and when you speak of those you have taken it to."

Eveleen's fair brow was suffused, as well as her cheeks, with the strong feeling that dictated her rebuke; and the honourable

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indignation that suffusion expressed, adding to the force of her words, the astonished groom of the chambers could only bow to the very dust in sign of obedience. Somewhat ruffled at her own discomposure, Miss Hungerford concluded she might now retire from a work which was quite perfected by her aunt and her busy satellites, and whispering this to Madame Kreutzen she withdrew to her own chamber.

Long after sunrise the illuminated windows of every loyal residence round, were seen unextinguished, opposing their now-sickly fires to the blaze of the kindled heavens: but the sounds of tumultuous rejoicing and rude insult had ceased; rioters and revellers, the glad and the grumbling, having retired to their homes, leaving behind them testimonials of their different opinions, in the windows they had broken for being lighted or not lighted, and the bleeding heads that had followed in the consequent affray afterwards. Treverderet had sustained its full share of damage; those persons who wished well to the banished heir, and who believed Sir Fulk converted to popery, taking advantage of its disloyal darkness to vent their wrath against its owner for their supposed of-

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fences, under show of zeal for the triumph of the king's army.

Rohesia escaped to a marvel; only a few park palings being torn up, and some foolish mottoes in lamps pulled down. The domestics of course remained on foot through the whole night, to keep the straggling individuals of the early crowd in good humour by continued supplies of good cheer, and promises of more substantial donations to their families on the morrow.

The nobler inhabitants of Rohesia, meanwhile, found, or seemed to find, that repose which had been denied before; so that when Eveleen, whose eyes had not once closed, heard the horses of Lord Villiers pawing and neighing in the sweep before the house, the morning was far advanced.

She stood at her window, seeing him return again and again to caress his child, which the nurse, at her lady's command, had taken down to the lawn for its father's gratification. Lady Villiers's feeling had gone no farther; she preferred a prolonged sleep, to a wife and mother's best and dearest emotions: and as Eveleen watched the fond actions of a man, in whom education and example had conspired to stifle

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every worthy inclination, she grieved that his marriage lot had been so cast. — Yet it was well, perhaps: — that distressed and lonely heart (for so it was, from want of a wife's sympathy,) might, from its very loneliness, be driven to seek companionship with an abiding comforter.

Sweet and petitioning tears gathered in Eveleen's eyes whilst thinking thus; she hastily shook them off, and hurried down stairs, to exchange a few words with the unsettled person she was contemplating.

Miss Hungerford's main object was to obtain his promise of instituting an active search for Damaris Flavel, who might, she hoped, be found amongst the prisoners, or her concealment known to them: she had, however, a second one, which she uttered with some embarrassment. This was to find out that servant of Mr. Trevanion, if taken, of whom Lord Villiers spoke the preceding night; and learn from him what share his master had taken in Monmouth's disastrous expedition, and whether he believed him escaped.

"You know his master, I suspect, fair cousin," observed Lord Villiers, in his courtliest manner, and with one of his most pleasing smiles.

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Eveleen vehemently protested that, to her knowledge, she had never seen him. "Unless," she added, first with a slight blush, then with a brave clearing of her brow, "he were the gallant stranger who rescued my uncle Lake and me from that frightful ambuscade. — My great heed is for his gentle sister."

Lord Villiers's sidelong glance questioned Miss Trevanion's right to so soft an epithet; but true to his former promise, gave no other sign of acquaintance with her; hastening to assure his embarrassed companion that he would not fail to serve those she cared for, as much to oblige her, as to acquit his obligation to Philips.

Eveleen's heart misgave her as he spoke; she remembered the sacred claims of his wife and child, and exclaimed — "O, not at any risk of honour or safety, kind cousin Villiers! only serve Aura Trevanion's brother if you can do so honestly. — You may contrive not to let the pursuit be too hot after him — his poor sister has no other hope in life."

She stopped, unwilling quite to give up Lord Villiers's rash promises, yet fearing lest she were taking an undue advantage of his opened heart.

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Villiers, however, left her no time for recalling the commission; but kissing his hand to her, as he replaced the hat he was holding all the time they conversed, with habitual courtliness, bade her a respectful farewell; and beckoning to his page, mounted and rode off.

The disturbed heart that had thus sought relief, by seeking to interest another in its wishes, was not left long to throb with unaccustomed doubt of its own singleness of object, or, indeed, to dwell much upon individual cares. Successive public events, and the rapid increase of private distresses, would not allow a generous nature to rest principally in self.

Every hour brought lamentable details from Dorsetshire and Devonshire; in which counties every spark of rebellion was quenching with blood. One or two military commanders — and Lord Feversham one — disgracing their manhood and their profession, were hanging all their prisoners without preparation and without law.

Eveleen heard with horror of the butcheries — for so they may be called — which took place at Bridgewater and Wells, where the king's troops entered those places as con-

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querors. Neither sex, age, nor quality, saved the unfortunate persons found there in arms, or suspected of aiding or wishing well to Monmouth's cause. The gallows groaned with victims: and had not the Bishop of Bristol in one town, and the Bishop of Bath in another, hastened to interpose their sacred characters between the dead and the living, staying those awful judgments by an intrepid discharge of their duty, half the population must have fallen a prey to the vindictive councils of the king's advisers.

James's chief general being one of those merciless executioners, afforded a proof that the irritated sovereign meant to take severe vengeance for the indignity offered to his throne.

So quickly, indeed, did horrors follow each other, that Miss Hungerford had scarcely heard of the ill-fated Monmouth's removal to London for imprisonment and examination in the Tower, than she was told of his execution, and that of Lord Gray de Wark, whom, till he perished for his rebellion, many suspected, from the failure of his troops in the battle of Sedgemoor, of treachery to the duke.

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Afflicting as her present situation was, from keen feeling for many sufferers, Miss Hungerford fervently blessed Heaven that she was so far from the metropolis where those most inhuman tragedies were acting before shuddering witnesses; where congratulations upon such events, and panegyrics upon the king's lenity, were expected to be personally tendered at Whitehall.

Eveleen could not pass beyond the precincts of Rohesia upon errands of consolation to bereaved or disgraced families, without hearing fresh proclamations of outlawry and arrest against some wretched fugitive, cried by the public crier. Her ear was never shocked with that which she knew existed, offering a reward for the apprehension of Mr. Arundell Trevanion, and of his servant Philips, whom it described as having been a most active agent of the revolt; yet, as it did exist, she expected every instant to hear that either the master or the servant were taken.

Judge Jefferies, that monster amongst the upright and merciful judges of our country, had now opened his commission at Dorchester; and even the description of military vengeance fell short of the atro-

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cities he dared to perpetrate, in open violence of those laws of which he called himself the representative. His element was blood: and as Eveleen listened to the list of unconvicted persons whom his mandate hurried from his presence to the gallows, she almost fancied she saw the frightful tide flowing on, to whelm their trembling neighbourhood.

Successively she heard of the Lords Delamere and Stamford's seizure; of the hot pursuit making after a distant relative of Lord Woodvill's, the Lord Brandon Gerard; and lastly of the monstrous iniquity committed at Bridgewater by the ferocious Colonel Kirke.

Never, never, had Eveleen known such agony of compassion for multitudes, whose names were strange to her, until coupled with the history of their afflictions!—never such anguish for a friend's anticipated sorrows! Her youthful face changed in colour, changed in expression—was no longer a bright image of morning; but, all aghast and pale, showed her to be in constant expectancy of some new evil.

When she thought of Aura Trevanion (of whose state her own, she well knew,

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must be only a faint semblance,) it was with transports of despair at her incapacity of reaching her by any sympathy. To weep, under such feelings, was impossible: tremblings instead of tears; shudderings in the place of sighs; and lastly, prayer instead of lamentation, were the portions of a nature somewhat too accessible to pity, under its most passionate form.

In this state she was found by her courtier uncle, who came down from London, elated with his reception at Whitehall. Lord Villiers's personal gallantry in the battle of Sedgemoor, and the Bishop of Bristol's successful efforts to allay the spirit of revolt, ere it burst into action, had previously propitiated the weak but vindictive James; so that when the midnight illumination of Rohesia, and the loyal example thus set by its residents, were repeated to him, he was pleased to express unqualified approbation.

It is note-worthy to observe what petty things produce great effects upon petty minds. Some dozens of persons raised from their beds to rejoice, and a few scores of wax-lights wasted, had done more for Lord Carraton than the gold he had poured

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into the treasury, in common with other noblemen. Lady Rhoda Brandon was consequently at the utmost height of self-exaltation; predicting the sudden downfall of Sir Fulk Trevanion's favour at court, from the amazing folly of not lighting up Treverderet.

Of its proud owner, Eveleen could only learn from the earl, that after appointing him to a very honourable post in the dutchy, the king had bestowed on him a greater proof of favour, by letting him understand that his attendance at court would not be unacceptable during the continuance of disturbances in the west.

Every one, Lord Carraton said, extolled his majesty's gracious consideration upon this occasion; since otherwise the knight of Treverderet might have had a share in bringing his own son to justice.

In truth the royal goodness was so properly appreciated by the most thoughtless member of the Trevanion family, Captain Trevanion, that since the battle of Sedgemoor, he had been raised to the rank of colonel, for his active and gallant conduct as a soldier; and was now one of the officers intrusted with the duty of pursuing

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and taking such of the rebels as lay still concealed in the country.

Of course, the earl added, so trusted, the young gentleman's honour would be piqued to show himself worthy of the royal confidence; and perhaps, as his own loyalty was ardent, might not have many womanish scruples about considering his very different cousin, if he found him, simply as a state criminal.

Eveleen had never been one of those who are dazzled by heathenish virtue, that monstrous offspring of pride and vanity; she could not believe that any earthly duty commanded us to imbrue our hands in the blood of a faulty brother or other dear relation: and when her uncle added, that it was rumoured Colonel Trevanion only waited for his fair cousin's recovery from a lingering illness to become the son-in-law of his stately kinsman, she could not restrain a vehement appeal to Providence against so ill-sorted an union. Many were the troubled questions she then crowded upon Lord Carraton, from whose good-humoured answers she learnt all the little he could tell; the long estrangement between him and Sir Fulk Trevanion leaving

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him entirely at the mercy of current gossip.

The sum of this was: that Miss Trevanion had not recovered the shock of her brother's part in the Duke of Monmouth's attempt to overthrow the existing government; and that her father had gladly used her protracted state of mental stupor and bodily weakness, as a reason for accepting the king's permission to let his office in Cornwall be filled by deputy.

Now that all was quiet again, the earl continued — and if Mr. Trevanion were lucky enough to have escaped—most likely Sir Fulk would believe it his best policy, as well as duty, to repair to his own home, and show himself in his new honours.

Lord Carraton then reminded his niece that it was his wish to reconcile the two families; and that her eye, therefore, must be kept upon that object in her private interviews with Miss Trevanion. If Sir Fulk did not alienate the royal favour by some eccentric conduct, he *must* rise into more than his former consequence. The dignified office assigned to him had so large an income attached to it, that common sagacity saw it must be intended to put Sir

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Fulk Trevanion upon his old footing of power and popularity. His nephew was evidently to be pushed forward also; since his military services had been so promptly rewarded: and, moreover, he was positively announced as one to sit in the next parliament.

Now, whether the nephew's favour arose from the uncle's private understanding with the king, on the score of religion; or the uncle's from the nephew's; — or whether both were only as yet winning over, and binding thus by obligations to support any strong measures meditated by his majesty — Lord Carraton presumed not to divine: but favour was showering on them; and as the earl's darkened place was once more shone upon by the same source of honour, he felt that his family might at any time renew civilities to that of Treverderet without degradation.

It was, he said, his purpose to establish his country residence at Rohesia, for the next season or so, whilst his paternal seat in Cambridgeshire was undergoing beautifying repair; he would therefore soon be on the spot, to commence a systematic plan of affecting a reconciliation between him and

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his resentful neighbour. Lord Carraton ridiculed the idea of Sir Fulk Trevanion's search for documents to prove his right to the inconsequent Barony: not crediting it in fact: as the matter was actually so closely carried by the knight's natural reserve, and the cautiousness of a monarch, anxious not to displease a single efficient person, that no one could do more than suspect it.

Lord Carraton only remained two days at Rohesia, showing himself principally by liberal donations and liberal promises to the inferior classes, with whom he sought to ingratiate himself anew. He listened to the statements of many who had relations in the rebellion, and who sought to plead their youth or their ignorance in extenuation of their offence. He took notes of all those petitions; smiled, and gave them large hopes; finally departing in the midst of blessings breathed from expecting hearts, to attempt what he engaged for, by hastening to join the commissioners authorized to inquire into the facts of each individual's case, then collected in Devonshire.

The earl said, and others said, that every thing was now peaceable. The country, so government proclamations announced it,

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had returned to its usual state of prosperous security. Not so did it appear to Eveleen; or even to Lady Villiers: common humanity shuddered at the terrible punishments inflicted upon men, most of whom had entered into the rebellion from conscientious zeal for the religion in which they were educated: and if thoughts of fear could be successfully combatted through the day, sights of horror came to the sleeper by night; presenting the images of headless trunks and quivering limbs—the fearful gallows and the unhallowed grave.

Every waking hour, indeed, brought some new tale of distress to the only two at Rohesia that cared to hear them. Either the innocent members of poor families were dragged to prison for supposed knowledge of their kinsmen's place of concealment, or the hidden wretch himself was drawn forth, and delivered up for trial and judgment! Madam Kreutzen and Eveleen spent their time in alternately listening to such accounts, and transmitting cases for earnest interference after Lord Carraton to Exeter. Lady Rhoda chose the harder task, of reconciling the bereaved families to their afflictions; whilst Lady Villiers, after one

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or two attacks of hysterical panic and concern, shut herself up in her own apartments that she might hear no more.

As yet only civil officers had been sent into Cornwall; but a stricter search after fugitives was talked of by a military party, under Colonel Trevanion; for whom, and against whom, popular eloquence was heard at every cottage door. Miss Hungerford knew not whether this officer might not have accepted such a commission, with some secret purpose of being less particular in his search after his cousin than another would be in his place; and ere she quite yielded to her internal persuasion of his base selfishness, waited the issue of his appearance in their neighbourhood.

She had not long to wait: one Sabbath morning, when her temporary maid was attiring her for early church, she heard from this person that Colonel Trevanion and his soldiers had come to Treverderet late the preceding night; to search the old mansion itself, it was said, lest any fugitive had sheltered there; and to enquire into the reason why the house steward had not illuminated after the rout of the rebels. So gross an affront offered to the residence

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of Sir Fulk Trevanion, appeared likely, Eveleen thought, to detach him at once from the court; and she marvelled at the indiscretion of such a step: unless it were indeed taken to parade the knight's affected oblivion of his son's very existence, and consented to by him therefore; or from a possible kind motive in Dunbar Trevanion.

Yet, surely, there was little likelihood that Arundell Trevanion would seek concealment in his offended father's house: — still, if he believed his sister there, he might in his despair to see her once more, and to obtain the assistance of some faithful servant. Miss Hungerford's cheek became as marble-cold at this intelligence, as it had before been pale; and thinking of her poor friend's melancholy state, as described by Lord Carraton, silently took her book of prayer from her maid, proceeding with restrained thoughts, to give them way where one pitying eye would see, one gracious ear hear, all that was passing in her heart.

That tender heart was not sensible, at this moment, to any selfish interest in the person whom she fancied to be Arundell Trevanion — it was all engrossed, all given to his sister's anticipated, nay, present

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sorrows. Eveleen would have cared no longer about her possible acquaintance with him hereafter, might she but have been assured that he would not die the death of a traitor. Nothing unworthy of this feeling alloyed the pure nature of her devotion, whilst she knelt and prayed in the village church; and she left it, therefore, calmed and strengthened.

One of the peculiar characteristics of Scripture is, that it has words of comfort for every variety of human grief: few of us have entered a place of worship, or opened our bibles in moments of sorrow, without feeling a sweet persuasion that what we are hearing, or reading, is addressed directly to our situation. The idea itself is consolation: and if we continue to listen to the sacred voice thus whispering to our souls, we shall find it more powerful than the harp of David. It was Eveleen's practice, one of the many right ones she had learned under her uncle Lake's roof, to call in, when passing from Sunday services, upon the poor folk she noticed at church, and talk with them of what they had been hearing together. In this way she often explained words and phrases which otherwise per-

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plexed them; and enforced practical lessons deducible from the doctrines delivered in our good old Homilies.

Upon the present day, she left Madame Kreutzen to return home with Lady Rhoda, going, as she was wont, from one scattered cot to another, as she took the longest road to Rohesia.

At one of these cottages she was told, that "Colonel Trevanion's men had the grace not to go upon their cruel errand at sermon time: so, folk were fain to hope that such decency was a token of the colonel's being no friend to the papists — for all he fought against the protestant lords at Sedgemoor. Since a papist would have liked nothing better than breaking into the very church, under colour of doing the king service."

Eveleen was desirous to believe so too; and thought, at any rate, the forbearance of Dunbar Trevanion would give such fugitives as might be concealed near there, time for successful flight.

It may be supposed that she lost not the present opportunity of infusing her own pitying and merciful feeling into her humble hearers. She neither sought to teach a

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contentious spirit, nor to urge those she addressed, into rash and romantic acts of generosity; but she pleaded for suffering fellow-creatures; from whom there was no longer any thing to fear; and who, therefore, might safely be left to make their escape, if possible, from a most dreadful consequence. In passing to the last of her gracious visits, Miss Hungerford's eye noted, without her mind registering it, some gipsies lying idly amongst the fern of the little common on which the hut stood to which she was going. When she left its door, those persons not being visible, they did not occur to her thoughts, and she took therefore, without fear, the somewhat solitary way to Rohesia.

This road lay along a path, irregularly shaded, which, after a few picturesque windings, rambled away into the Treverderet woods. These, open to all, she loved to haunt for Aura Trevanion's sake.

The exposed common was so intensely shone on by a strong afternoon sun, that to plunge into the wood from its furnace-like heat was a sensible pleasure. Under that "umbrageous multitude of leaves," Miss Hungerford walked with a slow pace

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through an alley of majestic trees, where only one continuous hum of insects was heard—a sound which, from the great extent of shade under which these minute creatures were collected, was as solemn as ceaseless. The birds, as usual at hot noon, were silent; and this being the day of rest, not even a far-off woodcutter's hatchet was heard from the depths of that vast solitude.

The place seemed a second temple, and Eveleen's heart was soon wrapt in holy communion with Him whose presence is felt wherever His mighty hand may be traced.

Her thoughts, indeed, were so absorbed, that she did not hear any warning sound, until she saw two figures, trampling down the high grass and tall foxgloves which obstructed their way through the tangled interior of the wood.

Her first emotion was fear; but almost immediately calmed, by what had just filled her mind, she stood still, and looked steadily at the advancing persons.

They proved to be two gipsies, whom she now confusedly remembered to have passed somewhere. One was a mere stripling, with soot-black locks flying loosely over his face almost to blinding him, and

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garments of as many soiled colours as rags. The other man was wrapped in a long tattered coat, which, folded tight round his body, displayed one of those graceful and pliant figures, which, together with the lofty position of the head, so often gives to the men of this vagabond race, an air of nobleness ill suited to their characters. He wore a rude straw hat of extraordinary dimensions, which being torn in parts, and tied close to the face by the remnant of a silk handkerchief, gave him a wild appearance, calculated to conjure back all Eveleen's fear. His gestures, however, were humble and respectful; even whilst he seemed to be rapidly scanning the places round them, to make sure that no one was in sight.

Miss Hungerford's cheek blanched with recollection of what had befallen her on the border of Devonshire; and her heart throbbed, as she fancied she might have mistaken presumption for pious confidence, when entering this dangerous solitude: she spoke, however; enquiring, with some steadiness, if the persons before her, wanted relief?

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" We are in necessity, madam!" said the youngest.

" We are flying for our lives!" interrupted a voice, the remembered tone of which went thrilling through all her nerves. — " This boy is a fugitive from the bloody field of Sedgemoor — and I———"

The speaker said no more of himself, but pushing up the large flap of his straw hat, and letting it fall the next instant, displayed that very face which had haunted Eveleen's memory so long.

" My preserver! my uncle's preserver!" she exclaimed, a blush contending with the pale surprise of her cheeks. — " O tell me what I may do to serve you?"

" We are in need —" of money, the stranger would have added, but habitual feeling stopped him.

" If of a friend," Miss Hungerford resumed, her sweetly-earnest eyes suffusing with tears, — " you have a right, generous sir, to command me to do all that weak woman can do. — I fear you do not know that soldiers are in this neighbourhood."

The stranger started and cast a troubled look on his young companion. — " He is the only son of a widow," he said, hur-

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riedly ; " and I was pledged to bring him safely back : — if we can reach the coast in some other disguise, we may escape — but — we have no money !" here the stranger's dark complexion flamed like fire. " This looks like a robber's demand, madam," he resumed ; " but I would submit to more than death, rather than break my promise — and such a promise !"

Eveleen's purse was already in his hand. " O it is too light — too light !" she exclaimed — " take these too ;" and stripping off her gold bracelets, she added them to the purse.

" I will not employ these needlessly," the unknown said, as he put them into his breast. — ". Some day, I hope —— for I, madam, am not a follower of Monmouth's — and if I escape now, with this gallant boy, beyond sea, may reappear."

Miss Hungerford's countenance must have expressed something of the glad feeling which this speech caused in her, for the stranger's eyes lightened at the same instant, as they had done when he rescued her reverend uncle — a moment after, his looks changed.

" You once asked me, madam, if I knew

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ought of Mr. Trevanion — here is one who can tell you of him."

The youth now came forward —

"If our side had been winners," the boy said, somewhat moodily, "I should have been sorry to own that all the murmurs about that gentleman being in our camp were false. Now we are losers, and his neck might be in as great danger as ours, I wish his friends to know that he never was in our enterprise."

"Nor his servant?" questioned Eveleen, refraining from glancing at the supposed subject of this dialogue, whilst he stood attentively aloof.

"His servant is a rascal, I believe," was the prompt reply — "though he was in our camp, and had a commission given him for using his master's name to raise recruits, and cheat our noble leader. That cowardly Lord Gray managed the whole intrigue: — Monmouth never knew it until the very morning of Sedgemoor; when I heard him press Lord Gray so closely to know why Mr. Trevanion had not followed his men from abroad, after the enterprise was well on foot, that Gray owned it was a scheme entered into, with success, for his

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grace's service. I heard the duke's passionate curse upon him, for such base tricking of the commonalty; and that curse, I do believe, lost us the battle!"

"O bless him for the feeling however!" Eveleen precipitately exclaimed; then remembering that Monmouth was no longer a living man, added, with a wringing sigh, "I hope he *was* blessed."

"What," ejaculated the youth, "Monmouth is — it cannot be! — they have not murdered him?"

Eveleen did not answer: she turned away; and as the elder stranger hastily questioned her, though in his lowest tone, she shook her head, in token that all was over with the misguided Monmouth.

The stripling, at once comprehending her meaning, covered his face with both hands, and retreating back a few paces, burst into a passion of tears. His manly companion looked after him with deep yet silent commiseration. Eveleen's heart was wrung — each of the persons near excited her liveliest interest. She panted to know more of what related to Aura Trevanion's brother, but agitated by the fear of their being surprised, hastily besought the stranger

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to lose no time in getting beyond reach of the soldiers at Treverderet.

"If *you* know Mr. Trevanion," she added, still thinking she addressed himself, "assure him that I will tell this to his sister, who loves him fondly — sadly! — and that if he *can* come to clear his fame from the charges which have so aggrieved his father, his sister's friend feels confident he may take possession again of all his rights and blessings."

Eveleen spoke with downward eyes, the subject being embarrassing; so that she saw not the changes of her auditor's expressive countenance; who bent his head at her close, gravely promising to execute her commission whenever it might be in his power. Then renewing his thanks for her generous kindness to unknown fugitives, besought her to remember, for her own precious sake, that her aid of them must not be confessed to any individual, since to give a draught of water to one of Monmouth's broken army, was to ensure imprisonment and punishment.

"Only tell me that you think it likely you may escape," she hurried out. — "That poor youth's mother! — You, too, sir, must

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have dear kindred! — did my honoured uncle know of your case, you would have his prevailing prayers."

The stranger appeared deeply penetrated with her ardent pity; and lamenting that he had come up to his Grace of Monmouth's force too late for effectual enquiries after her maid, expressed great concern at her continued absence, and once more prepared to take leave.

Eveleen's eyes, by a distressed glance all round, asked whether the fugitives were going to abide where they were, or proceeding elsewhere?

"We shall be well concealed here," the eldest stranger replied, "till dark; then we will set forth for our short journey to the coast. These gracious gifts will be sure to find us a boat, and after that a ship. Farewell, madam! may those you love dearest find such as yourself in their hour of need!"

There was much emotion in the speaker's voice as he articulated the last words, bowing his bare yet graceful throat. Eveleen felt a choking sensation in hers; for whilst she took involuntarily a long look at his figure, as it plunged through the high weeds on the path side, she could not but

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imagine the possibility of its being fated to that contumely and dismemberment which had already befallen those who merely sheltered a wandering rebel. She was still gazing after him, when the boy he joined, raised his face from his hands, and looking towards her with impetuous feeling, exclaimed, "that he came to English ground despising James, and he should leave it detesting him!" his companion made a gesture meant to propitiate Eveleen's opinion of his hot-headed charge, whilst addressing something to the boy in a low voice.

The latter's stormy feelings had now risen above sorrowful ones, and he exclaimed aloud, "I care not what lurker may hear me! shame and infamy be the portion of all that stood by, calling themselves protestants, and could see that gallant duke perish for their cause without raising an arm to save him! See, madam!" he cried, addressing Eveleen with the same rash impetuosity, "see what England is to expect from a popish king! I set my foot no more on its ground, until another rule here."

"Discretion, my dear little friend!" interposed his companion, glancing his eyes round.

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Eveleen, at first dismayed, and then indignant at the stripling's intemperate conduct, said, with something of severity, "Remember, young gentleman, it is not your own life only that you put at risk by this bravery of speech!"

The boy was checked, yet answered, rather moodily, "Had I been allowed to go on, in what I undertook because I thought it a disgrace to be away from so gallant an enterprise, I should not be thus fettered. My over-kind friend here will admit, that his, was officious following; though he shall not suffer for it, if I can help it."

"Let me but get you back safely to your mother, and I care not why you permit it!" was all the notice taken by the stranger of this ungracious address.

Eveleen at once comprehending much that had hitherto perplexed her, hastily exclaimed—"Then it was upon this errand you were going when—O, sir! how precious must have been every moment you gave to our distress! Heaven reward you for it now, by guiding you through every danger!"

"Men fear not much, when upon Quixote acts like the present," returned the un-

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known, smiles breaking out through his moustachoed lips: an upward glance from the speaking eye, showed that the heart, was accustomed to look in the same direction; and completed, to Eveleen's delighted thought, what was left unsaid of the speaker's trust in a higher power.

The fiery boy meanwhile was evidently bringing himself, by a painful effort, to the abhorrent thought of renewed flight. "Farewell, madam," he said more proudly than gratefully; "I thank you, in my mother's name, for your counsel and your succour. I care little for life myself, since Englishmen choose to be slaves. I only wish the noble Monmouth had found such hap as we have done!"

He turned as he spoke; and ere he caught her parting entreaty to remove from Treverderet as fast as possible, broke at once into the centre of some thick undergrowths; where he and his braver companion were quickly lost to sight.

They were gone, and without any thing having been settled by which she could hear of their future safety. For the moment, Eveleen blamed both herself and them; but each and all of them had been so amazed,

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so bewildered, so anxious for one another, that question had followed question, and interest crowded upon interest so fast, that to have said aught distinctly, was more surprising than to have omitted matters of greatest moment.

Miss Hungerford recovered from the pang of this regret, by remembering that she had implied a wish for some tidings of their fate from her unknown protector; and although other enquiries had prevented his answer, she believed it certain that he would find a way of easing her natural anxiety, should it be the will of Providence that he was to reach the land he came from. Recalling, with unutterable emotion, what this stranger had said of the youth in his company, she blessed Heaven that on this morning she had worn such valuable ornaments—worn though they were, solely from having belonged to her mother. If they restored a son to another mother, could she lament them!

Eveleen now hurried through the wood, lest encountering there, some acquaintance or loquacious peasant, she might be induced to loiter in it. Willingly would she have closed its various avenues against any

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comer, until those lurking in it, were far beyond its precincts. Her thoughts, whilst speeding on, were as rapid and disordered as her steps; so, except the fixed belief that it was Arundell Trevanion she had seen, and that he was free from the stain of treason, all there was confusion. Indistinct ideas floated through her brain, about the page of whom so much mention had been made in the early history of Mr. Trevanion, and of the stripling she had found under her preserver's protection; but the main object of her thoughts was the prospect opening for her beloved friend Aura.

Eveleen was, however, aware, even in this moment of excitement and exaltation, that by aiding in the escape of a known rebel, even a loyal subject became obnoxious to the punishment of death. Dismal proof was now giving in the seizure of the aged Lady Lisle, that neither age, sex, nor quality, were allowed to soften the ferocity of law; she owned, therefore, that she must not only observe the caution given her by the stranger for her own sake, but for his; and confide the history of their two rencontres, solely to the being most interested in it, Arundell Trevanion's sister.

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What a mixture of joy and misgiving, of hope and apprehension, of sanguine anticipation and checking remembrances, seized upon her as she contemplated the mode of getting these glad tidings to her friend!

To tell them to her she was determined; even though, to obtain the privilege of seeing that suffering friend again, she might be forced to humble herself in every way to the stern father. Would it not be worth much sacrifice to raise that dying heart from its grave of present hopelessness, by tidings which would at once restore the brother's character to its original brightness, and assure the sister that patient waiting upon Providence is rarely disappointed? Eveleen could not doubt, at least she would not, that Mr. Trevanion would quickly reappear to do himself justice. It was evident that his sole business in England at the period in which they first met, was to win back some friend's truant son from the enterprise of Monmouth. The boy's bearing and language led her to fear that he was one of those premature characters which early take upon them to act for themselves, and over which passion, imagination, and

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the ambition of manhood, have more sway than the gentler affections.

A very tender nature would have shown more sensibility at the mention of his mother, and a generous one have conquered itself, for the sake of a friend who was risking reputation and life to preserve a fatherless youth.

Eveleen might have felt distracting apprehensions, therefore, for the fugitives, whom such an ungoverned temper in one of them was so likely to place in situations of fresh peril, had not her own happy nature revived, imparting such a glow of glad and grateful feeling to her heart, that she was ready to pause, and pour it out in thanksgiving for mercies unbestowed, yet confidently looked for.

Perhaps she was not aware, that one part of her pleasure arose from a secret consciousness of being understood by the gallant unknown. He had appealed, with noble frankness, to her nature, as though assured of finding answering nobleness there: he had offered no proof of what he related of himself and his companion: he had showed no fear of being doubted. every thing he did, and said, had testified

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that true spirit of honour, which sees its own brightness reflected, where a clear brow has invited it to shine.

Having safely reached the pillared and perfumed Rohesia, it must be confessed that Miss Hungerford quickly got away from the small party there, to one of her own private haunts to continue her meditations without interruption. They were such as might blamelessly mix with higher thoughts; and the union of both, spread a sweet calm over her mind. She yielded to them unresistingly; frequently dissolving into such tears as she had not shed for many a fearful day, and which may be termed the healing dews of the heart: for their sources are youthful hope, and maturing faith.

In this mood she could bear to think of poor Damaris, whose image was recalled powerfully by its association with that of the stranger; and for whom, the most earnest enquiries were already re-commenced. She ventured to believe, that the unfortunate girl would, some day, be discovered, unhurt, except by previous alarms; and, that her grieved mistress would be enabled so to recompense her, for what

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she had suffered in the discharge of her ordinary duty.

It was not until the morrow, that Miss Hungerford's blissful fulness of reliance became troubled. Clouds and darkness will often come over the most favoured soul, whilst it lodges in mortal clay: such moments as we have just described, are glimpses of that cloudless light which surrounds the goal whereto we tend, and which we gain, by seeking it through darkness as well as light. Eveleen grew anxious to hear that no fugitives had fallen into the hands of Colonel Trevanion's men; and when she ascertained that no one had, she felt how little was gained for her tranquillity, since imagination directly stretched away to other places, where those she thought of, might be known and arrested when she knew it not.

From this hour, it was impossible for Miss Hungerford to evade, as she had before done, the idea of her uncle's preserver: by that title, insidious prepossession continually spoke of him; whilst habitual compassion dwelt upon the peril that menaced his life.

The more his peculiar countenance

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became present to her mind's eye, the more her apprehension increased, that if it belonged to Arundell Trevanion, he could not escape, unrecognised, from the neighbourhood of his own home. The dull hue of his stripling associate's skin, hinted that its brown might be the effect of artificial colouring: but there was a life under the dark transparency of the other's, which could not be mistaken.

In this second meeting, and by day too, Eveleen had discovered that, although the stranger's was one of those all-awakened aspects which a painter seizes with enthusiasm, it was not such as the sculptor selects. The charm of the face lay in its bright darkness, and in a stamp of goodness, never varying with the variations of other expressions. She compared it, as she thought this, with that of the decidedly handsome Lord Villiers, which she always admired for its beauty, and sometimes for temporary expressions. The young lord's face, indeed, was a volume of fearful interest, but one where many a foul page inclined the reader of it to break off his study. In openness and amiableness, it bore no comparison with that of the un-

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known. To be sure, Eveleen had seen the latter, only in moments of rare excitement; therefore, what it might be, when all the emotion and movement she had then seen, were over, she guessed not: at present it seemed to her, that such a countenance must be always speaking.

She wondered no longer that Aurelia Trevanion spoke of her brother's person, as well as character, with enthusiasm: and perhaps marvelled now, that she had not described the former, more in detail. All the minute traits of the latter, which this fond sister had given her in months past, were sought out from the forgotten hoards of memory; and as Eveleen unconsciously let them fasten upon her heart, she was betrayed into the unsafe practice of suffering one man's image to be continually before her; imagining that friendship, as much as gratitude, demanded such interest in his fate.

It may not be denied, that Lord Woodvill's idea became unwelcome to her: its intrusion would have caused her, perhaps, to find out that her wings were scorched; had not his silence, and prolonged absence,

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shown no disposition, on his part, to molest her peace.

Eveleen Hungerford, however, was not of a character to meet any sorrow half way; and, perhaps, she took the wiser course, in the present instance, of rather striving to quell one sudden interest, by sedulously attending to many lesser ones, than affrighting and enfeebling herself with too strict a scrutiny of feelings, which time itself might divest of power to harm.

Many indeed, were the growing matters of anxious reflection, furnished by the momentous scenes transacting in the adjacent counties. The severe arrest of Lady Lisle and Mrs. Gaunt, merely for the ordinary humanity of giving shelter to a hunted fellow-creature, asking it in God's name, opened every mouth in execration or lamentation.

Eveleen heard of her uncle Lake (whom she had last seen as a minister of peace only, bringing the spirit of a true shepherd to the duty of recalling truant sheep to their fold,) now, as one flaming and commanding. It was indeed in scenes like those he now beheld, that the Bishop of Bristol strengthened the saint's submission,

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by the soldier's courage; resisting every violence offered to others without due warrant, by the avowed purpose of abiding, in his own person, the worst consequences of such interference. Thus had he snatched already more than one brand from the fire; boldly interposing between the unjustly condemned, and the fiercest threats of Jefferies.

The intrepid prelate had actually made one journey to London to remonstrate with majesty, upon the countenance he was giving to persecution for sound religious principles, under colour of political faults; and to warn him of the flagrant insults offering to the law of the land, by an unjust judge. He was preparing to go thither again, to plead the cause of the two aged ladies, and to remind the king, that it was not for a crusade against her own beloved church which had raised England in arms for him, but the loyalty of men, resolute in maintaining his majesty's title to the throne, against that of an ambitious pretender.

Lord Carraton, in his guarded letters, expressed great fear that the worthy churchman would go too far; lamenting that he should be so transported out of himself, as

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not to see that it did not become a minister of the establishment, to interfere for a person of a different persuasion (Mrs. Gaunt was an anabaptist), much less for Lady Lisle, the widow of a Cromwellite, who, in defiance of apparent meekness and sorrow, must be a fierce republican at heart.

Eveleen was not now to learn that her favourite uncle had the good Samaritan's heart; that he would neither persecute, nor pass by, a suffering infidel. His cruse of charity was always full, and for every unfortunate.

At such details as the above, Miss Hungerford glowed with a transport of enthusiasm in the bishop's character; contrasting these, as she could not help doing, with the petty attempts of her courtier uncle; who bounded his exertions, to getting back the few personals taken upon prisoners, obtaining the reduction of fines, procuring the condemned a sight of their kindred in death, or bestowing money upon survivors by way of consolation.

Lord Carraton was in fact so cautious not to offend the court of London, either by too free an interference with its secret instructions to its creatures, or by remark

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on its proceedings, that he left his family to hear from common rumour, that the monstrous Jefferies not only executed men without trial, but allowed the more infamous Kirke to drown their dying words in the clamour of drums and trumpets; thus stifling, not their confessions, but their testimonies to the innocence of several gentlemen unjustly subjected to outlawry or fine.

False imprisonment now, seemed a trifling evil, compared with the enormous rates at which timid men bought an exemption from arrest. A whole family was often reduced to poverty, to buy off one dear member; whilst many of the poorer class were left to the agony of seeing their dearest relations actually sold for transportation to the West Indies, as slaves — hopeless slaves. Each and all of these, who suffered undeservedly, were notoriously the best men and soundest protestants in their different stations.

We, who live a century and a half later, under a protestant prince, ask ourselves, "Have such things been?" — God grant that we never may have to substitute for that phrase, "Can such things be?"

Well did Jefferies, and others like him,

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infidels in heart, though outwardly members of our Christian church, know what were the measures expected from them by a monarch, whose aim and interest it was to put down the purified religion, which rebuked their gross and devilish vices. They knew, that James alike hated that church, and the manly freedom found wherever its tenets are conscientiously professed; and that to involve as many protestants as possible in the penalties and proscriptions consequent upon Monmouth's criminal invasion, was doing the king service—a work sufficient to be its own gaurantee, against future enquiry into the venality and barbarity practised while performing it.

Christian ministers exhorted therefore—entreated—denounced;—just men remonstrated;—impetuous spirits indignantly broke from their subordination to such shameless authorities, in vain. Jefferies and Kirke went their course in the west, pouring out guiltless blood like water; whilst the master they served, as if infatuated with the desire of being driven from his throne, and so suffering, for his religion's sake, the very extreme of degradation — or willing to provoke and brave his protestant subjects—

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was going openly in pomp to mass, for thanksgiving; and preparing a splendid embassy, intended, it was said, to solicit a cardinal's hat for the Prince d'Este, from the pope at Rome, but advisedly whispered to be going on a different errand — that of concerting measures with the Vatican for the readmission of England into the bosom of their church.

Many rumours were afloat of suborned witnesses against persons whose station in life demanded the mockery of a regular trial — of deponents in their favour forcibly carried out of the country, or shut up in prison. In spite of every effort to crush the truth, it had sometimes risen above falsehood, even when too late, alas! to save the accused's life.

Whenever Eveleen Hungerford listened to rumours of this kind, she thought instantaneously of Arundell Trevanion; fervently hoping that whoever could testify to his innocence, would some day appear to substantiate it, even in the face of a prejudiced, or rather a vindictive court; and secretly pining for some token of his safe landing on a friendly shore, with his unmanageable charge.

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In this state of mind she was greeted with the intelligence of her friend's arrival at Treverderet; the bells of the village church ringing out a peal of welcome in consequence, and the Trevanion livery once more being seen upon many a servant in the avenues to the ancient mansion.

To Treverderet therefore we must now take our reader.

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CHAP. IX.

A SPARKLING sky, and a smiling earth, did not insult the woful spirit of Aura Trevanion, when she returned to her home: heavy rains deluged and darkened every thing.

Sir Fulk Trevanion came by water from the capital, because it was the easiest mode of conveying an invalid, and spared them the horrors of a journey through counties, where many a fearful sight must have broken even his proud heart. The voyage was sufficiently prosperous; so that, after some hours repose, the travellers were again on their way to Treverderet, from the port at which they landed.

Their road homeward, performed in the same carriage which had brought them from Cornwall, unavoidably conjured up many painful remembrances before the mental eye of Miss Trevanion:—that, not the least, which reminded her how often she had called herself utterly miserable, when she was far from her present depth

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of grief. Hope, then, was drowned in tears—not extinct: now, it was quenched entirely.

In a town they passed through, her brother's name, amongst others, in a proclamation posted on some building, at once sent all the remaining blood from her nearly bloodless face. She closed her eyes with a low shudder, and let her head drop upon the shoulder of her maid. Sir Fulk gave no other sign of feeling the same heart-grasp, except by a sterner composure of look, and the instant request that Mr. Becket would read aloud to them.

Scarcely awakened from the stupor of sorrow, in which she lay for the rest of their slow journey, Miss Trevanion reached her home: she entered it, as she would have done the vault where her ancestors were sleeping, had she been sentenced to wear out life there. Her father presented a different aspect.

Sir Fulk appeared amongst the domestics assembled to wait upon and welcome their master, with the manner of a man who chose not to be considered as a sufferer; whilst his hollow cheek, and bloodshot eye, in spite of the more determined

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erection of his body, gave proof that vultures were within.

Many preying thoughts were, indeed, there: a father's grief, and a father's resentment, called into keen action; a consciousness of having lost something of his own integrity and self-respect, since he last crossed that threshold; and determined pride to conceal what he felt, coupled with the suspicion of failing in his attempt.

Aura Trevanion came simply with a broken heart. Selfish thoughts were extinguished in her: not even wishes survived. Wrapt in its shroud of sorrow, her soul could not take note of any one, even whilst her extended hand, and withered smile, mechanically replied to the respectful greetings of the servants.

The poor young lady's spirit was so enfeebled, with her frame, that previously exhausted by bodily fatigue, and now overpowered by a tide of sad memories, she cared not what became of her at the instant; and gladly yielding to the recommendation of Mrs. Pendarves, and the impulse of Susannah Hollis's arm, was led away to the rest of a quiet chamber. Sir Fulk looked after his drooping daughter,

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as she was helped across the hall by her two respectful assistants. He knew what was passing in her bosom, by what was writhing in his own: the honour of their ancient house blotted with treason—the name of Trevanion branded by proclamation of outlawry—the dreaded disgrace, hitherto only dreaded, actually incurred!

Such thoughts were calculated to deepen Sir Fulk's commiseration for his unoffending daughter, who had, hitherto, grounded her affectionate pleadings for her brother, upon a false trust in his loyalty, but they were exactly such as must exasperate him against the offender himself. He was not yet sensible of his own faults, therefore saw no palliating circumstances in the case of a son, whom his unreasonable severity might be supposed to have driven to desperation.

As his red eye glanced down the line of his mailed ancestors, and the wind, entering from opened doors, shook the dusky banners waving above their heads, the knight thought he heard voices repeating, that the glory of Treverderet had passed away: that he might, indeed, regain the ravished barony—but for what?—for its coronet to

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press the brows of a wretched man, and, afterwards, to decorate his coffin. A slight convulsion appeared on his features, as he hastily left the hall, bidding Mr. Becket follow.

Refreshments were brought, without orders, into the ordinary sitting room: the knight partook largely of them, because unconsciously; after which he went, with feverish activity, into his demesne, to see what trees had been felled in the wood nearest the house.

Oaks of centuries' growth were barely missed there, by the eye that had counted them from infancy: the change of the parks, however, was more evident. The very presence of the sheep and cattle, made the absence of the deer be felt. Sir Fulk's irritation of mind returned. Cover it as he would, the true motive of his late sacrifices pressed on his own conviction.

It was not because those beautiful herds had endangered a valuable life, — not because he believed the king he served, worthy of abundant gifts, — that both his park and his woods had been made to furnish their quota of pecuniary aid; the pernicious barony lay at the bottom of each

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sacrifice: and to this conviction, was added, the uneasy belief of having fettered his future independence of conduct, by accepting a high post from the sovereign.

He could not conceal from himself, that he had taken this post, rather for the emolument than the distinction: since he required larger means for the probable expenses of his renewed claim; and for recommencing those expensive works in the country, which, by restoring his power there, would more surely incline the court on his side.

Had Sir Fulk Trevanion prosecuted these reflections a little further, he must have discovered that his very object had changed; or rather, had lost its peculiar nobleness, by a transformation of the reason why it was sought.

He had entered into the contested suit with Lord Carraton, solely for the support of family honour. The title itself, was no more in his eyes than an appendage to the solid proof of legitimacy—an acknowledged sign of the real honour: and had the title been ceded to him, without due proof, he would have spurned the offer. Now, however, he was successively surrendering

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many lofty feelings (honour's essence) to secure the award of this title: he no longer felt averse to owe something to royal favour, where evidence might halt; nor could disguise from himself, that to humble his successful rival, he would rather see him overborne by authority, than not beat down at last.

No one held commune with his secret thoughts, to whisper, that whilst Arundell companioned with his father, the latter preserved his own respect. Arundell counselled no sacrifices, except noble ones: and would have scorned any by-path to what he believed his father's right. The insidious relation, who was supplanting him, found it, on the contrary, his best policy to widen the separation of the parent and son, by drawing their characters further apart; and thus, he gradually succeeded in bringing his uncle under the bondage of a debasing passion for triumph.

If ever Sir Fulk darkly intimated the disturbance with which he contemplated his own unperceived approach to court influence, and willingness to owe *the great* obligation, to some exertion of arbitrary power, Dunbar insinuated apologies for the

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latter feeling, by maintaining, that being convinced of their own right to the barony, the Trevanions were authorized in receiving it, even upon imperfect proof.

Dunbar alone was permitted to remark those expressive changes of Sir Fulk's countenance, which the secretary, writing by his side, never presumed to question; Dunbar alone penetrated the secrets of his proud yet weak nature, even whilst adroitly affecting not to see deeper than the knight himself chose.

By art like this he had led him into the toils he wished, making him a debtor to the sovereign for public benefits; drawing him imperceptibly towards persons of principles directly opposed to those of his son; and so pledging him, both by gratitude for existing favours and expectation of new ones, to conform to the wishes of the king.

Dunbar well knew that it was the interest of James II. to have the nephew substituted for the son in the heirship of Treverderet; he knew, that not only Lady Dorchester but Father Peters pressed the subject effectually upon their weak patron; and he was aware that whenever the king should condescend to name such a change as the condition

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upon which its original heir might be saved from a disgraceful death, such interference must be accepted as an additional grace.

This condition was proposed during an early stage of Monmouth's rebellion :—the very agony of being driven into such a strait, by the son he yearned upon, was enough to quench that tender feeling ; the father paused but a moment, then accepted the offered terms.

The royal promise was then given, that, happen what might, Arundell Trevanion should neither be sentenced to, nor die the death of a traitor ; and if he were taken in arms against his sovereign on the present occasion, he should have the means of escape given him. With this secret comfort Sir Fulk Trevanion felt all was ended between him and his son ; and sternly repeating the order he had so often given before, upon slighter grounds, that of never more being talked to of the out-law, he cut himself off, as Dunbar joyed to note, from every chance of hearing aught to waken better thoughts.

One unpleasant difficulty however crossed the schemes of that base kinsman, the difficulty of avoiding the very thing in which

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his uncle's uneasy thoughts took refuge,—a marriage with his cousin. Sir Fulk, indeed, could ill brook the necessity of proclaiming his new heir, since such a step would publicly stigmatize his son. The knight had no appetite for gratuitous mortifications; and to escape these there was no way except that of completing the projected union, which would naturally give Dunbar the place Arundell had occupied in the dutchy, whilst due settlements would ensure it to his offspring.

In consequence of what had passed between Aurelia and her father on their return from court, some weeks before, Sir Fulk was bound to trust to her sincere endeavours at liking her cousin; and so leave her unquestioned during a given period. This promise did not fetter him with regard to his nephew; who, in return for a hint to resume his suit as speedily as might be, engaged to propose himself anew to his fair cousin with all the ardour of faithful attachment, and the most passionate wish of being more nearly allied to his honoured uncle.

Dunbar believed himself in little danger of being accepted by his cousin; but he

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was troubled how to obtain, or even seek his uncle's consent to a very different alliance. Peters, the Jesuit, who cared not what bold or by-way he must try to attain the objects of his ambition, vehemently urged him to woo a lady of the Howard family, whose religious opinions would at least preserve her husband in the interest of the king, and whose high connections might well be accepted by Sir Fulk Trevanion for fortune and protestantism.

Without caring a single iota for the young man, whose fortunes he professed to feel a father's interest in, Peters was only pressing on to his own object — unlimited power over the conduct of the sovereign, and the consciences of his subjects. He was bent upon revolutionizing the English church; and recked not what tools he employed, or what ladder he might use, to scale its formidable bulwarks.

Dunbar Trevanion had no scruples either about the means or the end; he was only careful not forfeit his uncle's sure promises, by too hasty acting in the pursuit of richer hopes: in truth, he saw that if he forfeited the one, he would lose the other; since in

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that case he would cease to be either valuable or dreaded by the court party.

Dunbar had not seen his mournful kinswoman since the memorable evening upon which he betrayed her confidence to his subtle confidant. The account of Philips's escape after arrest, had reached him in the suburbs, whither he went to wear out the time supposed spent in the discharge of military duty. Having gone immediately thence to Father Peters, he had learnt from him that the man's release was partly owing to a drunken frolic of Lord Villiers; partly to his own dexterity, in ascending a chimney of peculiarly narrow dimensions when left fastened in a room pro tempore! The papers rifled from Philips, being subsequently canvassed between the king and his confessor, and furnishing no specific arguments against the loyalty of his master, were at first intended to have been sent to Mr. Trevanion's father; but from part of their contents, the confessor was able to bring fresh motives to bear upon James, for the extinction by any means of that young man's rights in England.

They could not doubt, he said, that Mr. Arundell Trevanion was a most pernicious

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and obstinate heretic; he could not fail then to prove a dangerous agitator—most likely a foul traitor, if suffered to return and repossess himself of his weak father's home and affection. What then was the duty of a devout son of the Romish church? —to exclude him from his country by lawful concealments; and so keep one spotted sheep, at least, out of the true flock.

Dunbar Trevanion, to whom much of this discourse was repeated by Father Peters, that he might know how to steer his course, affected to view the matter only as it linked itself with the peace of the realm and the authority of the king. He acknowledged his unfortunate cousin to be infected with the pestilent principles of Sidney and Russel; and seeing whither those carried their professors, owned that it was his duty to sacrifice a kinsman's prepossessions, to a subject's fidelity; therefore to lend his hand to the work of barring Arundell from regaining his lawful inheritance.

Directly after agreeing thus to watch that no relenting feeling was excited in Sir Fulk Trevanion, Dunbar had gone, as it is known, to join the royal forces, without visiting his cousin Aura.

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What might have happened to affright as well as afflict her, on the eventful evening which took her into the park, he felt some repugnance to enquire. He believed it impossible for her to suspect the artifices he had employed for securing the letter from Philips; but it was probable that her anger might be roused, by the recollection of his strenuous arguments for her entering a place which experience proved to be the resort of wantons and revellers; and that, in consequence, some vague suspicions might involve him in embarrassing inventions. Perhaps, too, Philips might have had time to tell her exactly that secret about his master, which the king had learned from the taken papers, and which might, by an unexpected stroke, soften Sir Fulk Trevanion's wrath against his son, should the fearful Aura have courage enough to reveal it.

The apprehension harassed this perfidious kinsman, and would have amounted to torture, had not his arrival in the camp of Lord Feversham been hailed by the welcome rumour of his cousin's presence in the hostile army. At first it was, indeed, but a rumour; a thing conjectured rather than

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countenanced; yet it soon took the shape of a fact, when Mr. Trevanion's trusty servant, Philips, was known to be there, and every hour fresh confirmations appeared in the seduction of recruits by this able agent.

The game was now in Dunbar's hand: it was scarcely needful for him to go on playing it cautiously. Yet something of reputation was worth a care; and to obtain a little credit for ordinary feeling, he was late of striking this last blow at a father's and sister's heart.

He previously took care to transmit highly-coloured statements of the desertions from the Treverderet troops to his inflammable uncle, who was glad to believe, as he suggested, that such mortification was inflicted on him by some machinations at Rohesia; and who, when led to fix it upon the disloyal practices of his son, by Dunbar's latest and feigned sorrowful despatch, was sure to consider them with greater indignation.

Never was joy more extravagant than that of this cold-blooded egotist, when he believed it certain that the sentence of the law would either condemn his cousin

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Arundell to perpetual exile, or the consequences of his rebellion end the contest with his life! Never, therefore, was disappointment greater, than when after circumstances (to be detailed in another place) convinced him that he must yet steep himself in deeper falsehood, if he would secure the heirship of Treverderet, and the prospects opened to him by royal favour. To do this, however, he was once more wound up; waiting only a summons from his uncle to repair for a few days to Treverderet, and sound there the mind of his cousin Aura.

Dunbar might have dismissed his principal fear; Miss Trevanion dreamt not of what he suspected she might have gained from Philips.

During the first weeks of her melancholy illness, she had remained apart from every source of intelligence, attended only by Susannah Hollis, who knew better how to minister to a mind diseased, than by agitating it with subjects linked to its prime sorrow.

Susannah's acquaintance with the heart's sickness, began with her childhood, when her mother was left a widow with five

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infant children to struggle for, amongst kindred nearly as poor as herself. She well remembered that it was by a fortunate removal to the Treverderet land, and by Sir Fulk Trevanion's employment of her brother and herself, when they were almost children, that her sickly mother's penury and afflictions had ceased. Gratitude, therefore, stimulated respectful sympathy, and changed Susannah Hollis from a dutiful servant, into a humble but devoted friend. As her young mistress recovered sufficient energy to wish and ask for some information concerning public concerns, Susannah gradually acquainted her with such events as, being general topics, might shock her by sudden reference to them when she reappeared in society. In this way Miss Trevanion heard of the great defeat of the rebels, the capture and execution of Monmouth, and the prospect of speedy tranquillity.

Susannah did not leave her poor lady time to think herself into agony over such severity exercised by James upon his own brother's son, but hastened to present happier images. She was the first to repeat the whispered belief that Mr. Trevanion

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had surely got out of the kingdom ; and then to broach the more awakening idea, of his having early separated himself from Monmouth's enterprise. If so, there might yet be a chance for his restoration to reputation amongst just men.

Susannah's brother could not write, but a neighbour's son from the army had been in London, and had assured her, that although Philips was certainly seen in the battle of Sedgemoor, no one was able to say they had seen his master there ; it was, therefore, earnestly believed that Mr. Trevanion had followed the example, or set the example, to Fletcher of Saltoun, who, it was notorious, had quitted Monmouth's standard in disgust and displeasure. It was, besides, whispered amongst great men's servants, that after a show of extreme rigour, the court meant to outlaw only those persons known to be in the last determined engagement.

Statements like these, given with all the warmth of honest feeling, sometimes called back the fleeting powers along with the hopes of the perishing sister. Faint, indeed, were those hopes ; and as day followed day without substantiating them,

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their feeble fire went out; after lasting just long enough to supply a little warmth to a heart wellnigh frozen quite, and to give something of efficacy to the medicines administered for the body.

In this state Miss Trevanion was come to Treverderet, where, as if her hunted spirit might not "lie down to die" unmolested, it was soon to be roused up for meeting the kinsman whom she now considered with horror. When she was told he was expected, active misery was renewed in her. The deep melancholy with which she had been thinking of Eveleen Hungerford — for, alas! even that true friend's image was scarcely welcomed by the bankrupt heart — changed at once into feverish impatience. Dunbar coming! and she must see him! — Dunbar, from whom her whole being recoiled! She had proof of his perfidy in the betrayal of Philips and herself; she had proof of his mastership in the art of deceiving, by his ready feint to get the important letter into his power. That he had neither contrived Monmouth's invasion, nor her brother's share in it, was of no moment to the great question of — true, or not true? his other perfidies settled that.

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Even had she not known his falsehood before, she fancied his conduct after the last blow to their family, would have opened her eyes. At the best he had acted poorly; he had made a show of extraordinary concern on the occasion, by commissioning Mr. Becket with the confession of his cousin's disloyalty; and had paraded his zealous sympathy, by asserting that he had vainly endeavoured to get speech at his cousin.

But had Dunbar, the sister asked herself, been thus sincere, would he not have obtained this interview at all hazards? She, a feeble woman, felt, that for such an object, she could have broken down stone walls, much more risked detention by the courteous Duke of Monmouth. But if Dunbar had shrunk from that, why did he not write to his cousin, and bring from him some message, at least, for his pining sister?

It was scarcely necessary to pursue this matter further: the key once in a deceived person's hand, opens many forgotten locks; memory has numberless hoards, which, when we find, we wonder how she amassed them. Miss Trevanion's brain was soon busied with secret recollections, which however mi-

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nute in themselves, and not likely to strike a third person forcibly, yet amount to reasonable evidence when added to graver ones: many of these, proved her cousin's systematic efforts to keep her brother and father estranged.

What, however, would this avail! since, unless she might reveal the secret of Dunbar's treachery to herself, how could she expect her father to withdraw his confidence from his nephew! and how was it to be told without exposing her defenceless head to the sharpest bolt of parental wrath?

The mere rencontre with Lord Villiers would be enough to make a man like Sir Fulk Trevanion, so jealous of reputation, phrensied with passion; what was to assure her that he would not believe it his duty to confess the whole transaction to the king, and so ruin the thoughtless young nobleman and his poorer coadjutor? and, after all, what end would be obtained? — Proving their cousin false, would not disprove the fatal fact of her brother's disloyalty; and unless Arundell were to be restored to it, she cared not who succeeded her father in Treverderet.

The sum of every dismal musing, was

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however, the resolution to die rather than become the wife of her cousin. Formerly, her timid heart misgave her when thinking upon this subject; now, she was tranquil about it, because she was resolved.

Being still in a state of extreme debility, Miss Trevanion was not able to walk out, or even to get into one of the arbours in her mother's garden without being lifted or led there, by a stronger arm than that of Susannah. Her father was always her support, although he never remained with her; conscious that his own heart's-wound yet bled too visibly for his presence to be any consolation. Sir Fulk mistook the nature of such sorrow as his poor daughter felt—it would have been soothed by the belief of its being shared; whereas his stern, fixed look of resolved sacrifice, seemed to reprove her grief.

In the evergreen garden Miss Trevanion was shut out from every view of Rohesia, where she felt assured her friend was, perhaps, murmuring at her silence; she could not reach the place were they used formerly to exchange billets, or meet; and she would not violate both her father's and Miss Hungerford's known wishes, by taking Susannah

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Hollis into her confidence. There was no remedy but patient waiting till she herself were strong enough to reach the terrace, and firm trust in her friend's steady affection.

Yet why, she asked herself, should she selfishly seek to blight Eveleen's happier lot, by drawing upon her sympathy? — Counsel could no longer serve her—friendship could not offer a single consolation: — she was willing to let all the few remaining days or months of her life, run away in utter darkness. Thus spoke the unsubmitted soul in its early bitterness; better thoughts, came with the grace of resignation.

Only three days after their arrival at Treverderet, Miss Trevanion was seated under the shade of a cedar in the evergreen garden, against which she leant her languid head, whilst Susannah Hollis read aloud to her passages from a book of devotion, when the appearance of Sir Fulk obliged the modest girl to break off and retire to a distance.

The knight came so seldom into this quarter of his domain, and it was associated with so many memories, having been his

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lady's favourite haunt, that his manner was softened by it. He looked round upon the artificial wildernesses of laurel and cypress, the still ponds, shrouded in myrtles and tamarisk and shading trees, and he thought, perhaps, how often he had walked by these places with her he lamented, talking, as parents talk, of their children's future destinies. The destiny of theirs, appeared now to be accomplished, at least that of his eldest born was stamped with reproach and calamity; and it might not be in the father's power to brighten that of the younger.

Sir Fulk, however, endeavoured to cheer his daughter, by expressions of solicitude for her health.

"There is a sweet air abroad to-day, Aura," he said, taking her hand; "I sorrow to see you so languid in it: I had hoped, that the sight of your home, and the wish to cheer those you live with, would have produced a happy change. You should not frequent this melancholy garden; its dark trees foster sad thoughts."

Miss Trevanion's white lips moved without articulating, and tears began to trickle from under her half-closed eyelashes; they were partly the effect of extreme weakness,

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partly caused by her father's tone, and she made a faint effort to repress them.

"When you get a little stronger," he resumed, gravely, "you will resist this tendency to sadness. We must not be seen, only to be compassionated. I owe a duty to myself; you, Aura, owe a duty to your father. Let us both try to do what our stations require of us; cheer up, my child! a kind kinsman is waiting impatiently to see you this morning, and I come—"

Miss Trevanion's hasty action interrupted her father. She started up with sudden strength, intimating, by her looks, a wish to fly; but power failed with the effort, and she sank down again with a face of deathly paleness.

"What meaneth this, Aura?" questioned her father, in some surprise; "who think you I announce, except your kindest kinsman, Dunbar?" He paused;—then receiving no other reply than what the universal trembling of her body gave, added, "I would deny him sight of you to-day, since, instead of pleasing you, as I had fancied, his visit seems to alarm you.—Foolish child! he is not coming to make suit to you at such a time as this; but he

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will be afflicted if you greet him unkindly. This deplorable feebleness of mind must be wrestled with. Struggle — struggle, Aura, as a Trevanion ought; — forget, as I do."

Sir Fulk's tone belied his words; yet he turned, with stately composure, towards his nephew, who now approached through the garden porch, and advanced hesitatingly towards his cousin.

Miss Trevanion averted her face, and concealed so its convulsed state from her father's observation. She took no other notice of her kinsman's address, than by the piteous exclamation of "I would fain be left to my sorrow!" which, perhaps, she meant for her father's ear; as she added directly afterwards, "I am not in a condition to bear any new agitation."

"Your kindred would love you little, were they to comply with so sad a wish, my fair cousin!" observed the colonel, in his best affected tone of mingled cheering and concern. "I would fain put better heart into you; and my kind uncle honoreth my poor ability, by thinking, that at least, it will furnish folly for you to smile at. — I must crave the grace at your hands of abiding my intrusion."

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Miss Trevanion, still looking away from him, was beckoning Susannah to return; when Dunbar, bending to her ear, whispered, "Nay, my cousin, I must crave private audience; — after so many weeks anxious waiting to know what befell, — and I have that to say which brooks not other hearers than yourself — "

"I pray you, dearest sir!" Miss Trevanion began, still evading speech with her cousin, and thinking she addressed her father.

Dunbar warned her that Sir Fulk was gone. "We are alone, now, Aura," was his deceptive conclusion: "and you must have much to tell me."

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CHAP. X.

At the stealing sound of a voice, purposely tuned to imitate tender sympathy, the slumbering lion in Miss Trevanion's heart, was roused. By one of those transitions, not uncommon with persons under her circumstances, she passed at once from mortal languor, to keenest agony. An instant transformed her. Indignation sparkled in her eyes; and fire was on her cheek.

"How dare you this intrusion, Dunbar?" she asked, repulsing the hand that would have lifted hers to his lip. "What bringeth you here?—to see if aught more of your murderous purpose, be yet to do?"

Dunbar was thunderstruck: he had come prepared for bitter reproach of his unwise counsel (as it might seem), that she should give Philips the meeting in a place which turned out very different from his representations of it; but he never dreamt of abiding anger, or suspicion of his motives. His astonishment, therefore, was un-

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feigned, when he questioned, what she could mean; and exclaiming, with an air of most affectionate soothing, "Sweet soul! this is desperation indeed!"

"You know I speak not from distemperature," she resumed, more indignantly: "God knoweth, I have only too sharp a sense of my many miseries, and Arundell's wrongs!

"Who counselled me to go into that park, next to alone—having but yonder faithful girl with me?—Who assured me that it was the current custom of decent gentlewomen so to do, when he pleaded instant military duty, for denying my suit for his protection thither?—Who went, in despite of that, for two hours, to the jesuit Peters, that very day?—Who read the letter poor Philips had writ me?—Who got it back from me, after once reading, and, afterwards, made as if he tore it, before my eyes?—Who took that letter to this same Father Peters, and caused Philips to be arrested in my very sight?—Who ——" But here the feeble lady sunk under the violence of her agitated spirit, and Miss Trevanion sunk, speechless, against the stem of the tree under which she sat.

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Her astounded and confounded kinsman blessed this fortunate indisposition, as it would afford him time for rallying his scattered powers, and considering his defence. He beckoned to Susannah Hollis, who, though out of hearing, had never gone out of sight, and charged her to look to her mistress.

"You will find me by the larch-pond," he said; "and, I pray you, tell my cousin, that I came to be heard on other matters than what we have just been discoursing of."

He withdrew as he spoke; leaving Susannah to raise the drooping head, and gently chafe the cold hands, both of which looked more like those of one about to be coffined, than of a creature, who, not an instant before, was over-informed with life.

Miss Trevanion, however, had not lost either her consciousness, or the sharp feeling which brought her into this state. She wanted but strength to pursue the subject that had been forced upon her; so that no sooner was she restored to the power of speech, than she commanded Susannah to recall Colonel Trevanion, and leave them once more together.

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Dunbar's mien whilst approaching up a quaint walk of clipped yew, was as gallant, if not as gay as usual; the disturbance of his mind was not to be detected on his brow; although he was, in fact, assured that he was coming to play a great game in the dark; since he guessed not how much of his perfidies were known to his cousin, nor by whom they had been revealed.

"You are brave in your villainy, sir!" was Miss Trevanion's bitter greeting to him. "I marvel at your bearing!—I thought the guilty wretch, always quailed in the presence of the person he had wronged!"

"I hold it so!" returned Dunbar, dryly.

Miss Trevanion's disdainful and wrathful eyes scanned him from head to foot.

"You can never deceive me again, Dunbar!" she said determinately. "Yet I pretend not to fathom you. You are false:—that is all that imports me to know for a certainty. For what purpose you had poor Philips seized, and so kept from delivering that packet into my hands, you know best: if it were to drive his persecuted master into the snare of rebellion, by leaving him to think we had all cast him off, you

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did your work, — and his blood may ere long be on your head!"

Even the dreadful image her own impetuous reproaches had conjured up, did not stop the torrent of the sister's feelings; she went on, repeating her charges against her insidious kinsman, until she had breath for no more.

"I will abide your pleasure, Aura!" said her cousin, in his most hurried tone; "and when you are weary of railing at me for a fault I never committed, will expect a graver hearing."

Without heeding his address, Miss Trevanion passionately resumed: — "Had I but exchanged half-a-dozen words with Philips! — got possession but of a single letter! — perhaps — O, thought of agony — my unhappy brother had been saved from that fatal step! — Despair! nothing but despair, could have driven him into it.

These wild exclamations encouraged Dunbar to hope that nothing important had been communicated by Philips: he knew well enough that not one of the letters had reached her. Reassured on this point, he prepared to sift her as to the circumstances of that momentous evening, that he

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might discover, if possible, who had suggested the idea; nay, told the fact, of his betraying Philips's billet to Father Peters. He stood, therefore, as if indulgent to her second paroxysm; and when it subsided said, soothingly,—

"I am schooled by too many foregone unkindnesses, my cousin, not to bear that which it pleaseth you now to try me with. Surely it is but some mood of illness; some caprice of humour; and you look not for a serious answer to it!—Your own quick wit may ask, if you think that Philips trusted only his master's sister with the secret of his being in London?—he must have harboured somewhere: if he came to town on the errand that took him into the west counties afterwards, he must have revealed himself to every knave whose loyalty he tempted? What was to hinder such men from dogging him to his hiding place—or dogging him into the place you met him in? We know not, too, what habits he may be fallen into, that betray a man when he least expects it. Boon companions over the wine—loose women—There was a report, I think——"

Miss Trevanion's whole body, even to

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her finger ends, glowed with the fiery rush of her blood.

"And who, think you, were those so foully named!" she burst forth, "and whose artful persuasions sent them there? Dunbar, if I had no other evidence of your false pretences, that would have satisfied me of your falseness. You would pretend to wed me, yet you expose me, not only to the encounter with such loathed creatures, but to insult from such men as bear them company."

Dunbar had now hurried her very near the point he wished: he was utterly bewildered who to pitch upon, as the secret unmasker of him to his cousin, and it behoved him to know, that he might be on the watch against such an enemy. A fancy glanced through his mind, of a rescue from personal affront by some new acquaintance: yet even so, who but Father Peters knew of his agency!

"Insult!" he repeated, with well dissembled warmth, "tell me but the name of him that offered it; and — did the abandoned Villiers?"

Miss Trevanion's discretion was recalled by the mention of a person to whom she owed so much, yet would have feared to

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avow as a protector through such a scene; she curbed her impetuosity while replying —"We did meet the Lord Villiers, senseless from wine; that he let us 'scape, we owed to his belief of our being what I may not name: however, that mattereth not now; nothing matters, since you, or some you are leagued with, have hunted Arundell into treason at last. — He is outlawed — and you may turn papist, or heir Treverderet, at will. But if my father knew for what, a daughter of his had been taken!"

Here Miss Trevanion's eyes struck fire.

"I know not which, in sooth, he would be most wroth with," exclaimed the artful Dunbar; "yet am I willing to commit judgment to him. I was much to blame for trusting too entirely to the gravity of your deportment in the mall: perchance some levity or giddiness in your waiting woman——"

Miss Trevanion interrupted him. — "Slander her not: you know that two young maidens could not pass unmolested after dark, through the resort, as I now know it is, of disorderly persons. Think you, I ask again, my father would brook such family contempt, from a kinsman that pretends to glory in his ancient race?"

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"I fear mine uncle would be rather given to question the bold servitor that presumed to invite his master's sister to such a strange meeting," replied Dunbar, composedly. "I tell you, fair cousin, I am ready to submit to my most honoured kinsman's judgment."

"O, thou well-skilled enemy!" Miss Trevanion resumed. "You know that I have not the courage to tell of my own disobedience; therefore you brave me to seek my father's judgment: you know that one word of my father's, charging me with a failure in maidenly modesty, would rid me of my senses. How, then, am I likely to bring this matter before him? Not in my present mind, indeed, have I such courage;" Miss Trevanion paused, then added desperately, "but a moment might come, when despair would give me strength for any thing."

Dunbar saw his insinuation had taken effect; his cousin's bosom was labouring with the abhorrent thought of having indeed sunk herself, however unwittingly, by complying with the hasty proposition of a servant; and, perhaps, she was imagining the fatal turn such a suggestion would give to

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the whole affair if related to Sir Fulk: she was, in truth, meditating upon the certain evils of her father's roused anger.

Colonel Trevanion's temper, though tried to its utmost by her gusty emotions, was yet wholly under his own command, and he said calmly, "Whenever it pleaseth you to impeach me of this fault to my honoured uncle, I may but plead the excuse that will serve yourself, to wit — an over desire to learn how one might honestly try to bring about amity between two valued kinsmen."

Miss Trevanion was some time silent ere she said, "If telling all to my father, though sure of being outcast for it, could undo what is done, by getting Arundell's dear name from the list of Monmouth's followers, I would make the confession this hour — this moment — though I died in telling it: but what heed I now who gains — who loses? Your treachery has done its worst: you can do us little more harm; and if my abused father is made happy by fancying he has at least a worthy nephew, Heaven forbid I should rob him of such miserable comfort!" Here she paused an instant, then resumed in a stronger tone,

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"But one part of your scheme (if part it really be, for you are all lies,) shall never take effect. I will be torn in pieces rather than become your wife. Beware how you urge it then!" she added precipitately, seeing by his gesture that he meant to express extreme disappointment. "That, is the horror which will give me strength to confess every thing!"

Dunbar was now appalled indeed. He stood amazed at her boldness; not doubting her carrying through what she threatened, because he saw her ever regardless of consequences, when under the seizure of strong passion. Yet was he hopeful of his ability to keep her in the mood of secrecy, by concessions on his part. "Aura," he said, in something of a caressing tone, "you know that I love you with a rebuked love, therefore you are sure that I will rather put mine own sincerity in question, than expose you to my uncle's displeasure! What but preferring your ease to mine own, can induce me to refrain from using such lawful advantages, as your father's gracious favour, and his majesty's intimation, before the whole court, of what the world expects? Would not wedlock

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with you, dear cousin, put me at once in the place which you accuse me of getting to by a crooked path? And can I give a greater proof of my good faith, than keeping my former promise to you of not pressing our marriage, even though I shall most likely lose my uncle's favour in consequence?"

"Peace! peace!" interrupted Miss Trevanion, with more than her father's proud disdain bending her brow; "you may henceforth spare all varnishing with me. One base act proved, and I can believe the actor of it capable of millions. A truce, then, with these latter professions. Keep but good faith, however, in the matter of seeking a wife elsewhere, and I am content to leave you to God's dealing. The worst I will do you, when Heaven giveth me grace enough for the hard duty, will be to pray for your repentance."

There was something so affecting in the last appeal of Miss Trevanion, and in the expression of her countenance, that for an instant even the unprincipled Dunbar was awed. Yet he saw he must renew the attack upon her easily-roused sensibility, or depart without discovering what it imported him most to learn.

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In pursuance of this purpose, he once more subdued his manner, whilst saying, "Besides charging me with that whereof I plead not guilty, you are, methinks, unusually severe upon me, fair cousin. In former days, you would at the worst have accused me of untoward blundering, and so unwittingly injured poor Philips. Now, you set me down at once as a regular informer. This is not your wont, sweet coz; I see I have my enemies as well as better men. If they mean honestly, they will come forward boldly. Were I speaking now to one of mine own sex, I should demand to know their names: but as we are, I crave the boon of you, with all due humbleness; promising to carry myself as discreetly as may be, that no taint of evil tongues may fall upon a daughter of Sir Fulk Trevanion's, from being coupled with a drunken lord or a lawless groom."

Miss Trevanion's passions were inflamed to their highest pitch by this daring allusion to so gross a scandal; she waved Dunbar aside, whilst she endeavoured to restrain the indignation that would else have broken down all the barriers of prudence. The coward-traitor had well calculated upon a

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virtuous maiden's horror at the possibility of being made obnoxious to the suspicion of having gone from light motives into the park, where she certainly encountered Lord Villiers. The abominable license then taken by persons of both sexes in the higher ranks, justly exposed all their doubtful actions to the danger of evil construction; consequently made chaste wives and daughters doubly jealous of reputation. Dunbar, therefore, saw with exultation that he had now added another, to the motives which already bound Miss Trevanion to silence concerning this past adventure.

Miss Trevanion was long before she could command her convulsed voice, into something like moderation: when she was less transported by passion, she said, "To proclaim your treachery against me, would not be a husk's gain: so my poor father shall sleep on, and dream he has a trust-worthy kinsman. I am fast going to a different sleep: from which when I awake, it will be in that house, whither my beloved brother will come, in spite of you all, and abide for ever with me!"

The sad sister's eyes softened into moisture whilst the last soothing image presented

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itself to her thoughts; and as they fixed upon heaven, their momentary expression seemed the reflection of its holy peace.

Colonel Trevanion had the grace to pause a moment or two ere he resumed. "So you will not confront me with my accusers, nor yet tell me their names! Truly, my gentle cousin, you must not quarrel with our judge at Dorchester, who hangeth all men without a hearing: nor must you be wroth, if left to guess at the real perpetrator of the evil you charge me with, I suspect those, you choose to believe incorruptible. Do you forget that Philips spoke of having twice encountered Becket?"

"No more slandering! — no more betraying, even of your own yoke-fellows. If Becket and you be in truth accomplices in the scheme of separating father and son —" She paused, then added with quickness, "On my life I begin to think you had a scheme of your own, in teaching me to suspect poor Becket! If you were the first who sowed that deadly seed in Arundell's heart — for you knew it was his first quarrel with my father — if it were! — Dunbar — the hottest fires below, would be too cold for you!"

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Miss Trevanion had relapsed into frenzy again; — her flushed complexion, and throbbing temples, proved that it was not a faint paroxysm. Dunbar hastened to moderate it. "Since you are resolved not to hear aught that may manifest my loyalty to you, from my own lips, I will pray you to enquire of old Walter, if I dealt not kindly by him, when I was sent here last week to seek out lurkers and suspected persons. I got rebuked from Dorchester for taking back his assertions in place of his person; and though I pledged myself then, for his entire ignorance of my cousin or his man, I will not swear to you that he is not meddled with, after all, upon that ground. If I were not an officer in his majesty's guard now, I should say as much to the poor old man myself — it would be a godly work to get him secreted."

Miss Trevanion's flushed cheeks were white on the instant: the expression of her eyes changed from wildness to earnest scrutiny. "Is he indeed in danger! or, is this another snare? God help me! God help me! — who shall guide me through all this?"

Dunbar saw that his last stroke of art

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had troubled her thoughts of him; and he exclaimed with much pathos — "Will no proof convince you that I grieve for my cousin Arundell, love yourself, and would fain be helpful to those you care for? — judge from this."

"There is *one* that judgeth, Dunbar!" his cousin sadly interrupted, "and mayhap you mean not so wickedly as you do. It may be that you are no longer of our church, and hold it pious to break faith with a heretic. Some subtle priest may have you in bondage; and force you to do God service after his own fashion. Kinsmen have brought kinsmen to the scaffold and the stake, before this, in pure love to their souls. Belike it is in this spirit you have hunted my noble brother, into the only toil he never can escape from now. If it be for this, you do these things, then Becket may be in league with you. But beware how either of you, practise upon my father! I shall have good eye to you; and for his precious soul's sake will cross that scheme, though in doing it, your devilish arts might have power to strike me dead!"

"It is well you credit me, sweet coz, with the grace of any religion," returned the

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dissembling soldier, in his frankest tone of good nature. "When you find me eating miraculous wafers with mine uncle, or murmuring to a vile-headed image, then denounce me to the mad rabble, who are ever ready to play the parts of Acteon's hounds with their master, for game — look not thus darkly still! when this gust is over, you will repent you, Aura, and I will forget that you dealt so hardly with me."

"No more! no more!" his cousin abruptly said, putting one hand to her throbbing temples, and motioning him away with the other. "We now understand each other. I know you for the betrayer of Philips: and you know me for one who will not care, if need be, to risk banishment from my home, by exposing your baseness in that matter to my father. Practise not against his religion, — and wed another than Aura Trevanion, and you may reap the harvest of your evil deed, in what peace you may! — Go — leave me to myself now; and unless you would chafe me to your own ruin, have a care how you bestow any of your private company upon me."

Colonel Trevanion, determinately preserving his air of cheerful trust in her future

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justice, bent his head down whilst pressing his hand upon his heart, ejaculating, "What a meeting after your long sickness, and my long sorrowfulness in consequence!" Then replacing his hat, walked with no bad mien into the park.

The instant he disappeared, Miss Trevanion, with feverish energy, recalled Susannah to her side; desiring her help to the alms-houses, where she meant to visit old Walter, whom she had not seen since her return home.

In spite of her own excitement and Susannah's firm support, she did not get over without difficulty the short way which led across to a side door of the garden she was in, and gave entrance upon the flowery plot attached to the aged Saulay's tenement.

They found him there, reading some pious book, with that submissive sadness which shows that the heart greatly needs the medicine it is seeking. The sight of the grey-headed old man, the memory of the days associated with his withered figure, thoughts of her outlawed brother, and the fear that they were all in some snare of Dunbar's spreading, united with the exhaustion consequent upon secret agitation

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to overcome her remaining strength; and she sunk upon the bench he had risen from, dissolved in tears.

The old man's eyes, as he stood gazing unbonnetted by her side, were deeply expressive of respect and pity.

"Alas! dear lady!" he began. Susannah, who held her young mistress on her bosom, whispered to him to be silent and let her lady weep her fill, for it would ease her burthened heart. At her voice, however, the unhappy Aura roused up, and at once told the poor pensioner what was her errand; to warn him that he was still in hazard of arrest and examination.

"I did not enquire of you, good Walter," she concluded, "if you know aught of my unfortunate brother, because I am sure that he would perish rather than tempt you to requite my father's kindness by what might offend him; so I would have no fear for your sake at Dorchester, were men lawfully dealt with there; but seeing that innocence itself ——"

Old Walter ventured to interrupt her agitated speech; and with the courage of conscious integrity, humbly proffered his resolution not to fly from a danger which

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was best avoided by remaining to meet it. If he were to attempt concealment, and be taken in the act of doing so, the circumstance itself would condemn him, he thought.

"I was advised to this, dear lady," he added, "by your good cousin, when he was sent here by the king's commissioners; he was pleased to make great show of kindness to me, and talked very sadly too, when the soldiers were not by, of my best friend on earth: but I make bold to say I could not brook kindness to such as me, and so little heed of what my absconding, might have done to injure that honoured friend. If those that know and love Mr. Arundell best, were all to fly, would it not show that they were sharers in some bad secret? at least, one old man will stay; and with his dying breath protest, he never knew aught that was not honourable and noble in that most worthy gentleman!"

"I believe it! I believe it!" exclaimed the fond sister, the old man's manner acting like a charm upon all her previous convictions — but the joy sunk with the illusion, and her features were again overspread with sadness.

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The garrulous old man went on : —

" O, madam ! what a pity it is that good folk think not alike upon all matters !— Such noble persons as Sir Fulk and Master Arundell to be divided ! and such a fair name as my dear friend's to be defamed with the charge of treason !"

" Alas, Walter," returned Miss Trevanion, " we must not say he is defamed. Treason it is, to take up arms against your king ! — had it not come to this ! — I could have borne up under any blow, except this of my brother's falling from himself."

" Ah, dear lady !" exclaimed Saulay, " God judgeth not as man judgeth : he seeth the heart. If Master Arundell's, were not right, even in this woful rising, no man's should be trusted — no Christian man's."

" Have you any other warrant for this than your own fond fancy ?" Miss Trevanion eagerly enquired : — " Know you aught, in fact, of my brother's motives ?"

" I know but this," returned the firm old man, " that our houses of parliament, long ago, fixed both the king's duty and his people's. Every man that is born into this realm, takes an oath with the first breath

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he draws, as it were, to maintain and defend its blessed church, as well as its common liberties, against all enemies. Master Arundell might think, as other noble gentlemen do, that priests and masses in the king's private chamber, are worse than open enemies, and so come to insist upon their dismissal. I'll warrant, when he saw his Grace of Monmouth's drift was only the setting up of himself in place of King James, and that by wicked lies too, he did not strike a stroke for him."

"O if I might believe this!" once more ejaculated the sad sister; whilst Susannah Hollis whisperingly reminded their grey-headed companion, that "there is no down without eye, nor hedge without ears."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, whose ear had caught the Cornish proverb, — "I hope, Walter, you were not thus unguarded before——"

"Not even before Colonel Dunbar, madam," replied Saulay with emphasis.

"You like not my kinsman, methinks?" half questioned Miss Trevanion, habitual *clanship* (if that powerful Scottish phrase may be borrowed here) somewhat restrain-

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ing her invitation to a free discussion of her cousin's character.

Old Walter respectfully lowered his eyes. — "I am a perverse, prejudiced old man, madam, and more blunt of speech than may seem becoming in such as me. Since you ask me, as it appeareth, I will confess, that I am one that think the gentleman we name, over fond of popish friends; and I do lay upon him all the blame of the deer going, and the oaks falling, and the honoured Sir Fulk's getting in so with the court. I do presume, too, not to believe, madam, that you will ever consent to make that gentleman your husband, and so give him this fine place, and every thing else that should belong to Master Arundell.—I crave your pardon, dear young lady——"

"Crave not pardon, good old man!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, stretching out her hand to him. "I am glad you think thus of me. — You will never see me wedded to any man, until I see my brother reinstated in his rights — and that will never be, now! But presume not, I pray you, to pronounce so assuredly of my cousin Dunbar's proceedings; nor let others, talk with a lack of respect of my father's. I

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must not suffer the last; and for the first, you must remember that Colonel Trevanion has showed himself your friend."

Miss Trevanion softened the necessary harshness (for such she deemed it) of this small rebuke, by uttering it in her gentlest tone. Saulay bent his reverend head, even whilst he shook it with a look that owned not much conviction of the friendship he was told to honour.

"Where is my brother's bird?" Miss Trevanion hastily asked, some slight sound reminding her of Arundell's old island companion.

"Dead, madam!" was the unwilling answer.

Miss Trevanion did not speak. The old man resumed, in a voice that shook slightly, as much from emotion as shame at feeling any — "I buried him under Master Arundell's favourite cypress, in the evergreen garden — for I loved the poor old thing, for Master Arundell's sake: besides, he was a good bird — so wise too, that he was almost company! — he knew my looks, dear lady, and had mighty pretty ways of showing it. I never talked to myself of my blessed Eustace, or of Master Arundell, that he

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did not come fluttering up to me, as if to hearken."

"And what did he die of?" enquired Miss Trevanion, covering her brimming eyes.

"Old age, perchance!" was the reply—Or, don't think me doting, dear lady, if I say, he began to droop after you were gone—he missed your gracious notice and nice feeding, and pined away, as it were, till he died. I buried him like a child—and I missed him like a child," added the old pensioner.—"He was such an amusement! and he came from Bossiney!"

A sigh, full of memories, followed the last words.

"One by one!—every thing will go that has aught to do with my fated brother!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion. "O be not too confident, then, dear, good Walter: have some heed to your safety!—I am weary—heart weary, in truth! and must get to mine own chamber:—another time we will speak more of this. Farewell now."

The aged Saulay respectfully followed through the narrow passage of his small tenement, as the exhausted Aura was led

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forward by Susannah Hollis. He saw them cross the cloisters, where one of the numerous doors admitted them into the house. His prayers followed the saddest of them, as well as his eyes, for many minutes: after which, he turned slowly away, not to think of the evils which might assail him, but to repose himself upon the care of Providence.

Dunbar Trevanion, meanwhile, was purposely seeking his uncle in a different direction from the one in which he expected to find him; that he might have leisure to sum up the evidences brought against him by his cousin, and try to find out, by their number and degree, who had originally adduced them to her.

The only charges she had actually brought home to him, were what related to Philips, and his own private visits to Father Peters; any other accusations were but made upon suspicion.

Colonel Trevanion's first thought was of Susannah Hollis, as she had been his cousin's attendant to the park; and he resolved to sift her, by-and-by, on that expedition, with all his best arts. It is true, that it did not appear probable she should have any way of getting at such knowledge: yet

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if she happened, by one of those singular Providences—which he termed chances—to have a friend, or sweetheart, in the service of Father Peters, she might have learned from him, both the secret of the officer's visits and the graver one of Philips's letter.

Some inadvertence in the confessor—relying, perhaps, too confidently, upon such domestic's ignorance of written language—might have betrayed the last important matter.

Or similar treachery in an underling employed, from some other motive, might have put Mr. Becket in possession of his practices; and he might deem it policy to make Miss Trevanion unconsciously co-operate in some scheme of his, by the plausible pretence of guarding her father from imposition.

Dunbar had long regarded the silent, submissive secretary with jealous suspicion: he could not believe that he was, what Father Peters had described him, "a poor creature, born to drudge contentedly; glad to remain in peace with a good present provision; and so unwilling to risk his own comfort, for other men's salvation, that no

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wise man would take him into any plan for converting an individual, or strengthening the hands of a government." The confessor indeed had sounded Becket early, during the latter's stay in London; and deciding upon his quiescence and poorness of spirit, dismissed him from his thoughts. Not so Dunbar: his own interest was at stake; and calling to mind how often the attendants of great men had succeeded in securing ample legacies to themselves, by unwitnessed acts of slavishness, or well-acted devotion, he feared lest Becket were playing some under game in which religious zeal had no share, the result of which might astonish the presumptive heir at the death of his uncle.

A few flatteries to Susannah Hollis, and wary watching of Mr. Becket, Dunbar believed, would, ere long, enable him to decide upon his enemy: yet, meanwhile, it would be the safest course to act as though each suspected person were the known offender, and so machinate, if possible, their dismissal from Treverderet.

As for his cousin, he knew that he had not succeeded in blinding her; but he had awed her, by the readiness he showed

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for Sir Fulk's award between them, and by the consequences which he warned her must follow such imprudence as seeking it.

He had not, then, much to fear from her; although he was sensible, that he and she were in the position of two deadly fencers at a lock; when, if either withdrew their eye from the other, the point of their adversary would be, the next instant, in their heart. She would continue to watch him, and he must watch her, until some unexpected event should frustrate all his plans; or the end he looked to for securing them, be gained by his address.

The most difficult part of Colonel Trevanion's schemes was, that of keeping his compact with his fair cousin, concerning their nearer alliance. How to preserve her from that fierce anger, which might drive her into the frenzy of accounting for her determined aversion to such an union? was the question: how to do that, yet retain Sir Fulk's confidence?

The only mode which presented itself, was that of taking upon himself the merit or fault of a great compassion for her constitutional melancholy, which, at first, led her to prefer a life of singlehood and se-

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clusion, to the married state; and was now aggravated, past her power of combating, by sorrow for the utter apostacy of her brother.

Dunbar thought he might so well manage the argument of her incapacity to act publicly, with the dignity and self-possession so needful for the wife of one whose sole aim would be to assist his uncle in re-exalting the family greatness, that time only would be required for winning his consent to some other alliance. Who might then be selected as his future partner, Colonel Trevanion cared not: since he knew that his uncle's choice would fall on none of less illustrious lineage than their own; and, that the secret counsellors of King James, would labour hard to make it turn upon one whose family were already wedded to the court party, and from whose influence, therefore, he might reap harvests of plenty.

Whatever were the uneasy remembrances of his recent conversation with his cousin, he flattered himself that what he had thrown out, concerning old Walter, would both serve to distract her attention, and weaken her impression of his base designs. Saulay would, of course, testify to the kindness he boasted of: and as Dunbar

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thought thus, he smiled at his own mastery in plotting. He had undertaken the domiciliary visit to his uncle's mansion, in truth, to wink at the escape of the old man, or of Philips, if the latter were there; because he well knew, that either of these could have nothing to tell of his injured cousin which would not substantiate Arundell's absence from the Scotch and English insurrections: and he, therefore, passionately desired to have them out of the kingdom. Willingly would he have done by them, as he had lately done by certain papers, of which the history will be told anon. But the one he could not reach, and the other he dared not. He was content, therefore, to use the commission of search, appointed to him by a tacit understanding with Judge Jefferies as a means of ingratiating himself with the Cornish people, from the mildness with which he executed it.

Leaving this unworthy scion of a noble house, to revolve an endless chain of villanies, and reckon up the advantages resulting from each, it may be well to look back upon a humbler, yet far better personage, from whom we parted some weeks previous to this period.

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CHAP. XI.

THE adventures of that fine lady, Mrs. Damaris, whom a whimsical destiny had exalted into a heroine of romance, though by no means unimportant to this history, must be told briefly.

After being ejected from her lofty seat on the cobb, by the animal's rude motion through the coppice, she became senseless; recovering consciousness only when the single horseman, who caught her up from the ground as he galloped from the baffled attack upon her superiors, was dashing through the swift stream of the small river where they were seen by the widow living on its Cornish bank.

The growled threats of this man, and the stifling use he made of her velvet hood, completely silenced the unfortunate waiting maid; who, nevertheless, was able to hear the conversation of her captors, when the other ruffians overtook them.

By their discourse she learnt that they were, in truth, soldiers of Lord Gray de

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Wark's tumultuary and undisciplined body of horse; that they had undertaken their attack upon the Bishop of Bristol, solely from their own brute rage at his peace-making progress; and in expectation of being well rewarded by their commander, if successful: above all, she heard that they mistook her for the wife of Lord Villiers.

In vain poor Damaris avowed her actual condition, telling her name and parentage; in vain she besought them, with streaming tears, to release her, as one whose detention could be of no advantage to them; offering them every little valuable about her person, by way of present pledge for future gratitude, and assuring them that her kind mistress would give her ample means of further recompence, provided they let her go back to Rohesia.

"Your ladyship had best not prate too long, nor too loud," said one of the two troopers mounted upon the same beast, as they were breathing their horses in a lonely spot, where not even a hovel was in sight. "We know a fine lady from a serving wench, as well as our betters. Here's my comrade well nigh slashed to bits, by your serving man there — and a plague to him! dost

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think we shall let you off in such guise, after all the coil we've had?"

Again Damaris piteously pleaded her lowly station.

"Come, come, madam my lady," gruffly interposed the man who held her before him, "don't you think to bamboozle we! — you be peaceable, and we won't harm you."

"Ay, ay," interrupted the other speaker, for the third ruffian was nearly speechless from loss of blood, "didst ever see an honest working lass, with such a withy waist as that? — calling thyself Damaris too, by way of proving thyself born of base folk: your quality never bear scripture names: or mayhap you fancy it may please us to think you a puritan! Now, for my part, madam, I care not a rush for God nor devil, papist nor protestant: I'm only for a full swing, and no priests at all; and that I look for under Monmouth. Damaris! as if you was born in the commonwealth days — when your baby face hasn't seen twenty shrovetides!"

"What signifies talking, madam my lady!" grumbled the first. "When did serving wench wear silken hose, with quaint

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broidery wrought over them? — tell me that, madam my lady. — But dont'e be afeard! I'll see, as none of our camp galliards does your ladyship any offence—only I expects to be well paid for it."

Damaris a second time bewailed her unlucky hose; and perhaps remembered, penitentially, how often the idea of being taken for a person of quality, had turned her silly head.

The poor girl, indeed, was one of those foolish, yet not ill-inclined young women, who "pride themselves far more upon their manteaus than their make;" so that when she tripped across the marble hall at Rohesia, and detected the pages and lackeys loitering there looking after her steps, she never dreamt that it was the neat ancle, rather than its garnished covering, which attracted their attention.

Now, she recalled this childish vanity, and Bishop Lake's rebuke of it, with a humbled persuasion, that the folly was visited upon her in very direful consequences. It may not be doubted, that like the rest of panic-struck offenders, she made many inward resolutions of future amendment.

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Happily for the poor girl's senses, she was not destined to encounter the agitation and alarm of being taken, as she every instant dreaded, to some lone, perhaps untenanted place, for rest through the night. Her captors having called what they styled a council of war, agreed to separate: the soldier with his wounded comrade was to carry him to the house of a party-friend; whilst the other was to proceed without delay, under cover of night, to the quarters of their general.

Being well acquainted with by-ways, and assured of the amicable disposition of the country people, these men had no hesitation in adopting such a course; especially as it exposed them less to any chance of having their prisoner rescued from them.

To escape was impossible: so that Damaris justly thought it would be better not to insist farther upon their mistake of her rank, nor to incense them by any attempt at rousing the hamlets she might pass through. — Few, indeed, did she pass, after she was left alone with her gruff companion; and these cabins being, in common with lone houses, all closed up for the night, neither form was seen moving round

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them, nor did fire-gleam, or beam of candle, invite her from their casements. Damaris, therefore, could only commend herself silently to Heaven; and that quite as earnestly as her lady would have done, though perhaps not with such just confidence, and certainly not in spontaneous language of her own.

Few and short were the poor girl's pious ejaculations: being remembered fragments of our liturgy, which by the very difficulty with which she pieced them together, reproached her for heeding them little in her day of security.

The trooper halted not for other refreshment than what his pocket-flask afforded, until long after day-break; when he stopped at what had been his general's head-quarters at the period he was sent out with several others, to beat up the country for forage and recruits. Finding here that Lord Gray and his men were gone, and the whole of Monmouth's disorderly force marching upon Bridgewater, he quickly remounted his horse with the poor victim, whom he daringly proclaimed to be a war-prize; but whose silence he secured, by mingled threats and assurances of good treatment eventually.

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It was another day's journey, ere they reached the hamlet round which lay Lord Gray's horse. The trooper bestowed his fair charge in the house of a mechanic, where he billeted himself and her, without ceremony; and having carefully locked her into a well-secured apartment, with some needful refreshment before her, and a bed to rest on, repaired directly to seek an audience of his general.

It had been agreed with his comrades, in the shameful attempt against Bishop Lake, that whatever advantages resulted from such meritorious intention, and from the capture of Lady Villiers, should be equally shared amongst them, when all three were reunited. Damaris's squire did not claim the full merit of the deed; nor would he consent to bear the whole weight of his general's wrath, when the latter thought fit to reprimand him sharply for the presumptuous, though well-meant, attempt upon the prelate, and for the unsoldierly act of carrying off a helpless woman.

Lord Gray, however, having that convenient code of honour which permits its professor to make full use of another's dishonourable conduct, secretly resolved to

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excuse himself from releasing Lady Villiers for the present, by some plausible pretext; detaining her thus as a hostage, until the event of the expected battle should decide whether his party might not reap advantage from it.

The hour being too late for a visit, he despatched a messenger with his respects to the fair captive, requesting leave to wait on her the next morrow, and see how he could fitly dispose of her, until time and means allowed him to escort her, under a flag of truce, to the royal camp.

No words can paint the irritable nobleman's vexation and disappointment when, on the morrow, he found, by ten minutes' conversation with Damaris, and the additional testimony of one or two ill-spelled letters from her parents (the only things left in her possession by the soldiers ere they separated), that his visit was paid to a waiting woman. The hollow gallantry of mere habit amongst equals, at once terminated, and a hard, insolent character displayed itself. In answer to the trembling girl's doubting enquiry of "would his lordship let her go, then?" the incensed general rudely bade her "go to the devil!" and

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ordering in her captor, briefly commanded him to give the wench her liberty, and at his peril molest her more, or encumber the camp with her; threatening him and his accomplices with instant punishment, for their blunder and their previous presumption, unless his commands were strictly obeyed.

Lawless and self-appointed as were the troops of Lord Gray, they were too well aware of their leader's bitter humour to dare its effect if further provoked; so that Damaris all at once found herself left in a stupefaction of joyful surprise, free to go whither she listed.

But whither was she to go? — To stay in the hamlet would be to tempt her fate. It was full of soldiers, the principal number of whom disgraced the name of that religion for which they professed to be in arms. The inhabitants of the place were too helpless themselves to afford her protection, and so completely rifled by the exactions of the troopers, that none of them were likely to give her the means of getting back to Rohesia.

Every body and every thing was in such confusion where she was, and so little did

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the country people of Somersetshire know of the great people in Cornwall, that to name Rohesia to them, and speak of rewards from her mistress, the Lord Carraton's niece, was to talk of places and persons in the moon.

With the thought of leaving the hamlet and its environs, her courage failed ; since, if she encountered there any roaming individual of Monmouth's party, she would be completely at the mercy of his humour, and no longer defended from outrage by a false notion of her rank.

In vain the humbled Mrs. Damaris took the desperate resolution of enquiring for any Cornish man in the ranks of Lord Gray : protection, which she would once have scorned, she now anxiously sought ; hoping that, at least, one of the many deserters from the Rohesia, or even the Treverderet contingents, might be able and willing to aid her. No such person was to be found ; and as there were not many ways, at that period, of getting information of distant friends, poor Damaris saw she had no hope of acquainting her lady with her sad case.

Perhaps her most rational plan, would

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have been to have got some countryman's escort to the army of Lord Feversham, which was known to be rapidly advancing towards Weston, and which could not, therefore, be far off. But the timorous girl shrunk from the task of forcing her way through bands of soldiers, be their commander who he might; and she knew no one in that army except the people of Lord Villiers and Prince d'Este.

To make her way back into Cornwall was, therefore, the only thing she could resolve on. She remembered that many articles were brought to the domestics at Rohesia by a packsman, who came twice annually from the Bristol Channel, through certain villages, and by lone mansions, or road-side inns, one of which she heard of now, as being ten miles off.

If she could reach this place, she thought, as this was about the time of year for expecting the packsman, with his long string of stout little horses, she would be sure of a free conveyance by him, and a safe convoy. Travelling with the packsman, too, being the ordinary way of getting from one place to another by persons of inferior condition, she might rely upon not being his sole

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companion. It never entered into the simple Damaris's head, that neither pedlar nor packhorse was likely to trust themselves through counties in a state of commotion: yet she felt that her plan had its difficulties. These were—her ignorance of the country, her want of money, her sex and good looks.

Damaris, in truth, had one of those pretty pale faces, from which a clear eye and a coral lip remove all idea of sickliness; to this was added a willow-like figure, far from inelegant; so that she could not be passed without notice.

Mrs. Flavel in the country, had never ceased to be as fine a lady as when in town; consequently her aversion to vulgar exercise fully equalled that of Lady Villiers. Such dainty habits, and a delicate make, were greatly against success and safety as a pedestrian; yet Damaris felt she must dare the enterprise, or await the chance where she was, of falling into worse hands than those from which she had escaped.

The people of the house in which she was left, were little inclined either to counsel or help her. They were naturally hard persons, further hardened by recent loss,

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and long penury: they were, besides, not convinced that one attired like her (torn and soiled as her laced riding suit was now), brought so strangely into their abode by a single trooper, afterwards visited and left unceremoniously by this general, were not a woman of dissolute life. They determined, therefore, not to harbour her.

Scarcely were the rebel troops upon their march, and the hamlet emptied of armed law-givers, than they roughly bade her depart, answering her entreaties for a guide to the little inn where the packsman was said to put up, by a coarse declaration of what they and the other villagers took her for; pointing her way to the inn, which, they added with a sneer, was the properest quarter for trampers of her cast. Damaris could hardly credit her senses the next moment, when she found herself thus thrust out like a mendicant, from a threshhold which in her day of prosperity she would not have condescended to cross, except on a commission of charity. Happily Damaris was not unaccustomed to make such visits, both from her own good nature and her lady's compassionateness; and one or two remem-

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brances of the kind, helped to strengthen her hope of not being totally abandoned of Providence. With a dizzy feeling, compounded of this hope, more fear, and contrite conviction of her own self-created inability to face difficulty or endure fatigue, she quitted the inhospitable door from which she was driven like another Jane Shore; quite as destitute, and falsely accounted equally frail. Damaris's first movements were slow and hesitating, for she yet lingered, to try at interesting some honest-looking individual in her forlorn state, and must have succeeded (for the tears of real distress are not often disregarded), had not tumultuous cries of "More soldiers! more soldiers!" met her ears, and distracted her even from the attempt.

Villagers crowding in to announce the near approach of another body of horse, proclaimed them Monmouthites or Royalists, as their wishes or apprehensions suggested; and fierce quarrel in consequence, between rustics of opposite principles, soon came to blows. Men fighting like wild beasts, and women warring with abuse — both parties insisting upon their exclusive right to the

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name of good Christians, quickly proved that the religion of the Lamb is not in any heart which consents not to be tamed by its sweet enforcements. Poor Damaris got wings from terror, and, ere she was aware of the exertion, found herself far away from the scene of uproar.

Upon looking back towards the village, she perceived that the troops certainly were approaching it from a distance. The sun glittering on their arms, and the sprightly notes of their fifes and drums, proved that the dense column she could discern moving along a rich stripe of corn-land, already trodden down by previous marches, were disciplined soldiers. Unfortunately Damaris was not skilled in military matters, so that she never thought of trying to ascertain, by the colour and figures on the banners, whether they were borne by royalists or insurgents. That they were military, were enough for her; and she sped on, therefore, in an opposite direction. Her slight shoes were soon cut by the sharp flints of the causeway over which she walked, and her limbs as soon began to fail under her. The heat of the day was intense; and though too sick for feeling hunger, an

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intolerable thirst began to overpower her. When at last her weary feet refused to drag her further, she sat down upon a heap of stones and turf by the way-side, straining her aching eyes, to see if any hovel were within sight, where she might beg a drink of water. No such place appeared; and the wretched Damaris, letting her head drop upon her bosom, burst into a flood of hopeless tears.

Suddenly the clatter of hoofs caused her to look up; when she saw a band of troopers issue from a cross road, nearly in front of where she sat, and trot briskly away in the direction of the hamlet she had left.

The unfortunate Damaris was seized with such instant panic, that, starting up, she made an attempt to run down the steep slope of a ditch behind her granite seat, hoping to be concealed there by its rank growth of weeds; but just as the last man was passing, she fell over the projecting roots of an old thorn, and was immediately rendered incapable of stirring without assistance.

It is worthy of remark, that Mrs. Flavel, who was famous for the prettiest feminine shriek imaginable upon ordinary occasions,

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and who persisted in saying and believing, that if her life depended upon it she could not help screaming, now remained mute, and was, therefore, as amazed as terror-struck, when she heard the clatter of military accoutrements close beside her, and found herself lifted by strong arms, and addressed by a manly voice.

The tone, however, was so unlike that of her late grim companion's, that she ventured to open her eyes, and sobbingly reply that she had lamed herself. The soldier expressed good-natured concern; and raising her up, assisted in wiping off the dust of the ditch from her face and hair. He looked hard at her, at intervals, whilst performing this operation; and at length exclaimed, doubtfully, "Surely, it can't be Mrs. Flavel—from Rohesia!"

Damaris, with a burst of joy at being recognised by one of so good a countenance, avowed her name, and volubly repeated the tale of her disasters; mixing it, unconsciously, with many a self-humbled and artless confession of former folly.

The young man's unceremonious good nature gradually altered, as she was speaking, into much more than the respect

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with which even Mrs. Damaris had formerly been treated. He took off his military cap, as reverentially as ever did knight of old to the lady of his vows, offering to carry her, if she would allow him, to a cottage in a glen just below, where he and his comrades had been refreshing themselves, after reconnoitring duty.

His horse, he said, would follow him like a dog; but he would not engage for his enduring the affront of a petticoat on his back. To induce the fluttered Damaris to consent, he proclaimed himself a Treverderet man; who, though too far below Mrs. Damaris Flavel to pretend to recognition from her, had often opened the church-yard wicket for her, after sermon-time, and would now gladly do her a more important service.

Frank Hollis (for it was to the brother of Miss Trevanion's Susannah, Damaris was indebted) with the complexion of a russet apple, and a braver air spread over a countenance indicative of warmheartedness, was not easily recognised in his new livery of war; and that too, by the refined personage who had never noticed him enough to perceive, when he fastened his

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fancy upon her in Cornwall: now, when she civilly confessed she did not remember his person, he seemed to think it necessary to account for his previous gallantries, and present offer of assistance, by reverting to Miss Hungerford's high character amongst the poor, as a reason for excepting her and her immediate attendants, from the *ban* of Sir Fulk Trevanion's dependants.

Hollis was, in truth, ashamed of having fallen into the cruel snare laid by his own pursuit of the ridiculous. For the mere amusement of laughing at the mincing airs and refined tone of a court lady's Abigail, the mirth-loving youth had lain in wait for opportunities of intruding upon, or teasing her. Damaris, however, had borne even the mischievous spattering of a favourite cardinal, with such sweetness of temper, and had shown herself so innocently unsuspicious of intended wrong, that first remorse, then interest in, and lastly, admiration of the bright-eyed Mrs. Damaris, came to trouble the young man's rest with thoughts of their unequal conditions. To a day-labourer at Treverderet, Miss Hungerford's waiting-maid was, in fact, "a particular star," out of his sphere; unattain-

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able as dazzling: he was, therefore, left to the mercy of one of those reverential romantic passions which, however scoffed at by the nobler born, are not uncommon amongst generous natures of humbler parentage.

In this hopeless case, the enamoured swain had joined the ranks of rustic warriors; and perhaps owed, either to his love's ambition, or its despair, that forward gallantry, which had already obtained him high praise from his officers. Damaris, with becoming embarrassment, at first waved the soldier's bashful solicitations for permission to carry her, by trying to walk, supported on his arm; but after many fruitless efforts, extreme pain and greater agitation, caused her to admit, with a burst of tears, that she could go no farther.

The young man's face seemed to reflect the crimson of the sky as he took off his cloak, and lightly throwing it round her person, so as to guard her from too familiar approach even to his breathing, took her in his arms, and followed, as he predicted, by his docile horse, carried her without stumbling, and nearly in silence, down into the glen he had described.

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The cottage he carried his fearful burthen to, was well nested under a hanging shade of hazels, and so poor looking, as not to hold out any temptation to marauders. Its present inhabitant, an elderly woman, whose husband was gone to see her son in the militia, gave Damaris a kindly welcome, but shook her head at the chance of the packsman's passage that autumn through their county.

Damaris, thankful for such an alternative, had no resource against a repetition of her late alarms, except consenting to abide with this good dame, either till Hollis were released from military service, and on his own return home, or till he could give information of her condition to her other friends. He promised faithfully to acquaint Lord Villiers's suite of her situation, should the Treverderet troop come up with them before that general action, which was so confidently expected by his officers, as to render it impossible for him to linger now, longer behind.

Twice did Frank Hollis take leave, ere he got power to depart; for saying, that if he were not killed, he would surely return to protect Mrs. Damaris home, her natural

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burst of tears at such an image as her preserver's death on a field of blood, made him think these weeping eyes far more bewitching, than even when smiling with unsuspicious forgiveness. Her flatteringly expressed hope, that he would be protected through the battle, and never scruple to claim her as a grateful acquaintance after they got back to their respective homes, finished his pleasing disorder. The young soldier coloured and stammered, bowed low again and again, and slipping his only piece of money into the old dame's hand, strode out of the door, mounted and rode off, with desperate resolution not even to look back.

The person to whose hospitality he had committed his timorous companion, speaking broad Somersetshire, was scarcely intelligible to one London bred: but kind intentions are quickly understood; and Damaris, having first taken some milk, and submitted to an application of hot verjuice, found herself bodily easy enough to undergo the difficulty of translating an uncouth dialect.

By this means she learned, that although the packhorses assuredly would not travel until the west counties were quiet, they

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might begin their journeys again in two or three months hence; till when, Dame Lettice said she would freely shelter her, provided she would help her to spin and card wool.

When Damaris owned that she knew not how to do either, the old woman's look of notable disdain might have equalled her own upon similar occasions. Ere nightfall, however, she found something to perform, in mending, to admiration, the scanty apparel of her hostess; and as her sprained ankle would not allow her to move about, such forced inaction formed a plausible reason for not offering to assist in scouring benches and platters.

A few days spent in this lonely habitation, wonderfully changed many of Mrs. Damaris's notions. She felt, that there is no lot so humble as to preclude the possibility of its occupier doing essential service to those in a higher one; and that content may be enjoyed in the midst of discomforts.

Grateful she was to this cheerful cottager; but the smoke of her low-roofed habitation, the uncovered boarded table, and the coarse food more coarsely cooked, sorely assaulted her acquired fastidiousness. She loathed

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the fat bacon, offensive onions, and rye-bread, presented to her with honest welcome; and when she lay down upon the same bed with Dame Lettice, was conscious to the ingratitude of shuddering at her vicinity to such a person, and the dowlas sheets.

Damaris would have preferred sleeping in a corner, upon loose flocks of wool; but adversity had already schooled her into consideration for another's feelings.

In this secluded hut Damaris remained till the battle of Sedgmoor was fought, and its fugitives flying over the country. Although nothing molested themselves, it was natural that both she and her companion should feel anxiety for those they especially cared for.

Dame Lettice fretted about the prolonged absence of her husband from his business, thinking it boded ill-tidings of her son; and Damaris must have been less than human, had she not longed to hear of her preserver's safety.

In soothing the good Dame's fears, her better feelings were called into exercise; and as these, gained ascendancy over silly prejudice, and pampered self-conceit, Da-

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maris ceased to see or to suffer from petty disagreeables.

Some days passed, before the return of Goodman Carey, as he was commonly styled, brought peace to his old wife's heart. He came late one evening through a heavy fall of rain; and at his entrance transfixed poor Mrs. Flavel, by a lowering look, and a glum enquiry, of "Who have we gotten here, dame?" The old woman briefly stated her case: he then drew his spouse aside; and having exchanged some sentences in whispers, advanced with a cleared brow to the trembling waiting-maid, telling her she was heartily welcome, and abruptly asking, if she had ever read of the good Samaritan.

Damaris hastily avowed her acquaintance with the divine parable; and thinking he meant to claim honour for such a character himself, murmured something complimentary to that effect.

The old man shortly told her, he only wanted to know who she thought was her neighbour; demanding her assent to his proposition, that "every distressed body was so; whether papist or protestant, good or bad, so they were in jeopardy, or want of bread."

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Damaris having heartily agreed in this, Goodman Carey then stepped out of the door, and bringing in a man covered with an old horse cloth, instead of the coat which he had purposely stripped off long before, cautiously fastened the bolts, and bade the dame give supper to an honest gentleman flying for his life.

"I found him," he added, "the night before last, and could not but take pity on his case; though our son be in the king's ranks, and we be of mother church. I shan't mind abiding a few penances for him when I come to confess to Master Reilly.

"You a catholic!" exclaimed the person he was sheltering, and with evident alarm.

"Yes; bless the Holy Virgin!" returned Carey; "who I do hope will forgive me for helping a heretic in your case! To be sure, I know if you die now as you are, your poor soul will go to hell flames directly! but I've always a main hope, that if a heretic's saved to-day, he may turn papist to-morrow; and so I goes on, treating you all, like neighbours. It's hard changing the natural man; and my nature's pitiful."

No observation was returned, and sup-

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per was brought. Only the light of a low wood fire shone upon the features of the person who now drew towards it; dripping with wet, and cowering as if into himself: but, by that light, Damaris saw and recognised the face of Lord Gray de Wark, harassed and haggard. Her exclamation marked this recognition: then concluding that, being a fugitive, he might apprehend danger from her resentment, she calmed his evident alarm, by avowing a sense of obligation for the order he had given to release her, and proffered her help in concealing him.

The defeated general's convulsed lips could with difficulty articulate the thanks which nearly choked him, whilst Damaris was calling herself to his recollection by, perhaps, too minute a detail of particulars not very creditable to his followers. She was about to tell the cottagers who they were succouring, when Lord Gray's eager signs stopped her; and Goodman Carey himself cried out, "What signifies who the poor gentleman is? let's think of a hiding place for him, if a pinch comes."

Many corners in and out of the small tenement, were then canvassed: and at

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length a ruined house hard by, now used as a barn, was pitched upon for that purpose. There the fugitive nobleman was to make his bed amongst sheep-skins and wool-packs; and, if necessity required, at a given signal, might attempt escape from the window of the loft, and seek shelter elsewhere.

Damaris willingly undertook the task, of keeping continual watch for the approach of any armed band in pursuit of rebels; since, to ward off suspicion, Goodman Carey was to go about his business as usual, and the dame pursue her ordinary tasks of carding and spinning.

These things settled, whilst the dame was hearing of her son, and grieving at the length of time during which the militia would yet be kept out, and Damaris, at the old man's request, telling her piteous tale, Lord Gray sat in stern misery over the scanty meal which he seemed in no mood to render less. Now and then he fetched deep sighs, which he smothered the next instant; and once or twice was on the point of speaking: finally he rose up from the bench he sat on, and tried to allay inward agitation by hurried walking.

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But the small dimensions of the cottage kitchen made the attempt ridiculous, and he sat down again. Whilst others ate, Lord Gray, in spite of proud efforts to appear tranquil, could not forbear a frequent glance either towards the door, or at his companions. Each of these persons were too sincere in their feeling for his situation, to suppose that he suspected them, and their genuine endeavours to cheer him, at length appeared successful.

He then condescended to put some brief questions to Damaris, about her distant residence and families adjacent, and having satisfied himself, relapsed again into silence.

When it was quite night, Goodman Carey conducted his guest to the wool chamber, where he lay down after the worthy cottager was gone; not assuredly to rest either head or heart, but to pass from bitter memories to sharp alarms; — to see before him the vision of his own and Monmouth's scaffold; — and to feel, with late awakening conscience, that ambition or self-seeking, availing itself of such sacred pleas as private friendship, public virtue, or religious zeal, at once delivers its victims up to a demon who prompts to

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ill of every kind; making that death horrible in imagination, which the true Christian and patriot, meets with firmness, or embraces with joy.

Lord Gray harboured only a few days in the barn, waiting until Carey should be able to hire or borrow a cart and horse, under some plausible pretext, in which it was intended his guest should escape to the coast.

Damaris kept most faithful watch, looking out to descry a far-off band of soldiers, as much in hope for herself as in fear for him. At length the desired vehicle was procured, and loaded with sheep-skins, under which Lord Gray was to lie hid, whilst Goodman Carey guided it, as if simply conveying his commodities to a distant purchaser. A working suit of their absent son's was further given to the concealed nobleman, who waited only for nightfall to enter the piled cart, and commit himself to the fidelity of one who had already evinced a kindly nature.

All these excellent arrangements were thrown into confusion, by the unexpected appearance of that very individual whose clothes were put into requisition. Al-

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though he was come merely to see his mother upon a four-and-twenty hours' furlough, his visit disconcerted his poor parents, instead of giving them pleasure.

Whilst supper was preparing Goodman Carey, following Damaris out as she went to gather some herbs, hastily instructed her to go with all speed to the barn, and warn their guest to keep close until their Mathew were gone, as he must not know of such a matter; and to keep a good heart for the next night, when he made sure of the blessed Mary's favour upon them.

Damaris found Lord Gray in that state of agitation, from excited hope, and the near prospect of happy escape, that her tidings fell on him like a thunderbolt; his faculties became so disordered, that for some moments he was incapable of retaining in his mind the reasons she hurriedly gave, upon old Carey's authority, for looking upon this mischance as a providence, since they knew to a certainty, from Mathew, that a party of military were exactly scattered about the very road they meant to take, and that, consequently, they must aim at a different point.

Lord Gray stood for awhile perfectly

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still; then broke out into abrupt ejaculations: — "I am a childless man; yet the death of a traitor! I would not wish my bitterest enemy that!" Something checked him at the last expression, and thrusting his hand into the breast of his doublet, he drew forth a leathern letter-case. "Young woman," he said, rapidly selecting some papers, and putting them back with his vest, "secrete this pocket-book till you can deliver it, or cause it to be delivered to Sir Fulk Trevanion. Tell him, Gray of Wark sends it by way of reparation, for what may appear to him to have been an injury to his son; but what he meant not as such. I believed myself justified in sacrificing petty scruples, for great ends and in a good cause; and if he had not dealt so hardly by Mr. Trevanion, the temptation would never have come in my way. I did it for one who thanked me not, after all — and so! — curse on our brief quarrel! — he and I may meet soon enough to settle it!"

The ghastly smile with which Lord Gray concluded, was as fearful as inexplicable to Damaris. She knew not that he was thinking aloud, repenting the insanity

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of anger which had caused him to delay his support of Monmouth's attack upon the king's forces at Sedgemoor, until the fortune of the day was irretrievable; and that he foresaw the fate which awaited him and his more unfortunate leader; but she hesitated not to promise all he asked.

He then warned her not to show the letter-case and its contents to any one except a Trevanion; and that, not until Goodman Carey returned to say its original possessor was beyond reach of pursuers. Damaris could suggest no better way of preserving this confided trust, than by keeping it always in her pocket; and to this, after short pause, Lord Gray assented. Having thanked her, with some emotion, for her kind attendance, he added, "If I should see fit to quit this place alone, tell these good people I do it, not from suspicion of them: and that, if I live, I will reward them amply!" Thus saying, Lord Gray motioned her away: she went; — and never saw him more.

For a brief space the feeling with which he had dismissed Damaris abided with him. But it quickly vanished, before the habitual distrust of a man unaccustomed to repose

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upon the avowed principles of others; simply, because his own creed of expediency taught him to consider all principle, only as a shifting sand. He remembered, too, that Goodman Carey was a member of that church which is authorized by her dogmas to call upon her people, through her ministers, for the sacrifice of their most cherished feelings and natural conscience, whenever she please to require it. Thus, even the fidelity of those humane cottagers to their own kind nature, might be suddenly ended by the coming of some priest, or the chance of their going to confession.

It was impossible for Lord Gray not to ponder upon this chance, when to it was added the black shadows of former misdeeds in private life, and the consciousness that, in entering upon a public one, he had been profaning a *holy name*, and wounding a sacred cause, by assuming the character of piety and patriotism, when, in fact, actuated solely by ambitious and malignant motives.

Well did he know, therefore, that he had no right to calculate upon the ordinary protection of Providence; much less, he thought, upon the miracle being worked

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for him, of continued good faith in a papist: and stung by such thoughts, his perturbed spirit refused to endure longer the torture of anxious waiting in loneliness and darkness where he was—dreading, as he did every moment, the sudden inroad of Carey's armed son! he therefore rashly climbed the window of the loft, escaped thence into a country difficult to pass through secretly, and fell, a day or two afterwards, into the hands of his enemies.

The termination of his unhappy career is already known.

However great the concern of Goodman Carey when, on the morrow after his son was departed, he found his guest gone also, it was unavailing. He had no resource: since to pursue an outlaw, with the hope of assisting him, was but to cause his apprehension. He, therefore, bounded himself to bemoaning the unhappy gentleman: a proceeding in which Damaris unfeignedly joined, even whilst gladly looking forward to her own release from a better sort of durance.

Day after day, however, passed—horrors upon horrors were told of the cruelties inflicted upon all concerned in the late

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rebellion; so that neither packsman nor soldier was likely to be soon free for journeying at their own pleasure.

First the news of Lord Gray's capture, then subsequently of his death, found Damaris still in Carey's cottage, where she had gotten, with much difficulty, a solitary instant, for now and then peeping into the pocket-book of that unfortunate nobleman. Precious beyond all price would its contents have been to her lady; for it contained one or two letters from Lord Gray's secretary to his master, with enclosures written by Philips, laying open the whole intrigue, by which the latter had been induced to lend his aid to the scheme briefly stated to Miss Hungerford by the fugitives she had assisted.

To Damaris Flavel it appeared of less importance; having no previous care for any of the parties mentioned, and not very well comprehending the bearing of such a transaction, upon the happiness of the Treverderet family. She did, however, make out clearly, that Sir Fulk Trevanion's son had no share in the insurrection; and when the tale of Lord Gray's execution came with Frank Hollis to the cottage, she began

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to think herself authorized then to endeavour at fulfilling her commission, and gaining perhaps the means by it of paying her debt of gratitude to her preserver.

The young soldier appeared with a very becoming slash across the forehead, and decorated with an honorary medal for a successful act of military daring. He came merely to bring some trifling offerings, bought out of his pay for the hospitable dame Carey, and to lament that continued duty must prevent him from being absent more than half a day from his quarters. Damaris, therefore, made him an earnest request, that he would enable her to get speech at his officer, Colonel Trevanion, as she had something to say to him which she could tell only to himself.

Hollis was too much awed by his passion, to make any attempt at prying into the confidence of her he loved; although he hesitated not a little before he could bring himself to let such a sweet face as that which now looked pleadingly up in his (for so it seemed to enamoured eyes), be seen by a thoughtless young officer. A hint that what she had to say might wonderfully benefit himself hereafter, ensured

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his obedience; and that rather from the transport of believing her interested in his welfare, than from positive expectation of the promised advantage.

Damaris having chosen a walk with Hollis for her time of making this request, because otherwise she could not have been alone with him, the young man's hopes and fears were all up in arms, warring for victory; even in opposition to sober sense, which warned him not to mistake the ignis fatuus of his own vivid wishes, for a dawning inclination in his fair companion.

In this walk (of miraculous length, as far as Mrs. Damaris was concerned,) he enlarged upon his certainty of being released from military service at the expiration of two or three weeks, offering then, with great humility, his escort to Rohesia; or if Mrs. Flavel declined waiting so long, engaged to get information of her situation conveyed to Lord Carraton, now known to be at Exeter.

Damaris, with no unbecoming blush and downcast look, faintly expressed her preference of the first proposal, which he ratified with a burst of honest rapture, upon condition, he said, that she would engage

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for no reward being forced upon him for bringing her back. Not being in the secret he had lately learnt of her lady's offered rewards, Damaris willingly gave the pledge he sought; not wholly insensible either to the delicate feeling of her lowly admirer, or to the sentiment from which it emanated.

The message duly sent to Colonel Trevanion was not delivered in vain. Ever on the watch for accidents which might advance or frustrate his plans, Dunbar did not hesitate to repair immediately to Carey's cottage; and, under pretence of asking some official questions of the young woman who had been so scandalously carried off by rebel troopers, secured a private conversation with her.

Here the simple Damaris, relying upon the officer's right regard for family honour, and beguiled by his soothing manner, at once revealed to him all that had occurred between her and Lord Gray de Wark; only guarding her good host from possible rebuke for befriending a fugitive, by awkwardly attempting to make it appear as though she alone had been privy to the nobleman's concealment in the barn.

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Colonel Trevanion saw through the shallow artifice of one unused to tricking, yet he let it pass for the time; seizing the papers she drew forth, as a kite would pounce upon his prey. Well did he know the facts narrated there; and joyfully did he feel, that to have the power of annihilating such potent witnesses, was to have the means of securing himself against a signal overthrow!

Having glanced his eye over them to ascertain their exact nature, he assumed a look of severe seriousness, the more striking from his previous suavity.

"It is well, young woman," he said, "that you did not give these papers into the hands of another than me, or tell others this tale. Do you not know, that whoever is suspected even of harbouring an outlaw is liable to imprisonment? And for one who has harboured or abetted in concealing such a person, or helped him in any way, there is no mercy: above all, one who has, in any shape, had an outlaw's confidence, may be sure of hanging, if the fact be discovered. I hope, therefore, that you may not have read these treasonable papers — if you have, I pity you!"

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At this emphatic exclamation, Damaris felt as if her very heart were annihilated within her: her face became bloodless, and her teeth chattered. In the agony of the moment, she falteringly pronounced the fatal monosyllable "No."

"'Tis well!" resumed Dunbar, not believing her, yet satisfied with having such a denial to confound her with, hereafter, if need were; "the Lord Gray imposed upon you for his own ends: what is here could do no good to any one, and must have been your destruction as well as that of the people you are lodged with. What magistrate would have hesitated to commit them for trial, along with yourself, upon the suspicion of having aided in Lord Gray's concealment? Have care, then, pretty mistress, how you ever mention those papers, lest you be examined touching them, and made to say how you came by them, and what share your companions here, had in the secreting of a known rebel. Less matters have caused even women to be dealt with — as all are that the inflexible Judge Jefferies passeth sentence upon."

Damaris, with a convulsive sob, here dropped upon her knees before the artful

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Dunbar, imploring his compassion upon her ignorance and forlorn state, beseeching him, indeed, for that very secrecy in the business which he had so cunningly urged upon her; and seeing in her mind's eye the frightful apparition of a gallows erecting for her speedy end.

The heartless colonel raised her, not without a stifled smile at her easy snaring; and assuming one of his kindliest looks, bade her fear nothing, as he would at once silence one evidence against her, by destroying the pernicious papers: she would then be safe; provided she valued her life sufficiently to withhold all knowledge of the matter even from her nearest relative.

With equal joy and thankfulness the wretched girl saw him deliberately thrust the whole packet into the fire of the kitchen, where their council was held, carefully stirring each separate bit of paper into the heart of the glowing embers, until all were consumed. She then resumed, not only her protestations of total silence on the subject, but her prayers that he would graciously ward off any suspicion, if possible, from her kind entertainers; at the idea of harm to whom, poor Damaris shed abun-

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dant tears. Earnestly, too, did she beseech him to allow the young man who had so lately befriended her, and who belonged to her part of Cornwall, to convoy her from a county which she now trembled to abide in.

Dunbar was suddenly struck with a recollection of some floating thoughts about a private understanding between his cousin Aura and Miss Hungerford, and thinking this a good opportunity for ascertaining the fact, he dexterously put such questions to Damaris as must have elicited the truth had she been, as he concluded a lady's Abigail must be, in the minor confidence of her mistress. Satisfied, therefore, that the two families were as wholly separated as they appeared to be, he cheeringly promised the weeping girl what she asked; and once more presenting before her the frightful images with which he had so lately terrified her, finally took his leave.

After such an awful interview, it may be presumed that Damaris did not recover her peace of mind, or well know how to endure the apprehensions it had left in her. She was in such a fevered state of anxiety to quit the neighbourhood of the law courts,

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that when Frank Hollis at length came to claim her, she sprang up even to a hated pillion with frantic joy. Yet did she shed many tears at parting from Goodman Carey and his dame, to whom she promised herself to send some worthy token of gratitude, by the first opportunity, from abundant Rohesia. They kissed her and blessed her, — for she had won upon them by her sweetness of temper, — and though they did it in popish phraseology, Hollis observed, when he trotted away, "that now he should believe, what he heard was the saying of a pious bishop — 'that there are some natures so richly provided with inward light from above, as never to be quite darkened by all the efforts of pernicious teachers; and, therefore, not to be brought to treat those they consider damnable otherwise than as fellow-creatures, liable to error and entitled to charitable offices.' For his part," he added, "he believed he should meet such Romanists in heaven: and he hoped that all their sins of praying to saints and images, and buying pardons for breaking commandments, would be placed to the account of them that taught them such wickedness."

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Damaris noticed this candid speech by a warm testimony to the uniform kindness of the honest cottagers: then, as Hollis smilingly enquired how she liked his colonel, she hung down her head, confessing, sorrowfully, that what she thought would have been an advantage to those she wished well to, might rather have hurt them, if that gentleman had not shown himself as good as gracious.

Hollis, though cruelly disappointed, was too delicate to press the subject further; and quite happy enough in the honour of being the fair and fine Mrs. Flavel's esquire, commenced their prosperous journey into Cornwall.

Prosperous it proved; for succeeding in getting a fresh horse at one or two distant stages, and taking infinite care always to bestow his charge for the night in the most creditable and comfortable public houses, he brought her, after some days' travel, in health and renovated spirits to the gate of Rohesia, after an absence of more than two months.

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CHAP. XII.

Miss Hungerford had just parted from her matron friend, Madame Kreutzen, whom the call of a dying relative summoned to Switzerland, when her natural tears were dried by the glad intelligence of Damaris Flavel's return. She flew from the portico to the housekeeper's room, in which she was told her maid was recovering from the overcoming greetings of the household; and at her approach (though she came with the face as well as the speed of a messenger angel), every inquisitive domestic retreated. Respect is inseparable from affection, whatever be its degree. The emotion which each person expected from her, Eveleen did display: her naturally-buoyant spirit had so often drooped under those frightful imaginations concerning Damaris, which helpless women are privileged in yielding to for one another, that hearing such fears might cease, she loosed her heart at once to positive joy. In similar circumstances, Miss Trevanion would have controlled equal feeling by the mere habit of distance

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and dignity towards inferiors—Eveleen's freer nature flowed forth in glad tears and affectionate smiles.

The agitation of Damaris rose to hysterics; after which her expressions of gratitude and of self-blame, proved that she had learned some profitable lessons from misfortune.

The kindly companion of her return was soon ordered into Miss Hungerford's presence, thanked and tendered the reward which had been promised for the service he had performed. But Hollis was now too far gone in the sublimating passion to accept of recompense; and respectfully declining the purse held out to him by the fairest of generous hands, he ventured to direct Miss Hungerford's bounty rather to the good cottagers who had given Damaris shelter.

In vain Eveleen assured him, that her gratitude for the poor girl's safety would extend to all who were in any way instrumental to it; the obstinate lover was not to be persuaded. He pleaded man's privilege of protecting distressed and defenceless woman, and that in language fit for the mouth of a *preux chevalier*, with an honesty

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of look, and tone, and cheek, which proved him full of chivalry's best spirit.

Damaris, meanwhile, preserved a blushing silence. She was not deficient in the tact of her sex; and though she might wish to see Hollis in possession of her lady's bounty, could not but understand and value the sentiment which induced him to refuse it.

Eveleen glanced from her downcast face to the kindled countenance of this rustic Sir Guyon, smiled with suspicion of what was passing in both minds; and putting aside the purse with a few gratifying words, intimated that she would lie in wait for an opportunity of showing the young man how well she remembered a kind action and a generous sentiment. Miss Hungerford was, indeed, on the point of telling him he could do her an additional favour, by carrying a message to her friend at Treverderet; but, conscious that such a commission was not right, she bounded herself to the expression of just so much interest in a former school-mate as entitled her to make a few enquiries about the family.

Hollis, however, having brought his timorous charge straight to Rohesia, knew yet only that Sir Fulk and Miss Trevanion

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were returned to Cornwall; and delicacy restraining any mention of his master's supposed rebellious son, Eveleen was left still to conjecture whether the stranger she had seen was he, and what cause had banished her sad friend from the lonely spots where they used to meet.

Something like a prospect of communication between her and the forlorn Aura appeared in Hollis's embarrassed petition for leave to hear of Mrs. Flavel's welfare. He hinted at his unwillingness to displease his honoured master, by intruding himself into Lady Carraton's servants' hall; but suggested the condescension of a visit from Miss Hungerford's gentlewoman, to his mother's cottage, where she would ever find a respectful welcome.

Eveleen's sanction of this acquaintance so regulated, ensured the hesitating assent of her coy waiting-maid, and Hollis was then easily led into such details of his family concerns, as his probity deemed it incumbent upon him to give; proving, as they did, that he was of much humbler origin than the object of his secret affection, and that he must better provide for his widowed mother, and disabled young sister,

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ere he ventured to lift his hopes to the once dainty Mistress Flavel.

Eveleen made her own resolutions upon this discovery; and dismissing him with a kind repetition of thanks, returned to eager questioning of her maid's adventures.

Hollis effected his retreat before the tap of Lady Rhoda Brandon's French heels gave warning of her quick approach from the very end of the park, where the tidings of Mrs. Flavel's reappearance had been carried by her ladyship's humble purveyor of household news.

Lady Rhoda's insatiable curiosity was not to be put off by any consideration for the hysterical habits of an inferior, who was on the point of serious relapse when called upon for a second relation of what she feared telling entirely. Happily, however, the multiplicity of Lady Rhoda's questions and comments upon the little she took time to hear, so perplexed and interrupted the maid's narrative, that the latter was able to hide completely the main incident of her story, — Lord Gray's concealment in Carey's barn, and his fearful confidence to her.

It is difficult to say whether Damaris

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were most offended at Lady Rhoda's shriek of laughter, when she attributed her seizure to the mistaking her for Lady Villiers, or at her ladyship's contemptuous refusal to believe that Frank Hollis's seeming disinterestedness arose from any higher motive than the fear of displeasing an austere master. But as Damaris was rather of a meek than a resentful spirit, her feeling showed itself only by tearful asseverations, that "Master Hollis having testified nothing, save respect and civility, throughout their long journey, might very well be thought to scorn fee or reward, quite from his own handsomeness."

Eveleen saw the lightning about to dart upon her poor attendant, for this audacity of zeal in another's defence; and assuming a portion of her neglected vivacity, insisted upon immediately trying whether Damaris had forgotten to braid hair, and arrange a sleeve knot. By this innocent stratagem she hurried Damaris away to her own dressing room; where she did, in truth, submit her rich tresses to the damsel's cunning, that she might, at more leisure, listen to a repetition of her adventures.

Miss Hungerford was pleased to discover

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that Hollis's escort of his pretty, subdued companion had really been so scrupulously respectful as to exclude the smallest description of rustic gallantry. Yet this very reserve on his part, the earnestness of his manner, the refusing pecuniary recompense, and the expression of his eye as he had withdrawn it from Damaris, made Eveleen suspect that he wished for the reward Damaris alone could bestow; she therefore willingly told her maid, that the gold Hollis disdained should lie by until Damaris herself informed her lady when it might be given with her as a marriage portion. But that meanwhile, if she would take an early opportunity of visiting Hollis's mother, and finding out what could be done to serve her, it would be an act due to gratitude; and she might be sure that her lady would not let it prove a fruitless curiosity.

It may be supposed that neither Damaris not her mistress forgot the worthy Careys, to whom, indeed, the latter shortly found means of transmitting such a substantial proof of her good-will, as eventually secured to them comfort in their humble dwelling. At present she

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thought principally of that providence, which, by throwing Damaris into the care of Hollis, seemed to promise some renewal of acquaintance between the Treverderet and Rohesia families.

Eveleen's heart was, in truth, re-awakened by one happy event to hope for others; and although she neither received token from the gallant unknown of his safety beyond sea, nor could ascertain the situation of a friend from whom only a few trees separated her, she would not suffer herself to think that either of these persons willed neglect. Some wicked sprite, she thought, was however weaving a troubled web for her, when one day she opened a letter in a strange hand; and instead of finding it one from her uncle's brave deliverer, read a German count's apology for having unintentionally carried an epistle entrusted to him by Lord Woodvill, half over the Continent.

This wandering letter now sent, was, in fact, an answer to hers written directly after her first meeting with Miss Trevanion, and bore date so far back as May; at once witnessing that hers had been received, and not neglected. The most

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interesting passages to her were the following: —

"I have done my utmost to obey your commands, fair Mistress Eveleen; but there is much reserve kept here on the subject of Mr. Trevanion, and I was not in Holland when he came to it. Whilst he was here, it is well known that he lived in great friendship with the Earl of Argyll, after their first misunderstanding was settled, the particular nature of which I profess not to have discovered. Suddenly, however, Mr. Trevanion disappeared from the small circle of his intimates in this place, and rumour says has ever since been living in France. I do confess to have heard it said, that some happy or unhappy passion drove him hence; but never yet hearing either the name or quality of the lady, I would readily pronounce it an idle tale, were I well assured that my fair correspondent careth not for its truth. That she should desire it to be false, will be most unwelcome tidings to one who, if a certain bright picture he hath seen lately, be truly matched to the rare character he daily heareth of the original, ought grievously to repent him of a foolish compact she wotteth

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of; and who, if he ever win golden honours where he is, would then gather boldness to pass over into England, and plead for permission to run an equal race with other candidates for her favour. Yet, if it may not be so — if Mr. Trevanion, or any other man, worthier and wiser than Woodvill was in the day of his heart's madness, have already gained the prize, my honoured correspondent may be assured that she may ever command the son of her father's companion in arms, to serve her with the zeal of a brother, and the disinterestedness of a friend."

Eveleen, with some little impatience, turned from this insinuated confession of Lord Woodvill's willingness to repossess himself of a claim upon her hand; and, like the rest of a sex fertile in expedients to cheat themselves of a pain, determined that she need not therefore give implicit credence to the tale of Arundel Trevanion's fortunate or unfortunate attachment, the old history of the page, being most likely its sole foundation.

The picture alluded to in Lord Woodvill's letter, she guessed to be one of herself, intended for her uncle Lake; thoug

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taken over into Holland by the enamel painter, who had begun it some months before; and who, having a hasty summons back to his own country, had carried it away with him, in order to finish the hands and drapery. She smiled to think what wonderful revolutions of wish and will, are often made by the bend of a brow, or the tincture of a lip; and, most ungratefully it must be owned, felt inclined to contemn Lord Woodvill, for his facility of admiration.

Such admiration, however, was so inconsequent, Woodvill's repentance of a boyish folly expressed with such a tone of pleasantry, and the assurances of his soberer regard for the daughter of his father's friend given so heartily, that Eveleen would not allow it to harass her with abiding apprehension of future importunity from him. She resolved to answer this letter in a way that might induce him to dismiss all thoughts of her as a wife; since now she felt her heart no longer in the state it had been when she contemplated the probability of one day bestowing it upon his acknowledged virtues.

Turning her mind into another channel,

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she sighed to think that when this letter was penned, the brave Argyll was alive — perhaps meditating, with confident hope, that very enterprise from which he was destined never to return.

She gave tears to his memory, in sympathy with his mourning family; then brightening again, as she reflected she had now a sworn ally and agent in Lord Woodvill for the service of Arundell Trevanion, longed more passsionately than ever for a renewal of that intercourse with Aura which might soon find her matter of employment for him.

Upon the result of her maid's visit she depended for some information; but Damaris was too shy to go speedily where inclination secretly prompted, and Eveleen could not with propriety urge her servant into any conduct which must be supposed to have no connection with the latter's views. She went, then, again and again, upon the forlorn hope of the terrace boundary; and at length, though afraid of finding even Colonel Trevanion in the Lady's Chapel, ventured to go to it by the subterranean passage.

Like Miss Trevanion, Eveleen had a fa-

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vourite solitude remote from the house. It was, of course, in the immediate grounds of Rohesia, and not far from the bank, under which ran the passage to the crypt. This retreat of hers was a hermitage purposely constructed of the rudest materials; and being intended to bear a neglected appearance, was the only fancy building really suffered to take whatever addition of picturesqueness, or of desolation, the encroachment of mosses over its roof, and ivies round its walls, produced.

Being now thoroughly engloomed by the unchecked growth of its trees, and the sombre shade of unbarked timber with which it was raftered, it had long been wholly abandoned to birds' nests without, and spiders' webs within.

Eveleen liked the hermitage for this very loneliness; and having its wooden casements thrown open, its pebbly pavement swept, and the strongly interlaced boughs of the trees loosed from before its entrance, established herself and her best books there, that she might seek Sabbath studies as became a scholar of the pious Bishop Lake; fleeing the sound of billiard maces and French horns, as well as

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the sight of her aunt's never-ending tapestry work.

Here she often came too, upon ordinary days, to make acquaintance with a nest of young robins, whom she looked to have for pensioners in the winter; and to copy wild flowers gathered from the Treverderet meadows. Having secured to herself the privilege of remaining unmolested in her solitude, by turning the key against intruders, she could steal out here without danger of being missed.

But neither in the chapel, nor in the walks leading to it, during a whole week, was the figure of Aura Trevanion espied. Eveleen's hope was seeing her at church, yet there she was not; and Damaris Flavel having returned that very evening from her first call upon Dame Hollis, with whom she found Susannah, who, from the awful reserve enjoined to every servant in Treverderet, made no mention of her lady's sickness, Miss Hungerford, with a sunken heart, began to fear that Sir Fulk must have peremptorily forbidden even their restrained acquaintance. Yet still she flattered herself that some temporary reason only — most likely the residence of Colonel

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Trevanion—kept his cousin from communicating with her friend in their former fashion; and ever hoping for the welcome intimation of his departure, Eveleen continued cautiously to visit, alternately the terrace boundary and the Lady's Chapel, finding there but her own untaken notes.

Upon this errand she stole forth one fine October morning, when the mists were rapidly clearing away by a surgy wind, that tossed the boughs of many a lofty tree over her head in one continuous roar. Looking hurriedly back, ere she lifted the long fir branches from the rill in which they lay steeped, she saw that no one was near; and stooping as hastily under their raised curtains, gained the door, and plunged into the souterrain. The next moment she was in the passage, lighting her phosphorus lamp.

That done, our heroine proceeded fearlessly into the crypt, to which its wider area, and the louring of its low arches, gave a character of awing solemnity. As usual, she stopt to look about her; and in that momentary pause, where the light of her lamp fell upon a remote corner, thought she saw something move.

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Her first emotion certainly was fear; but, quickly recovering, she looked again towards the suspicious spot. All now was still; she paused, however, waiting a few seconds to ascertain whether there really was any just cause of alarm. Nothing stirred; and recovering this natural panic, she took some steps forward. Again her quick sense caught a faint sound from behind, and facing round upon the supposed danger, she stood, directing her eye to the dreaded corner. Her heart now began to knock violently against her breast: feeling her nerves to be in a state ill adapted for braving any agitating occurrence, she would not risk their complete shock, by the rash disturbance, perhaps, of some wild cat's harbour, and she turned precipitately to go back: but, as she would have sped towards the passage, recollection of her rencontre in the Treverderet woods suggested thoughts of some other wretched fugitive, whom those troublous times might have driven into this hiding-place; and trembling whilst she did so, she called faintly upon any one concealed there to come forth, if they were of

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honest purpose, for she would rather help than harm them.

Although Eveleen spoke this short address with earnest emotion, she was not prepared for having her call answered. Something living certainly stirred at the sound; and ere her stiffened feet could unroot themselves, a human form crawled out from behind one of the arches, and lay in a cowering position before her.

The hour, the place, the fearful distance she knew herself to be from all help, and, above all, her own defencelessness, made her recoil with a passionate apostrophe to protecting Heaven; but a low groan, the misery of which no voice might feign, fell on her ear, and arrested her intent to fly.

The strange object before her raised his head; and the face of a man, all wild and haggard in its expression, reminded her again of her adventure in the Treverderet woods.

Very different, however, from that of him she had then met, was the figure which lay prostrate before her. Famine and fear were in the face; and the hands which were locked together in anguished supplication,

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were rather those of a skeleton, than of a living being.

"Oh, lady!" a hollow voice began, while the gaunt eyes kept wildly straining to discern her features: then, with an altered and less tremulous tone — "You are not Miss Trevanion!"

Eveleen hastily assured him she was not, nor one belonging to the Treverderet family.

"Oh then," he resumed, gasping between every word, "for the love of Christ, take pity upon a poor starving creature! — no food these three days — one morsel — one drop — to keep in life!"

Even whilst the poor wretch was gazing deliriously round, (and how beat Eveleen's heart the while!) as if looking for the food he craved, his convulsed accents ceased, and he fell his length upon the pavement.

After he fell, the stillness and gloom of the place appeared fearfully doubled; he lay so motionless, and with such ghastly paleness of visage, that it seemed too probable he had actually fallen a victim to the famine of which he complained. At such a sight, self was forgotten: the defenceless

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Eveleen took out a scent bottle of Hungary water, and not merely bathed his face with it, but ventured to pour a few drops into his lips.

Although from the squalid clothes and hair of the person to whom these charitable offices were rendered, our heroine felt conscious he was one of low degree, no sister of mercy could more piously have aided, or more judiciously pursued the slow process of restoring animation. With her, wretchedness was ever relationship; fear always ending in her generous heart, where the power to help, began.

Bending now over this poor stranger, chafing his cold limbs, and watching by her glimmering lamp, to note if life were returning, she felt surrounded by unseen guardians; and ceased to see, in the flickering shadows of the vault, those indistinct shapes which her terrified fancy had conjured up but the instant before.

The powerful essence Eveleen used, at length brought back animation; the sufferer half opened his eyes, and fixing them with a fearful glare upon her face, exclaimed hollowly, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man!"

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The import of these few words might have terrified one who knew less than Eveleen did of the sacred volume, from which they were derived: she recognised them as the effusion of penitence; and her soothing, encouraging answer instantly calmed the brief disorder of sense under which the poor creature had mistaken her for a ministering angel.

But life once more seemed ebbing away, whilst by signs, rather than vain attempts to speak, the perishing wretch reminded her, that he was dying for lack of food.

To procure refreshment it was necessary for her to return whence she came; and telling him this, she snatched up her lamp, to guide her along the passage. The dread of being after all left to die, or some fear of her good faith, convulsed the unhappy man's features at this moment. She forgave the natural misgiving; and with sweet fervency pledged herself to return singly for his relief, in a very few minutes.

"I would fain live to make atonement for my crime!" came in broken accents upon her ear.

"Who — what are you?" she was about to ask; but, aware that every sand of time

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was now precious, hastened without further delay, upon her errand of pity.

From her habit of spending most of her mornings in the hermitage, Eveleen was accustomed to have a simple breakfast daily laid there, ready for her early arrival. She knew that the fresh milk and wheaten cakes of the present day were yet untasted, and she flew to find them: certain, too, that no one now, would be in that quarter of the domain for several hours. A rush basket, from which she threw out fresh-gathered flowers, sufficed to hold these welcome provisions; and carefully balancing it with both her hands, she sped back to the crypt.

Perhaps the agitation of a doubting mind had contributed to keep the feeble spark of life burning within the spectral form she had left, for at the echo of her light step and glad voice he attempted to rise. The next moment she was by his side, raising the fainting head and guiding the trembling hands, as they essayed to clasp the milk flask which she held to his lips.

The famished man would have drunk a draught that must have extinguished this glimmer of revival, had not Eveleen gently

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withdrawn it before he could swallow more than might have fed an infant. She then broke for him a manchet flavoured with spice, which, by giving him in very small portions, gradually imparted a beneficial glow to the chilled organs of life.

The warmth of this condiment, indeed, mainly contributed to the poor creature's renovation, although the mere act of refreshing himself was a cause of temporary exhaustion; and although he attempted to falter out prayers and blessings, his voice became inaudible, and his eyes appeared surcharged either with the sleep of death, or with that salutary stupor which is sometimes the best medicine for shattered strength.

Eveleen had short time for consideration of what she ought to do: — a fellow-creature — a hunted fellow-creature — was perishing before her; should she, or should she not leave him to other casualties after this brief help? Both her conscience and her compassion answered, No!

A few short interrogations on her part, and faint replies on his, were sufficient to assure her that he was one of the fugitive Monmouthites, and that he would gladly

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accept her offer of concealing him in the adjacent grounds, where she could easier supply his wants.

As she unhesitatingly named herself, together with her persuasion that the Providence which had ordained her to meet a penitent outlaw would protect her through the performance of that appointed duty, the ghastly countenance she looked on alternately expressed surprise, alarm, gratitude, and, lastly, confidence. By his gestures, she gathered that the man was willing to put his life in her hands, and that there was especial danger for him where he was. He had gasped out the name of Colonel Trevanion with a look of horror, in answer to her question if he would feel more secure in that vault than in Lord Carraton's domain? and roused to keener interest from this very circumstance, she besought him to lose no time then in following her.

Momentary excitement gave this poor wretch the power of rising, and for a few instants enabled him to stagger after her, supporting himself against one side of the crypt with both out-stretched hands; but incapable of getting on, and bathed in deathly moisture, his head swung dizzily round,

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and his feet lost their footing: Eveleen hastened to break his fall; and waiting until her support for awhile had restored his powers, she led him slowly on, her kind voice whispering cheering assurances all the way.

It may be inferred that Miss Hungerford took great care to see that no one was within eye or ear-shot when, emerging from the passage door into the open air, she led her tottering companion across the little space of unshaded sward which lay between it and the tangled wilderness of star-proof boughs and matted climbing plants surrounding the hermitage. Having luckily succeeded in crossing this unmolested, her utmost strength was required to get her failing companion through the obstructing bushes into the building itself; and this done, her first care was to lead him into the sleeping cell, lay him on the pallet there, and administer another portion of food.

During the last operation, Eveleen apprized him, that as she meant not to make any confidant in this matter, he must rest satisfied with such irregular attendance as she might bestow, with safety to his secret. She assured him that she would add wine

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and nourishment of a more substantial character to the slight repast daily laid for herself; but that he must consent wholly to confine himself to this inner chamber, which being here only lighted by a single opening, could be kept wholly impenetrable to those without, by the barring of a wooden shutter within. She added, that having hitherto kept books and drawings in this room, and locked them up for preservation from injury, no one would be startled by the circumstance, nor think it strange that she should carry away the key.

Really to take the key, however, was not her intention: she purposed leaving it in the outlaw's possession, that he might secure and undo his fastenings at will. If he were ever to attempt getting beyond reach of danger, health and strength must be sedulously sought; and for the attainment of these, exercise was as indispensable as food and sleep. She acknowledged to herself, that the poor creature, pent up all day in total darkness, ought to have the power of opening his eyes to some species of light, and his limbs to action, else would he never be able to encounter the toil and haste of a flight. She, therefore, gave him a discre-

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tionary power of stealing forth when others slept, and exercising himself, whenever he recovered sufficiently, in cautious night-walks within the thick shades about the hermitage.

At present, she proposed leaving him alone to sleep, whilst she should keep guard in the outer room, as if at her ordinary employments only. Telling him this, with a repetition of benevolent wishes, not unseasoned by a gentle reminder of what he owed to a higher Power, she motioned for him to turn the key upon her, and withdrew.

No one who had passed that way, and looked in on the fair creature sitting in that sequestered place, seeing her surrounded by the signs of elegant occupation, would have guessed that the bright colour on her cheek was kept burning by agitations; out-glowing, as it did, the crimson leaves of that beautiful climbing plant, which turns to vivid red in autumn, and here mixed its rich garlands with the ivy curtain of the door: no one would have thought, that the frequent upraise of her eyes, was for other purposes than to mark the whirling of those crimson leaves, as

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many a rushing blast swept through the old oak trees, bringing their sallow tribute of leaf and branch, to mingle with those bright ones.

Eveleen's lovely looks did, indeed, cover a most perturbed state of mind. She knew not whom she had been pledging herself to, nor into what mischief the compassion she had already exercised might finally bring her. She doubted, too, whether she were warranted in acting thus boldly under her uncle's roof, using his domain for the covert of a disloyal subject. Whether the man had or had not some connection with the Trevanion family, and she thought he must have from his knowledge of the crypt, it was equally rash in her to lodge him where she had done. If he should be hunted out, — if he should prove some heinous offender, — if her uncle should incur disgrace, or royal displeasure in consequence!

Eveleen had woman's cowardice when there was a question of opposing duties, and woman's humility when she imagined herself settling it unassisted by some reverenced counsellor. She wished for wings to waft her, though but for an hour, to

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seek advice and comfort from her uncle Lake. He would surely say whether it were wrong in her to risk the prosperity of her family for the sake of saving an unknown man's life, who might be stained with the worst crimes.

For awhile a chaos of fears and consternated imaginations filled her brain and changed her cheek. The recollection of the bloody and summary punishments inflicted by Jefferies upon persons of all ranks, for having shown the slightest pity to the rebels, made her very heart stop; — the dying cry of the murdered Lady Lisle seemed ringing in her ear; and the vision of that honoured matron's grey hair, dripping with blood above the headless trunk, seemed passing before her.

Blessed was it for Eveleen that the habits of her soul ever carried her with child-like eagerness to the feet of our Almighty Parent; and as she now tearfully besought light and assurance there, courage and composure were granted.

She considered, that whatever was the man's offence, he had given proof that he repented of it, by the very confession of being a criminal; added to which, he had

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solemnly declared his purpose of atoning to the person injured. In succouring him, therefore, she might believe herself instrumental to much more good than there was likely to result harm. It was her determination, should any untoward event take place, to bear the whole blame of her imprudent humanity, and with her latest breath exonerate those with whom she lived. Was there not a law of mercy in the human breast which was given to be obeyed? If so, was she not called by it, to dare some danger for the preservation of a suffering fellow-creature?

Reassured by such conclusions, Eveleen's agitation subsided; and she had leisure to notice that her charge within, was sleeping, but not tranquilly. She heard him occasionally mutter, move, breathe hard and quick; and once he started so strongly, as to shake the slight partition with his motion.

In great alarm she looked promptly round for that very æolian harp which she had, in days past, won from her friend Aura Trevanion, to whose melancholy moods it afforded pernicious pleasure. Having found, and placed it so that every

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gust of wind shook its strings, awakening wild music, she resolved to leave it there, for the purpose of overpowering the sounds of her companion's disturbed slumbers.

Even the alternate wailings and soarings of that thrilling music failed to break a sleep, which kind nature intended for a restorative; and it was not until the afternoon sun was glowing above and around the chill recesses of the hermitage wilderness, that Miss Hungerford's watching ear caught the faint sigh of first awakening.

As it was now time for her to be gone, she hastened to give her charge the needful warning, together with her reason for placing that continuous music so near his sleeping cell; urging him, whatever were the persons he might hear in the open chamber, where she sometimes was obliged to admit loiterers, never to give sign of life, or to agitate himself by fears.

"A few days hence," she added, graciously yet firmly, "I shall hope to know for whom I am adventuring thus much. To serve you thoroughly, I must be thoroughly trusted. You are not fit for discourse at present. Farewell. Do not doubt my good faith."

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The man's haggard face flushed faintly, and some words of deep humiliation and gratitude faltered from his tongue.

"Oh, do not waste thanks upon me, poor soul!" she exclaimed; "thank the merciful God, who has spared you for the blessed purpose you spoke of. I will remember you in my prayers."

Without waiting further reply, Eveleen closed the door of his cell, paused to hear him lock it; after which she put aside her drawings, and left the hermitage.

In her slow return to the house, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she took no note of the way she went. Delightful as it was to believe herself an appointed instrument of good, she failed not still to consider her present position with much of that heart-beating, natural to inexperience. The fate of a fellow-creature rested solely upon her discretion. A brave and a true heart she had: "But what," she thought, "is the utmost heroism of fidelity, the very laying down life itself in a cause, compared with that wise caution which equally preserves the truster and the trusted?"

She trembled at the possible consequences

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of her own over-eagerness to deliver the stranger from all his fears, by getting him beyond sea; and as she tortured her brain for projects to do so, alternately thought of applying to Damaris for aid, or to Frank Hollis, or to her uncle Lake. But Damaris was too nervous for an important confidence; Hollis was in the service of the Trevanions, from whom this man appeared afraid of receiving injury; and by this time her uncle would be removed to his new see of Chichester — a translation tendered him by the king, in compliance with the call of the country, grateful for his truly apostolical labours.

The safest, nay, the only course open to Eveleen, therefore, seemed that of trusting the man, to his own resources, after her charitable care should have restored his strength, and her bounty supplied him with the means of paying for inferior assistance. As her perturbation of mind subsided, imagined difficulties vanished. No one except herself habitually frequenting the hermitage, to keep a person hidden there for days, even weeks, did not appear hazardous; to supply that person with food was yet easier to her. She had a girlish custom of feeding the

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swans in the beautiful water called the Lake, and of returning from distant walks with a great sheep dog, who certainly did not attend her back for nothing. The house-purveyor was never surprised when she took from him, ere he placed them on table, small bottles of choice wine for sick or aged cottagers; so that she could, at any time, walk forth unquestioned with a basket of provisions hanging at her arm.

The habits of Lady Rhoda and her daughter were also favourable to our heroine's views; she might absent herself half the day unmissed. Lady Rhoda was busied in carrying on one of her cobweb intrigues, consisting of fine-spun threads, reaching the court by a variety of minute ways; the centre of which was, the wish of getting Lady Villiers transferred from the household of the Princess of Denmark to the service of the Queen.

Lady Villiers herself was passively waiting the result, and her own expected accouchement: yet the first not indifferently, for she loved place; and the latter with such utter thoughtlessness of its peril, that it grieved her cousin. The serenity of

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Christian trust, and the indifference of heathenish ignorance, have no resemblance.

Eveleen was sincerely attached to her ill-taught cousin, and anxious to allure her out of her criminal uselessness of life, made a conscience of giving her all the time she might spare from higher objects or the other chose to accept: but as this still left Eveleen certain hours in the morning and forenoon, long before Lady Villiers was up or out of her nursery, she was under no apprehension of being detained from her daily visit to the hermitage.

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CHAP. XIII.

ELATED by these thoughts, and reassured in the pleasant path of generous pity, our heroine entered beneath the fragrant verandah of Rohesia with a sunny brow. No one within the gilded saloon, opening upon its verdant arcade, was inclined to question her absence; for Lady Villiers, supporting her cushioned head against one of the high velvet chairs, lay smilingly dropping fragments of biscuit into the beak of a privileged peacock that had its *entrée* from the lawn, maintaining obstinate silence, whilst her mother was exhaling in a succession of invectives against some absent person. At Eveleen's light shadow on the threshold, Lady Rhoda suddenly stopped, and taking out her handkerchief, a mode of attack rarely practised by her but upon great occasions, appeared weeping bitterly. Her niece was by her side the next instant, pressing her hand, and entreating to know what afflicted her.

"I am sure I need not fear how you will

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act," exclaimed Lady Rhoda, careful not to wipe away the scant tears she had conjured to her eyes—"I am certain, Eveleen, *you* will never sanction vice!" A warm assurance of being rightly judged, from our heroine, was followed by her aunt's wary assault upon her pride and delicacy. Lady Rhoda began, by extolling her niece's sense, spirit, and proper notions of family dignity; recalled to her the horror with which she had considered her cousin Hungerford's flight with Agnes Trevor; then reverted to the offensive coolness of Lord Woodvill's conduct towards his affianced bride; and, finally, concluded by asking if she would not break with him decidedly, should she, Lady Rhoda, give her instant proof of his treacherous baseness and total want of the principle of honour.

Expecting from such an exordium to hear no less than something of Lord Woodvill which would put him upon a level with such profligates as her cousin, Eveleen's colour rose at the appeal, and she said, somewhat proudly, "that instead of making it a question, her aunt ought to be certain that she would hold herself justified in withdrawing her hand, even at

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the altar, from any man upon whom an act of baseness could be proved."

Lady Rhoda actually embraced her, exclaiming — "You shall succeed, then! Lord Woodvill shall use his interference!"

Struggling out of this ungentle clasp, Eveleen besought her aunt to say what she meant? to tell her at once what Lord Woodvill had done. Lady Rhoda assuredly endeavoured to satisfy her; but being rendered almost unintelligible, by the rekindled anger with which she spoke, was long of explaining its cause.

Miss Hungerford at length learnt that Lord Woodvill's offences were summed up in a letter which had come from him unsealed to Lord Carraton, in an envelope to Lady Rhoda lest the earl should be absent; which she, of course, had read, and meant to forward, with her own comments, that day by express. Unwisely thinking her niece proof against what she called its art or folly, she handed it to her for perusal.

The avowed purpose of the letter was to inform Lord Carraton that his son was then in the last stage of rapid consumption;

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that the fatal rupture of a blood vessel was momentarily expected; and that if he wished to see that son in life, he must make no delay in hastening to Brussels, where Lord Woodvill said he had himself been summoned by intimation from Hungerford of his temporary necessity for pecuniary help.

This, however, was not all; it was part of Lord Woodvill's commission to communicate another event — the marriage of Lord Carraton's son to the partner of his flight from England.

Eveleen was delightfully surprised by the mixed delicacy and firmness which Lord Woodvill showed, both in the way he made this communication and the remarks which he presumed to offer upon it. A higher principle than honour itself, spoke in every line.

Lord Woodvill stated frankly that when he came to Brussels, it was not to take what he might have sent, but with the wish of persuading Lord Hungerford to break off a criminal connection. He was, however, so much struck by the innocent sweetness and modest devotedness of her whom he expected to find a shameless wanton, that

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he ventured to question her seducer upon the subject; and Lord Hungerford did not scruple to confess, that he had won her by a stratagem not unfrequent in those days of careless indulgence—a feigned marriage. He purposely followed this by a description of her agony, when first told by him that she had no legal claim to the society of honoured women, and by the distraction of mind with which she had afterwards endeavoured to find her way back to her mourning parents. At this part of the dying libertine's seeming boast, Lord Woodvill's burst of indignation had elicited the truth: Agnes was no longer the mistress, but the wife; and in telling this to Woodvill, Lord Hungerford claimed his countenance of the act upon thatground of justice to one betrayed, not seduced, which was at length an available plea with himself, but which conscience whispered would not have influenced him had he not been roused to the keenest resentment of his father's severity, and of his aunt's vindictive efforts to keep that severity in operation until it should force him to part with her he chose to keep.

Unused to any thing like restraint in

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his will, and accustomed to the most lavish expenditure, the only son of Lord Carraton no sooner found himself all at once without money or credit in a foreign land, than he determined to take the greatest revenge in his power upon his family. His artless victim was easily wrought upon to accept the tardy reparation he offered her; and when Lord Woodvill saw her watching his sick couch, with sleepless care and tender tearfulness, she was, indeed, a grateful wife.

For his share in encouraging Lord Hungerford to reveal his marriage, and for his present hearty concurrence in it, as an act of justice, Woodvill confessed himself prepared for the resentment of this tardy penitent's relations, at least for the first burst of their displeasure; but he added the most serious assurance of having taken great pains to ascertain the blamelessness of Lady Hungerford's conduct since her residence abroad, and rejoiced to say that all he heard of her tended to establish her claims upon affection and esteem: he, therefore, congratulated Lord Carraton, that to the misfortune of a misalliance with respect to birth, was not added the moral disgrace

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common in such cases; hinting, that it would be not only just to one party, but good policy for the other, not to bring the actual date of the marriage, in question, by delaying to acknowledge it.

Lord Woodvill added, that he believed it his duty to apprize the earl, that Lady Hungerford was likely to give an heir to the family honours, though, too probably, some months after its father's death. But even with such a right to Lord Carraton's fatherly protection, the poor young creature was humbly willing to remain abroad, or live at home in perfect seclusion, until the education she had commenced with laudable ambition, should render her in some degree fitted for her new station.

Again Lord Woodvill pressed Lord Carraton with the arguments derived from a high sense of honour, in favour of his son's marriage — ending by a short, though emphatic reference, to motives of a far higher kind; for which he appeared too sensible his correspondent had small regard.

Eveleen gave the letter back to Lady Rhoda with a changed countenance, avowing her entire assent to the sentiments of its writer; and declaring her own resolu-

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tion of forgetting all the disagreeables of such a connection, in the joy of believing her cousin roused to salutary thought of his past life. For the sake of securing Lady Villiers to the side of justice, she sought, by the innocent blandishment of a caressing tone, to obtain her attention to the forcible representation which she believed it right for her to make of their cousin's great crime, in dishonouring a young creature, who could only be betrayed as Agnes had been, out of her virtue. But Lady Villiers, unaccustomed to question any general opinion of her caste, had no idea of other reparation to an inferior than what gold could offer; and it cost Eveleen, therefore, much time, ere she could be brought to see, that the very ignorance and obscurity of life, which were set up as reasons against the poor girl, were, in truth, the best apologies for her credulous faith in a superior's truth. No sooner, however, did light break in upon her, than Lady Villiers declared her willingness to notice the poor girl in any way her uncle might choose.

At this declaration Lady Rhoda gave the reins to her struggling violence, and

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was, in fact, so transported out of herself, that she raved of revenging the disgraceful compliance of her family in a way that would surprise every one of its members.

"Let my brother sanction the creature," she cried, with the voice and gesture of a fury, "and I will take care that no child of hers shall inherit what I can deprive it of! And you, Miss Hungerford — beware how you give countenance to such a scandalous proceeding — which no woman of virtue ought to bear the very mention of — and I will find a punishment for you, too! — Expect me! — Lady Rhoda Brandon! — to receive my nephew's Miss for a niece! — and you call yourself a modest gentlewoman!"

"Madam! — Aunt! — What can she mean by these strange threatenings?" Eveleen asked, alternately addressing the angrily scornful mother and the passive daughter.

"Surely you are used to this!" whispered Lady Villiers, smiling carelessly, — "my mother never knows what she says when things vex her."

Eveleen, though just come from acting in a scene which gave momentary importance to her aunt's random threats, would not

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allow herself to be frightened from what she deemed right, and in the gentlest manner possible, pleaded for her own principles, and for those of Lord Woodvill, so worthily, she said, developed in his letter.

Lady Rhoda turned her sharp grey eyes upon her, with a lynx's glance. "I know not what to make of you!" she exclaimed bitterly — "so contented forsooth with your Philander's campaigning abroad, when, if he cared to make you his wife, you ought to have been so a good twelvemonth's since." —"Methinks you must be in better correspondence with the gallant than your friends wot well of — who, if they were quite sure of what they suspect him to be, would make no ceremony of breaking your betrothments. He may, perchance, intrust you with the secret of his being too ill affected to the present government, to care for coming hither to live under it — for I have my own misgivings about your loyalty. Idiot — half-witted, that he is! to want Hungerford's base issue legitimated! Does he not know that, failing Hungerford's heirs, you are the next in succession? — certainly he cannot know."

"Not to my uncle's titles — and I hope

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to a very small portion of his estates," interrupted Eveleen, with a shrinking action. "I like not more weights upon these poor shoulders." Some words rose to Lady Rhoda's quivering lip, but ere they burst forth, she walked hastily to a further end of the large saloon; not, however, till she had surveyed Eveleen from head to foot, with a look at once portentous and inscrutable.

For a single instant our conscious heroine felt the pulsation of her heart suspended, by the wild fear of having been seen and watched by Lady Rhoda herself, during some part of her late adventure. The fear was transient; another instant sufficing to convince her of its unlikelihood.

"I see you are angry with me, dear aunt!" she said, with a mixture of concern and deprecating playfulness, "and mainly for my differing from you on the subject of Lord Woodvill's conduct; so, protesting to you in all honesty that I grieve whenever I vex any one, though I may not unsay my principles, I will humbly hold forth the flag of peace in this frank confession. Although I do think my Lord Woodvill well worthy the love of a virtuous woman, and should

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be loth to take the present occasion of breaking our half engagement, I do believe, from certain feelings of mine own, that I never shall greatly desire to be his wife. Now, good aunt, I pray you let thus much content you. Is that a smile of reconciliation? Now a kiss and a kind word, and I go satisfied."

As Eveleen was sportively refusing to answer lady Rhoda's eager question of whether she did not repent her coldness to the Prince d'Este, and retreating to the door, Lady Villiers, in haste to get away at the same time, rose too, and taking no note of a hassoc which Lady Rhoda in one of her furious transits across the room had kicked out of her path, she fell over it, and lay her length on the floor.

The situation of Lady Villiers made such an accident somewhat alarming; so that, at her heavy fall, even Lady Rhoda's transport abated. She paused in her resumed angry course, whilst Eveleen ran and helped to raise her cousin from the ground.

Lady Villiers was certainly far more shaken than she chose to allow; and, having a very sufficient stock of quiet obstinacy in her way, persisted in refusing to be bled, or

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put to bed, or, in short, to do any thing her mother, volubly declared to be indispensable.

Upon such an occasion Eveleen lent all her influence to the mother, who she justly believed was quite capable of giving the right advice: she was, however, easily cheated by her cousin's childish dread of the lancet; and when the latter perseveringly and laughingly asserted that she was only a little shaken, and a great deal frightened, consented to see her to her own apartment, in full reliance upon her sincerity.

Lady Rhoda, of course, was left in a worse humour than before — a humour which was only mitigated by her composition of two despatches; the one to her brother, almost insisting upon his remaining at Dorchester until she should arrive to give him her counsel ere he set off for Brussels; and the other to Lord Woodvill, first informing him that her niece, Eveleen, was the next in succession to Hungerford, for all the wealth and honours of the family entailed upon female heirs; and taking it for granted he was ignorant of those prospects of hers, when he had failed to dissuade her nephew from his disgraceful marriage. She

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then hinted with much art, that if he would add his testimony to her own sure belief of Hungerford's unsettled intellects when he married the abandoned girl (and many other proofs might be brought, she felt certain, by domestics, when they came to be questioned), she would use all her influence with her dear and lovely niece, to ratify their early engagement; so that the very testimony which would enable Lord Hungerford's relations to set his marriage aside, would ensure to Woodvill's bride title and increased fortune. If, on the contrary, Lord Woodvill arrogantly persisted in shunning this brilliant connection, and supporting Hungerford's wife or widow, she should draw her own conclusions from it; or if he and Eveleen were previously agreed upon vexing her in concert, one at least of them should find, at her death, that however a profligate nephew or audacious niece might undervalue their aunt, she had far more in her power than they wotted of."

This very threat, repeated in a variety of forms during the remainder of the day, both to her daughter and niece, satisfied them that, as Lord Villiers always asserted,

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Lady Rhoda must have amassed an extraordinary degree of wealth, whether fairly or unfairly was the question; her brother's house expenditure being all in her hands, and many of his great tenants being known to murmur at the large presents which her ladyship accepted, whenever she carried through a suit for them.

It may be supposed that no hour of that day was spent tranquilly by Eveleen, after the very different events of the morning. If she would have thought of the poor man in the hermitage, and tried to conjecture what connection he might have with the fate of her friend in Treverderet — when she would have settled with herself how she ought to act to attain sight of that dear friend again; a multiplicity of jarring feelings crowded upon her, conjured up by the awful state of her dying cousin, by the foul stratagem by which he had destroyed unsuspecting innocence, by the generous share Lord Woodvill was taking in the business, and by her own perverse reluctance to think of him as she was once inclined to do.

Eveleen could not conceal from herself that there was one image, which, if not

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actually lodged in her heart, was standing on its threshold, barring another's entrance. She fled now from the dangerous speculation of who that person was, to active employments; one of which, however unavoidably, brought back the dread object of those reveries.

Aware that her restless aunt would set off for Dorchester by day-break the next morning, and receiving her absence as an especial providence for the hidden outlaw, Miss Hungerford busied herself in collecting such medicinal restoratives for him as the wise habits of those times made it incumbent upon every woman to know how to prepare. These, with a little wine and some solid food, she carried, very soon after Lady Rhoda's pompous equipage had disappeared, and the yawning domestics were gone to breakfast, in a close basket to the hermitage.

At her low call and whispered assurance of all being safe, the prisoner within, unbolted the door of the inner cell, and retreating again, just left it sufficiently open for cautious discourse.

The cheerful light of morning coming in through dancing boughs without, span-

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gled the pebbled floor of the first chamber with their glittering shadows; strewing the sward before the hermitage with leaves more lovely in their tints, though not so gay, as the blossoms which had decked them in spring.

As this slant light fell on, and showed the wan visage of the outlaw, Eveleen would have recoiled with a mixture of horror and pity, had not an expression of wild gladness convinced her that her re-appearance, even more than the fresh air and cheering sunshine, were medicinal to him. His fervent blessing upon her was faintly uttered; proving that he was still too feeble for continued or agitating discourse: yet Eveleen was so anxious to discover what connection he had with the Trevanions, and withal so desirous of avoiding any confidence which might place him in jeopardy, that she gently urged him to say who were the persons of whom he was most in fear?

"All the Trevanion family," was the interrupted answer.

She looked intently at him.—"Surely not the — not Miss Trevanion."

"All, lady!" was the hurried reply.

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"But you will not tell any of them! Oh, surely, gracious lady ——"

"I will do nought that can harm you, so that you treat me fairly. But I am a loving friend of Miss Trevanion's, and would fain learn how you know the secret of the crypts, which ——"

The man's instant and startling change of countenance suspended Miss Hungerford's words; he shrunk within himself awhile, then clasping his hands together with earnest supplication, besought her to spare him a space, until his faculties should be fully restored, when he would fully and freely reveal his name and history. And again he prayed her, for the love of Heaven, not to breathe a hint of his existence to any inhabitant of Treverderet. The extreme emotion with which the outlaw spoke, acting upon previous exhaustion of body and spirit, nearly sunk him into a state of insensibility. Repentant of the distress she had thus occasioned, Eveleen chid herself for overhaste, and tendering him a cordial, conjured him to dismiss all fears which she might avert. She accepted his promise of revealing his name, after the rest and refreshment of some more days

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should have strengthened his vital powers, assuring him of her ready help in money and disguising clothes; adding, that she proffered this in full confidence of his purpose being what he said, "to make atonement for some great injury."

"Indeed — indeed it is, lady!" faltered out the penitent: "I therefore do beseech you, once again, not to betray me to the Trevanions."

Eveleen more perplexed, yet more convinced of this man's connection with the family most interesting to her, repeated her promise and her directions for his own cautious concealment; then intrusting him with the strong cordials she believed necessary for him, yet not unmindful of the ruin they might produce if the man's habits were like many of his degree, she breathed the gentlest caution respecting their use, and left him.

It was one of those mornings of a golden autumn which invests every object with its own beauty. Although the last day of September, no frosts as yet had tarnished the glories of the woods, or withered to mournfulness the tall herbage. The red beeches to the east of the park were illumin-

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ated to ruby brightness by the risen sun: the full-foliaged oaks, changed from their lusty summer-green, to those rich apple-tints which precede their late decay, became alternately a glow of light or masses of majestic shadows, as clouds gathered or dispersed from the face of the sky.

When Eveleen reached the lake she lingered a moment to admire the infinite shades of colour which the changing foliage presented; to remark the graceful forms of the spiral and spreading trees; and the beautiful effects produced by the opposition of silvery green and ardent brown, observable in the mixed groupes.

She watched for a moment the float of swans upon the glittering water, which, as it rippled round their snow-like plumage, seemed trying to dissolve it; but quickly returning into her own occupied thoughts, she felt, as others have done, how much more absorbing are cares, than griefs. Her mind now, was exclusively devoted to considerations of what means were open to her for resuming her intercourse with Miss Trevanion; since, from what the outlaw had let drop, it was evident that he belonged to the private history of the Treverderet

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family; and, although she dreamt not of falsifying her own word to him, she believed it likely that after he was beyond reach of danger, it might be profitable for her friend to know his confession. Eveleen was ignorant of some late events which might have guided her suspicions better; but at present she decided the man to be some former coadjutor of Dunbar Trevanion or Mr. Becket, and to be now penitent for evils performed against the exiled Arundell. She determined, therefore, to make a bold experiment upon the courtesy of Sir Fulk Trevanion, by addressing to him a humble request for permission to visit her friend; yet, in case he should grant them only one interview, she decided upon the prudence of not petitioning him until she was entirely mistress of the outlaw's circumstances.

This settlement of her own anxieties proved a temporary cordial, enabling her to return into the society at Rohesia — for at Rohesia there was always company ebbing and flowing—with that self-command which was necessary to conceal from passing visitors the critical situation of her cousin abroad, and the domestic jars in consequence of his sudden marriage.

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In pursuance of these plans she confined herself during the first days of Lady Rhoda's absence, to the mere search for letters at the terrace; but, ever disappointed, was only comforted by seeing every morning in her glimpses of the hermitage prisoner, that he was more and more likely to relieve her from her secret fears, by recommencing his momentous flight.

As this person appeared less an object of extreme pity, it must be owned our heroine felt some little uneasiness at being alone in his vicinity; she, therefore, forbore to stay in her once beloved solitude, visiting it only hastily, to replenish his cruse of support, and to ascertain that he was safe. Lady Rhoda's absence satisfactorily accounted for this. Indeed Eveleen wished to take so favourable an opportunity for imparting some of her own just and generous feelings to Lady Villiers, who was always ready to hear her speak—to feel with her for the moment—and be again what she had been before! Although ever intent upon the one great aim of life, for others as for herself, Eveleen Hungerford did not denounce friend or foe for being less in earnest after Christian excellence than she was

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herself. There was nothing ascetic in her nature, to darken that bright charity: her seriousness of purpose, was gilded by the gaiety of a playful fancy and a cheerful temper. In truth, she was one of those rare and favoured creatures, who may look round, and see nothing but sunshine before and behind their steps: the spectres of mispent years did not haunt hers; glad angels alone, beckoned her forward. Eveleen could not remember the time when she was not ready to exclaim, "Thy loving kindness is ever before me!"

When acquitted of her self-appointed duties within and without doors, she would take her lute, her work, or her book, into Lady Villiers's luxurious dressing room; and read, sing, or embroider with her, when her cousin was in the mood for such companionship; or, if she found company there, shared readily in the task of entertaining them, with all that sweetness and sprightliness which enchanted strangers, and endeared her to the inhabitants of home.

But Lady Villiers's situation began to cause her uneasiness. She had evidently sustained more injury from her recent fall than she chose even now to admit: and

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Eveleen, inexperienced in such things, sometimes hoped her alarm arose solely from her ignorance — sometimes devoutly prayed for her tormenting aunt's return.

Damaris Flavel, too, was become an object of concern. After a short period of excited spirits, and proportionate health, the poor girl had relapsed into more than her ordinary nervousness; starting at sounds and shadows absolutely in broad day, with a sort of hysterical seizure, which at first provoked even her kindest of mistresses to accuse her of affectation. As Damaris would not assign any sufficient reason for this reappearance of former timidity, her lady was pardonable in such a conclusion: but, as a kind nature is fertile in finding excuses for the suspicious conduct of those it regards, Eveleen began to think that Frank Hollis had something to do with these low spirits, and she sounded her maid accordingly. All the satisfaction she gained, amounted to the conviction, that Hollis was a very faithful, though silent lover; and that it depended upon the pretty Mistress Flavel herself, for bringing him to her feet in a transport of grateful joy. Amiably anxious to brighten

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every darkened countenance, Eveleen thought nothing so likely to take away the cloud from Damaris, as giving Hollis the power of offering her a respectable home; and the situation of head-bailiff upon her estate being vacant, which she knew her guardians would give her leave to dispose of, she commissioned Damaris to offer it from her to Hollis; and at the same time to assure his mother and sisters of a pretty cottage, rent free, in his vicinity; with her liberal protection of them in addition. Poor Damaris wept and blushed, and wept again; — faltered out worthy expressions of gratitude, and silly ones of maidenly shyness: and finally left her lady uncertain whether, even as Hollis's wife, Damaris would ever recover from the injurious effects of her long panic among the rebel troopers.

At the expiration of a week from the period in which she first met her prisoner of the hermitage, Miss Hungerford justly believed she might anticipate his effort at re-commencing his flight; and she waited impatiently, therefore, for the end of three days of successive rains, to visit him in his solitude, and provide him finally for his

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travel. She was the more pressed to this by the probable return of her aunt with the Prince d'Este in her train; as Lady Rhoda purposed inviting him for pheasant-shooting at Rohesia, both to bring him again within the sphere of her perverse niece's attraction, by way of rivalling Lord Woodvill, and to make it incumbent upon the courtier Lord Carraton, to forego his expedition to Brussels.

It is true, Lady Rhoda might not get back so speedily; and Prince Isidore might not care for pheasants or fair ladies: but whether crowds and amusements were to succeed Lady Rhoda's return; or, what seemed more likely, mourning and perplexity by the death of Hungerford, it behoved Eveleen to get her dangerous charge off her hands, and her interview with Aura Trevanion arranged, before either of these changes occurred.

On the fourth morning of the second week, then, Eveleen waked by the crowing of the pheasants in the preserves (to her ear, at this season, always a sad note of preparation for their slaughter), to see the dark mass of vapour from the low grounds, and the darker smoke from distant ham-

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lets, mingling their shades of iron gray, and gradually rolling into lighter volumes before the increasing fire of the great luminary.

For seeing a fine day, and knowing that it would then be possible for her to reach the hermitage, though at a later hour than usual, she descended cheerfully to make breakfast for her indolent cousin.

Having loitered through much of the forenoon, leaving Lady Villiers to take lessons on the guitar from a Spanish guitar mistress, our heroine saw her under the hands of her maid for curling and disposing her profusion of fair hair; and snatching a kiss from the little Villiers as his nurse brought him in, glided out by the direct path to her accustomed haunt.

After her ordinary precautions, the principal of which was locking the outer door and shading the window, she gave a concerted signal; and at the agitated request of him within, half entered the cell beyond. Only as much light fell upon the objects there as was admitted by the narrow opening through which she insinuated her slender form. By that doubtful light she saw the person to whom she came, habited in

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the clothes she had at different intervals withdrawn from a neglected wardrobe, which there was in Rohesia, for the use of masks and mummers.

Parcels of coarse dress, tolerably well assorted into something like an ordinary countryman's suit, were fitted to the man's shape by some skill of his own; displaying a figure of strong original make, though as yet but sparingly endowed with flesh. The face, the hair, and the beard, had evidently undergone nightly ablutions in the water-course adjacent; so that although both the latter were untrimmed, they no longer gave him a wild or forbidding appearance. His complexion, too, had lost much of its squalid hue. Yet was he an unknown man, avowedly of evil deeds in times past; and Eveleen, as he would humbly have motioned her to take the wooden seat from which he rose, recoiled in trembling apprehension of some coming harm.

For the first time, woman's thought of reputation, shot through her mind, and made her start at the sound of his whispered voice, lest any one might overhear it. The excessive panic was instantaneous; but it left her with a wholesome dread of pro-

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longing the interview beyond positive necessity; and she firmly refused to enter into discourse with him, except by low murmurs, and she herself stationed in the outer chamber.

This arrangement unavoidably hurried and straitened their separate communications; yet any other was not easy of invention by a young and delicate woman, equally agitated by fears for herself and for the person she spoke to, and nervously expectant of being broke in upon.

Her first moments were given to tell her companion what she had learned of the military dispositions in the dutchy, that he might guide himself so as to avoid the misfortune of falling in amongst soldiery. She then presented him with a purse of gold, and required him to say, whether he did not believe himself in a state for relieving her from the grievous responsibility of his safe keeping.

The outlaw answered, in a voice more broken now by emotion than feebleness, that he was longing for the hour in which he might deliver his benefactress from all danger on his account; and that he did trust he was strong enough for such flight

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as her bounteous gifts would make his next effort at escape; but as the moon was at the full, and the present fine day promised a bright night, he must therefore wait until less light in the heavens might render his course not so easy of being detected.

"In case then I should not have the blessed hap of seeing your face again, madam," he added, in a voice more obviously agitated, and he drew close to the open door — "I had best reveal now, my name, and sore offence against God and my dear master. At the time, I did not think I was sinning against either; but the evil one, or my own conceit of being a great man, must have cheated me." The man paused, and Eveleen could see, though not distinctly, that his lips quivered and lost their colour.

"Speak on," she whispered, "do not fear."

"My life has been in your hands, sweet lady, all along," he resumed in the same low tone; "I ought not to misgive me thus; —but one bad deed makes the boldest man a coward, as I wot well and sadly. It is fit I make confession to you before I go; that, in case of my falling into the cruel hands of the king's people,

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some witness of what I know, may be left; but if you are a friend of that cruel young gentlewoman, after my confession, you may not ——"

"I have promised you my help," interrupted Eveleen, slightly trembling, "somewhat rashly perhaps — but it is promised. If my poor aid shall indeed help you to repair a great wrong, God's blessing will be upon the work; and I shall not repent me of any evil that may light upon mine own head afterwards. But if you deceive me in your purpose, think well of the reckoning you will be called to, by One above all earthly powers. I shall neither have the strength nor the will to avenge myself.— Speak on, now."

Thus solemnly urged, the unhappy outlaw, after a silent brief appeal to Heaven, evidenced by the clasped hands and lifted eye, proceeded to make the communication desired.

What was Miss Hungerford's amazement, what the extreme interest with which she listened, when the object of her benevolence unfolded his history! It was the hot-headed and misjudging servant of Arundell Trevanion, who now, with bitter groans, avowed his guilty collusion with Lord Gray de

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Wark in the scheme for bringing Cornish levies to swell the army of Monmouth; that pleaded in extenuation, Miss Trevanion's imagined betrayal of him, and therefore of her brother, in that park affair of St. James's; and who called Heaven to witness, that he had been persuaded into so unwarrantable a use of his master's name, by Lord Gray's assurance, that, if successful in his enterprise, Monmouth's first royal act would be to oblige the knight of Treverderet to reinstate his injured son in all his rights.

Eveleen knew something already of Philips from Lord Villiers's mention of him; and the accordance of his account with those few particulars, at once assured her he was the very man. She listened, therefore, with increased interest; interrupting his indeed often suspended narrative, by repetitions of her resolution to befriend him now to the utmost.

In answer to her enquiry of, why she found him in Treverderet, if he really apprehended mischief from any one there? he simply replied, that, after the unfortunate fight of Sedgemoor, his first object certainly was to provide for his own safety; and

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hoping to risk less by not directly making for the coast, as others of the broken army had done to their cost, he took shelter in a mine, where he had remained concealed amongst charitable folk for many weeks; but the searching of mines more narrowly than heretofore having been ordered by the lord of the dutchy, he was forced to emerge from his concealment, and trust himself to casual shelters. A restless conscience turned his steps towards Treverderet. So long a period of harassing fears, bodily inactivity, and sleepless memories, had allayed the mixed fever of anger and ambition; cleared his moral eye, if it may be said; and taught him to estimate the guilt of his conduct by its probable consequences to the master for whom he had sinned. Every where he heard Arundell Trevanion proclaimed a traitor and an outlaw; and aware, that this was by his bold falsehoods, remorse took the shape of disease, and brought him into the belief, that if he might unburthen his soul to one of the Trevanion family, he would gladly seal his testimony with his blood, and so wipe off, he then thought, his heaviest sin. For this purpose he had come to Treverderet; and

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being acquainted with the crypt, having often gone with his master in their boyish days to search the walls and pavement for possible inscriptions elucidatory of the great question, had chosen it for his hiding-place; meaning to issue thence upon the first of the Trevanion family who might enter the chapel above.

But no one came to the chapel; and Philips's courage decayed with his strength; or rather, as he looked deeper into himself, the clearer he saw that he was not fit to die. He had sinned against a Being far above any earthly master, by thirsting for vengeance, opening his heart to selfish ambition, and lying to attain his ends; was there any atonement for this? Not by the criminal himself. But penitence ensured full, free pardon; and until the offender could feel sure of his own sincerity, he dreaded to appear before an Almighty Judge. During the first days of his concealment he subsisted by venturing out at nights, and gathering the fruit of the Spanish chesnuts. But in one of these attempts, having hurt himself by falling from the tree, he was obliged to remain in the crypt, husbanding his small stock of roots,

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nuts, and water, as he could; and aware that, if enemies discovered him, he could not even attempt escape.

Strange as it may seem, in proportion as death appeared approaching him by the slow road of famine, Philips thought with wilder horror of awaiting the fatal stroke from the hands of the hangman; so that when he regained some use of his sprained knee, he could not summon courage to dare an encounter with the pitiless Colonel Trevanion (whose voice he once heard on the steps of the chapel), by crawling forth in search of food.

Impelled, however, by remorse to make due confession of his sin against his master, and withheld by the fear of instant punishment, the extreme of suffering had overtaken him; perishing for want, he was no longer able to make a single effort for his own relief; and when Eveleen Hungerford had come, the last sands of life were running to their end.

At the conclusion of this history the exhausted speaker was obliged to rest for lack of breath; whilst our heroine, who had long since drawn her seat into the doorway of the inner cell, expressed her sur-

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prise, interest, and pleasure, at encountering him, in short broken sentences.

Her looks, her voice, her kind and Christian words, inviting him to the courageous fulfilment of the duty he acknowledged, seemed to penetrate the poor offender's heart: yet he rejected her bold counsel of his going straight to Sir Fulk Trevanion in her company; humbly representing the risk he ran of perishing in vain. His death, would put all witness to his master's entire innocence, he observed, out of the way; so that if Sir Fulk Trevanion did not wish to believe his evidence, or Colonel Trevanion wish to know of it, the golden prize this gentleman expected in the heirship, would speedily deliver Philips into the hands of Jefferies.

"What, then, is your object?" Miss Hungerford asked eagerly.

"To travel, by God's help," was the lowly answer, "till I come up with my honoured master, and make confession to him upon my knees. I know him well: he would not crush the very serpent that stung him purposely; much less a deceived — oh, no — no! I must not excuse myself. Sweet lady, how hard it is to see

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one's own wicked deeds as black as they are indeed!"

Eveleen looked sweetly and approvingly upon him.—"I find your sincerity of repentance in these sorrowful words!" she exclaimed. "Hold fast — fast by such blessed humility — and it must bring you out of all your trouble. You know, then, where to seek your master?"

Philips answered briefly in the affirmative, adding, "once out of England, he could, without danger to his life, make whatever testimony his master required before competent authorities. In England, such deposition, alike unwelcome to the court and to some of Mr. Trevanion's family, was not likely to be encouraged by offered pardon to a known follower of Monmouth. Was it not better, then, not to run any risk of having the matter suffocated at home by corrupt judges and prejudiced relations, but to carry the important confession abroad, where Mr. Trevanion's cleared character might at least open to him an honourable career under a protestant prince?"

Eveleen smiled one moment, and sighed the next, to note how soon the natural aspiringness of Philips's temper rose from its

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late discomfiture; but its object was not blamable now; and she felt the force of the man's reasoning. She paused some time ere she answered.

Whether he should or should not be urged into revealing himself to Miss Trevanion — that was the question; upon the settling of which, perhaps, hinged the destiny of the whole Treverderet family. One unadvised step, and, as he said, his witness might be destroyed. Another, she hoped, would remain, the fugitive youth she had encountered in the woods; but how to discover him! — how to obtain his testimony! As the prime object now for Mr. Trevanion, was to enable him to show that he never had been leagued with Monmouth, and to give him the means of explaining how foully his authority had been counterfeited by his servant, it seemed wise to put the instrument for righting himself, as quickly as possible, into his own hands. The bar of outlawry once removed, he might immediately come into the country, and fathom the deceits of his cousin to the bottom: since Philips had said, during his narrative, that his master was prepared to satisfy Sir Fulk's mind entirely upon other matters

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when he had sent him across the Channel as his herald. She thought that, perhaps, an introduction to Lord Woodvill might smooth every difficulty, and assure Philips of a judicious counsellor; but, ere she parted with him, she believed it incumbent on her to bear her witness to the sisterly love of Aura Trevanion, as erroneous notions of her character might fatally influence the brother's conduct.

To effect this, it was absolutely necessary for her to confess her intimate knowledge of the Trevanion history; and once she thought it would be well to name her rencontre with him she fancied to be his master. A second reflection convinced her that this was not called for; and bounding herself therefore to just as much of disclosure as convinced the servant that his master's sister must herself have been betrayed when he suspected her of betraying, she succeeded in obtaining his leave to confide the matter to her if possible.

Philips's wan visage gleamed with the light of hope, when he heard that Lord Villiers was related by marriage to his sweet protectress. If no greater benefit resulted from it than the good-natured

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nobleman's confirmation of his story about meeting Miss Trevanion, that itself was a good. Eveleen, however, did not require such testimony: she was far less agitated by apprehension of being deceived, than perplexed how to detain the hunted man in the vicinity of Treverderet, until she could compass an interview with her friend. The belief that Rohesia would soon be thronged with visitors, wandering sportsmen especially, who might stumble upon her secret, made her afraid of letting him stay where he was. Yet how else to dispose of him?

Many hospitable shelters offered themselves to her thoughts, amongst respectable peasants, who would cheerfully take in any houseless person at her bidding; but she could not require such a service as this at their hands. Philips was an outlaw; and whoever harboured him, knowingly or unknowingly, must stand prepared for future seizure and trial. Only she herself, might with any chance of gentle treatment, in consequence of her connections, venture to exercise Christian charity towards him. She was resigned to the danger, and he must take his share of it, by

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still trusting himself to her care. After a pause of serious consideration she fully owned what was passing in her mind; and having stated her grounds of fear as of hope, required his candid consent to, or frank refusal of, her continued guardianship, until she should be able to learn what he had to apprehend from the father and cousin of Aura Trevanion.

Philips was already experienced in the watchful kindness of Eveleen, and used to the dreariness of living in utter darkness, and inaction day after day; he felt sure, too, that his injured limb was even yet too weak to carry him far or fast; and he flattered himself a quicker mode of escape than walking, might be contrived for him, if the kind-hearted Lord Villiers should indeed come to Rohesia, and Miss Hungerford obtain his assistance. Lingering doubts of Miss Trevanion's good-will towards her brother alone embarrassed his reply. Eveleen, observing his perturbation, drew forth the truth, that he feared the poor young gentlewoman was so ensnared by liking for her handsome cousin, and so won to wish him better fortune than she did the banished Mr. Arundell, that he

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desired not to have her told of his vicinity; nor aught respecting him, before he himself was informed of what had caused her apparent treachery.

Eveleen had no hesitation in promising him this gratification; confident, that if ever she received a confidence again from her sad friend, it would prove her innocence of purposed injury to any one.

Delicacy restraining Eveleen from enquiring minutely into the more private part of Mr. Trevanion's history, and yet there were some questions she panted to ask, discretion urging her, also, to shorten this long interview, she arose, and commending Philips to the same Providence upon which she relied, motioned him to stillness, and departed.

Leaving her to revolve, in her way home, the different schemes of watching for her friend amongst the cottages of the Treverderet tenants; — of sending a distinct message to her through the Hollises; — of boldly entering the grounds adjacent, and advancing to the house itself; — of throwing herself in Sir Fulk's way, and suing for his leave to renew their interrupted intercourse; — and, finally, of addressing

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him by letter, — it may be well to take a backward look, and see what had been doing in the home whence Arundell Trevanion was so unjustly banished.

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